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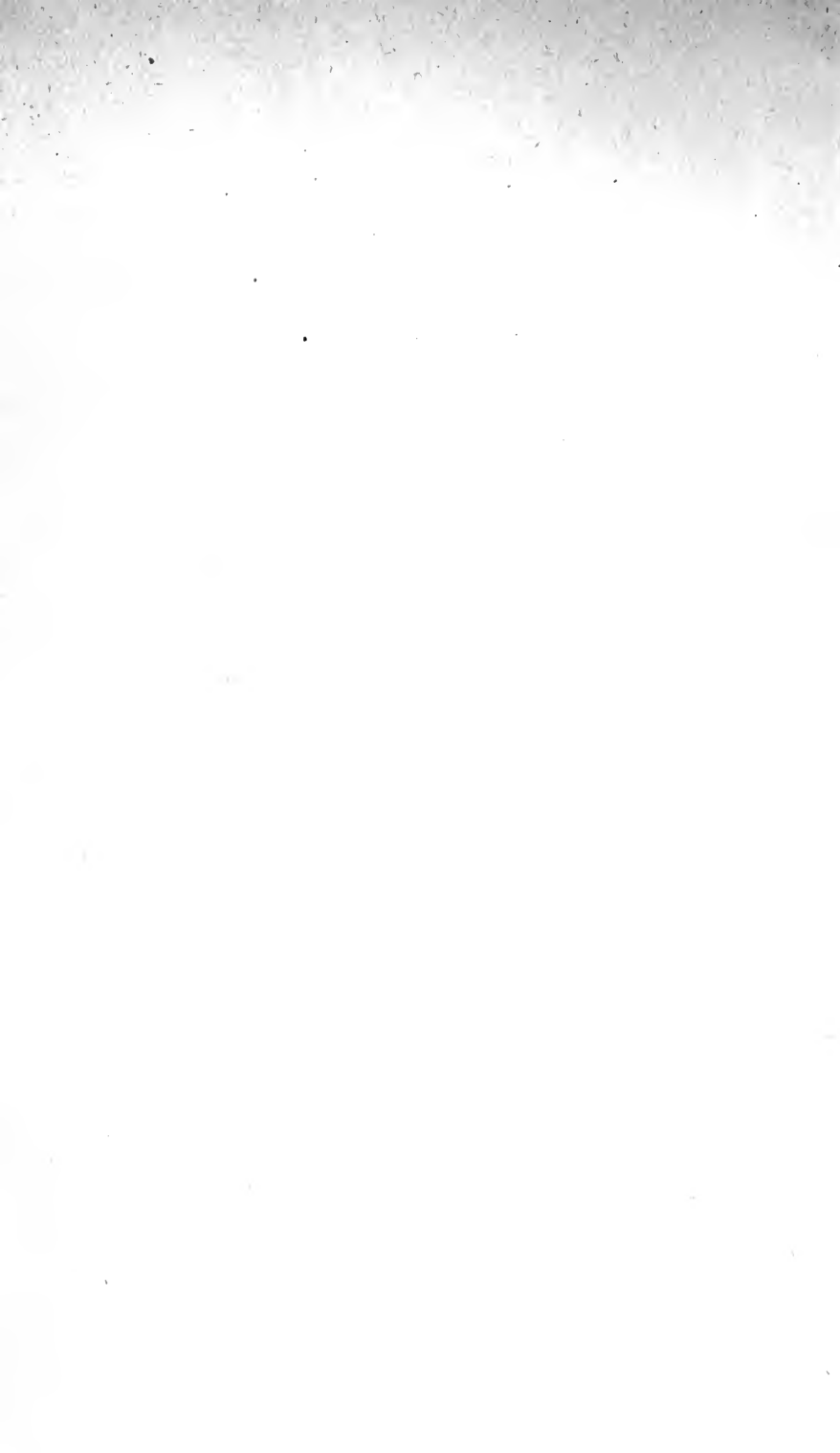
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# THE DUBLIN REVIEW

Edited by Wilfrid Ward

Volume CXLVIII

Quarterly Nos 296, 297; January & April 1911

BURNS & OATES  
28 Orchard Street London W



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# DISRAELI

The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. By William Flavelle Monypenny. Vol. I. 1804-1837. London : John Murray.

**L**ORD BEACONSFIELD died on the morning of Easter Tuesday, April 19, 1881—of which the recurring anniversary has been kept as “Primrose Day” by thousands, who look upon their hero as the flower of Toryism, its modern creator and shining example. Twice Prime Minister of England, an Earl and Knight of the Garter, he chose for his device “*Forti nihil difficile*,” and proved it by taking all these honours without help of patronage, in spite of his descent, his original rank, his eccentricities, and even his best merits. But did he do more than revive a decaying party, or win the confidence of the country and the Queen? One opponent has undertaken to sketch “The Political Adventures of Lord Beaconsfield”; another calls him “this extraordinary compound of a buffoon and a Thersites.” Yet another, though not so unfriendly, sees him depicted in the present volume as “a grotesque Oriental adventurer,” for that is the arrow which always transfixes Disraeli. To Carlyle it appeared in 1867 that he was “a superlative Hebrew conjuror, spell-binding all the great lords, great parties, great interests of England . . . leading them by the nose, like helpless, mesmerised, somnambulant cattle to such issue,”—a “clever conscious juggler,” with no conscience, and glad to have none. But, perhaps, O’Connell has outdone these partial definitions and given the sense of them in his matchless “heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died on the cross.” A man who could deserve or occasion such passionate and opposed views of himself must be worth our study. Was he great or only successful? A genius or a charlatan? And if great, in what did his greatness consist?

For thirty years Disraeli has awaited his biographer. The materials are abundant, yet in some important ways scanty. Letters, novels, pamphlets, speeches, and

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official correspondence hitherto unpublished, no doubt we may consult. These tell us much, and fragments of a "mutilated Diary" still extant add illuminating strokes of self-portraiture. But the deepest qualities of an elusive character, it would seem, were meditation and irony—brooding thought which made him to the last a "political free-thinker," and a mocking, or even self-mocking style, in the flashes and sword-play of which it is not easy to get clear ideas. The too-simple Conservative who fancied that he was following his leader on a safe track stumbled unexpectedly into Reform Bills, or might be confronted with quotations dipped in satire against an "organized hypocrisy" bearing his very name. "A sound Conservative government," said Taper, "I understand; Tory men and Whig measures." That is but a sample. Disraeli's wit spared neither mortal nor immortal. Lucian taught him the audacious profanities of *Ixion in Heaven*; Bolingbroke made it for ever impossible that he should, in his own mind, mistake a faction as though it were an ideal. Hence, one of his Tory supporters in the House of Lords sneered at him as "our professional bowler." He had not begun the match on their side. He was a renegade, or worse still, a philosopher; in any case, "volatile-solid," to borrow St John's language, and thus of a type as rare as Alcibiades in English politics. How should the common party-distinctions exhaust him?

They do not; neither does English literature afford a parallel more satisfactory to so complex and meteoric an apparition. Here again, estimates differ, epithets provoke discussion; and while the novels of Disraeli continue to find readers, their permanence is not assured. They, too, leave us wondering in the presence of an enigma, stirred to admiration by so much wisdom, offended by tawdry, extravagant, unidiomatic expression, as of a second-rate poet manipulating a language not his own. Yet the "great political trilogy," *Coningsby*, *Tancred*, and *Sybil* remain, perhaps, unrivalled as an introduction to public life and its problems in modern England, as fruitful of suggestions (though not comparable in force and fire to



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them) as Carlyle's *Past and Present* or *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. At every turn we feel in Disraeli's acts and writings the presence of something foreign which we cannot assimilate. He felt it himself. Isolation was the keynote of his life. He was singular though in the crush of society; alone while sensitive to the finest chords of friendship; notorious and yet secluded; quoted everywhere, yet constantly silent; resolved "never to explain and never to complain"; immersed in politics, yet standing aloof from the currents of a revolutionary age. He scorned the time, and when he ruled it was looking forward to a new era, which should reverse the principles of Liberalism. But then he would be no more.

What that foreign element was we know, and how it glanced forth in Disraeli to the last. When his secretary inquired of Prince Bismarck whom he thought the ablest man at the Berlin Congress, he replied with a Teuton's bluntness, "Ach, der alte Jüd'!" "Why, of course, the old Jew!" Benjamin Disraeli was a Jew. Once and for all time he was the "Israelite" in name and nature. He could be nothing else. Taught the Latin and Greek classics, baptized a Christian at fourteen, fighting country elections at thirty, moving in London circles where no Hebrew came except to lend money or to exact usury, imprisoned by and by in the throng of large-acred Tory squires, he sits down to write about Sir Robert Peel, and he creates Sidonia. Now Sidonia was blent of Rothschild and Maimonides. Or he indulges an "ideal ambition," and the *Wondrous Tale of Alroy* comes forth—Alroy, Prince of the Captivity, who means by his sword-like sceptre, received in the tombs of the Kings at Jerusalem from the hands of Solomon, to deliver his people. Such were Disraeli's day-dreams. He is the old, the everlasting Jew. Not an Englishman by one drop of blood or inherited feeling; of no public school, not of Oxford or Cambridge; and, had he refused baptism, condemned to look on at the game of politics in which he was forbidden to take a hand. Disraeli is the leading Conservative Jew, as Heine is the Hebrew son of the French Revolution,

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as Lassalle and Karl Marx are its Socialist Hebrew prophets. These and many more act on the European system as explosive forces hurled into it. Their very strangeness of origin and sentiment lends them amazing power, like the Corsican Bonaparte dealing with a France which he measured from outside, without sympathy or trepidation. When it is demanded of historians to account for Disraeli's triumphs, they will be justified in pointing to his Hebrew ancestry and Eastern type of genius as giving him a leverage, while the social order was undergoing transformation, such as no mere Englishman could rely upon.

He is, in fact, an ancient Jewish type, dear to the wandering or exiled race that gave renown to Joseph in Egypt, and to Mordecai in "Shushan the palace." That dream of a Grand Vizier exalted by the heathen king to share in his sovereignty, must have sprung up wherever Israel dwelt under a foreign yoke. It has often been fulfilled, notably in the Spain of Moorish Emirs and Sephardim glories. The legend of which *Alroy* is a variant haunted Disraeli's imagination, we may be sure, from the cradle. Though London held no Ghetto walled round about, the synagogue of Bevis Marks would itself be an outward sign denoting the separation in which Jews had to pass their days. Visions and dreams, little as a Voltarian like Isaac Disraeli might encourage them, have ever been the food of Jewish reformers, revolutionaries, false Messiahs—and when were these wanting? Not, assuredly, in the restless time which followed on Napoleon's emancipation of his Hebrew subjects, or during the reaction under Metternich. Liberal Jews sought an entrance into Western civilization everywhere; but they came in as aliens, and aliens, by force of blood, they remained. How could it be otherwise? At all events, Benjamin Disraeli, whether discoursing on State or Church, Whig or Tory, the "two nations" of rich and poor, the condition of Ireland, or secret societies abroad, shows by his peculiar insight, and a turn of language not elsewhere found, how detached he was from purely English thought.

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In the mutilated *Diary*, of Oct. 1833, we read these words, which may be compared to a similar passage in Lassalle's youthful Memoirs, "I intend in future to act entirely on my own impulse. I have an unerring instinct—I can read characters at a glance; few men deceive me. My mind is a Continental mind. It is a revolutionary mind. I am only truly great in action." There spoke the Jew, prepared with Heine to fight in a war of liberation, with Lassalle (as Bismarck jestingly said) to found a dynasty, his motives self-regarding, but his race identified with his ambition. And the ideas by which he wrought were never Greek and speculative; they drove at practice; they dictated a policy; they sprang armed out of the Old Testament.

This it is which makes one doubt whether a Life of Disraeli on the well-traced lines followed in books written about English politicians, will turn out a success. The "Continental mind" is pretty much unknown at Mudie's. Even the Carlton Club has a prejudice against Houndsditch, and does not cultivate exotic literature. What Disraeli signifies in the world-movement of his time is a question that has never troubled the Primrose League. To newspapers and the crowd "he they call Dizzy" will be interesting because he made up his mind to become Prime Minister and did it; or because he was Gladstone's rival, pierced him with epigrams, and took his own defeats gallantly. To the lazy general reader he is amusing, a spangled harlequin. To High Church partizans he is the author of the Public Worship Act who flouted their rites as "the Mass in masquerade." To Whigs he was always anathema; to social Democrats he appears the defender of worn-out institutions, of aristocracies and monarchies, with his tongue in his cheek. All give him credit for boundless ability; but to most he seems the Vivian Grey of his first novel, who exclaims "The world's mine oyster," and who proceeds, *quocunque modo*, to open it.

We may expect, then, an official Life from Mr Monypenny, too large for a classic, made with documents and

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speeches and Hansard debates, only not dull because even in Hansard genius so peculiar will sparkle and gleam. No reporter can quench these brilliancies, no British commonplace hide altogether the gorgeous Eastern colours in which, as a modern dandy, "Disraeli the younger" leaped on the boards. I suspect that, when all is said, we shall not be much nearer the solution of what Sidonia termed the "Asian mystery" than we are at present, as regards a nature so self-contained. Our surest clues will be still the hints thrown out in *Vivian Grey*, in *Tancred*, in *Contarini Fleming*—passages moulded on Byron, due to a consummate posture-maker, but never wholly false. It is improbable that an author writing under conditions not of his own choosing, like Mr Monypenny, will do better than Froude in narrative, or more than equal the boundless curiosity of Mr Sichel, whose *Disraeli* furnishes an admirable pendant to his *Bolingbroke*. He may promise himself, however, a success from the quality of his subject, and from those very "adventures" scorned by less fortunate politicians, which has not attended on Lord Morley's *Life of Gladstone*. That voluminous repetition of forgotten Parliamentary and other eloquence, though indispensable to cabinet ministers, fell by its own weight among dead authors; it was the book of a day, if not of an hour. Mr Monypenny's opening pages are, in the main, lively; they include Disraeli's family legend, his escapades in Bohemia, his travels to Spain and the Orient, his brilliant failures as a candidate for the House of Commons; they leave him member for Maidstone, on the eve of his marriage to Mrs Wyndham Lewis. We are present at the prologue, not the play. But all is given by anticipation; in principle and outline the most original of English statesmen during the nineteenth century discloses what he meant the public to see in him. He draws the horoscope of his own destiny; he reveals the possibilities of the New Toryism.

From the outset, romance, weaving a halo round the facts, warns us that Disraeli, no more than Heine, could resist the glamour of a little mystification put upon the

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Gentiles. "I was born in the Adelphi, and I may say in a library," he told Lord Barrington. He was born at 6 King's Road, Bedford Row, on December 21, 1804; and this he appears to have known quite well. Other fantastic embellishments of a career that needed none amuse or offend us, according to our temper in such minor ethics, as we move along. Mr Gladstone, who has lately been denounced as a "master of tergiversation," was severe upon this weakness in his rival; but after all legend is not exactly lying, and Disraeli's literary antecedents are authentic. His father, Isaac, was a bookworm; the lad grew up in a bookish atmosphere, and to it he owed the "fascination of words" by which, as Bagehot says, he became "the best representative that the Republic of Letters ever had in Parliament." That inspiration, derived from the elder Disraeli's studies and writings, awoke in his first-born son a passion for literature, often no doubt mingled with a less ethereal flame, but never until his dying day extinguished. It was, moreover, creative, not the mere scholar's delight in other men's masterpieces, and it came near doing great things. Benjamin Disraeli shows the fervour if not the skill of an artist—we may take the word of Leslie Stephen and Lord Morley for that—in the Eastern lights of *Tancred*, the "beauty and piquant originality" of many a page belonging to *Contarini Fleming*. He was always glad to spend hours in a library; could he have succeeded as a poet he would, perhaps, have turned aside from the dusty fields of Whig and Tory conflicts, where triumph is ephemeral and fame a disputed memory.

In like manner the Venetian story which we find in Benjamin's memoir of Isaac, published in 1848, admits of a pious interpretation. There is no evidence that any Israeli "enjoyed the protection of the Lion of St Mark." Neither can we trace the alleged flight of these illustrious Sephardim from Spain to Venice at the end of the fifteenth century. The first of the Israelis known to us was a Benjamin, who arrived in England during the year 1748, and who had previously dwelt at Cento in Ferrara. The

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most probable account seems to be that the family were Levantine, and that the name is an Arabic designation of any Jew in general. But again, what really signifies in all this embroidery on truth is the fact that Lord Beaconsfield came of the nobler Southern stock, not of the degraded Russian Ashkenazim; he might well have been allied to the Luzzatti and other cultivated Italian Jews, famous for learning and poetry. The Italian subtlety, swiftness, decision, grace—shall we add the want of scruple in a moment of danger?—were not absent from this dark-haired, dark-eyed, good-looking young man, nor the precocious imagination, and love of melodrama which are native beyond the Alps. If not Venetian he was Ferrarese—what is the difference in comparison with his unlikeness to the Saxon Englishman?

Benjamin the first made a moderate fortune (leaving less than £35,000) and married Sarah Siprut de Gabay, “who through her paternal grandmother inherited the blood of the Villa Real,” a distinguished Hebrew name. This lady appears to have shown a demoniac temper; like the mother of Daniel Deronda she loathed Judaism, and she died a nominal Protestant. Her son Isaac, a gentle and attractive but too modest person, would not follow trade, spent his life on the “Curiosities of Literature,” and was provoked into breaking with the synagogue, by which he had always held lightly. He reminds us of Bayle in his wide erudition and never-satisfied research. To the vindication of Charles I he devoted much attention; we hear its echoes in some bold, not to say paradoxical outbursts of his more famous son. Isaac in 1802 was wedded to Maria Basevi, and they had a numerous offspring, who were all brought up in the hereditary faith. No reminiscences indicate that Disraeli took from his mother any of his stronger features. The household grew up in affectionate and happy relations. Benjamin adored his sister Sarah with a life-long tenderness; she kept the bright amusing letters in which we listen to him at his best; she was his “audience,” and he mourned her loss exceedingly. Those who declare that Lord Beaconsfield

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had no heart should remember that in the great world of politics and fashion he was without natural ties, always a stranger, the continual butt of a pelting scorn or a furious envy. How could such a man wear his heart upon his sleeve? When he addressed "Sa," in whatever vein, he knew that she would understand as well as sympathize with all his feelings. She is the Myra who figures in *Endymion* as a queen.

Imagine this ardent Hebrew boy at school among Dissenters, at Islington or Blackheath; by and by near Walthamstow under a Unitarian, Eli Cogan, who gave him a love for the classics, but in whose prayers he might not join. He was proud and not shy, resolved to "break his birth's invidious bar," to lead where he was expected humbly to follow. At fourteen came the decisive moment. Sharon Turner persuaded Isaac Disraeli to let his children undergo the Christian rite, on the death of their orthodox grandfather. The kind old man passed away in 1816, and the young people were taken into the Church of England. Benjamin's baptism fell on July 31, 1817. He cannot have made a deep study of the religion he was embracing; nor had he leisure to complete his instruction in succeeding years. He never writes on the solemn theme except as affording matter for the picturesque, as connected with Hebrew greatness, or as an element of political regeneration. He despised unbelief; he felt a man of the world's contempt for the Oxford Tractarians. He was of one mind with Selden, though he preferred to quote Burke; and Oxford would have retorted by calling him an Erastian. His baptism in 1817 was no more than a card of admission to public life. But what a splendid card! No magic of the East could have done so much for him—a seat in the Commons, the leadership of "the most jealous assembly in the world," reluctant submission from the oldest and haughtiest of English peers; the Premier's dignity, an Earl's coronet, the Garter, and during one supreme interval Queen Victoria's friendship, heightened by a popularity which he had long ceased to strive after. Not until 1858 were the Jews admitted to Parliament.

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Disraeli had then been seated there twenty years. Gladstone believed him always a Jew at heart. He has himself touched with indulgence, if not pride, on the crypto-Judaism of the "New Christians" at Seville or Cordova, whom he held to be his kinsfolk. The lad who received baptism in 1817 was a proselyte, but scarcely a convert. To the end his policy was governed by sympathy with Eastern Jews and Moslem Turks, whom he preferred openly before Mr Gladstone's Christians of the Balkans and Armenians of Stamboul.

His romance had now begun, and so had his failures. Lord Rosebery observes in a brilliant aside that Disraeli made mistakes but never the same one twice. It was a mistake, though not his own, when he found himself in an attorney's office. Still a "dreaming scholar," he was articled to a firm in Old Jewry, where he stayed some three years, not without giving tokens of aptitude for business, and then deliberately quitted that employment. With his father, in 1824, he made the tour of Belgium and the Rhine. His letters overflow with good spirits; he is already fond of display and learned in the *cuisine*. But the hour of adventure had arrived. In partnership with a fellow-clerk named Evans, he "plunges" on the Stock Exchange. He can have owned no funds; but in 1825 Spanish-American finance was turning many wiser heads; and though these young adventurers lost, their calculations, it appears, were not unsound. Thus did Benjamin suffer the first of those "catastrophes of self-love" by which, as he said long afterwards, wisdom is acquired.

The partners were £7,000 to the bad. How much Evans lost or paid is not on record; but Disraeli had now hung a millstone round his neck which burdened him until middle age. We must think of him as one of the celebrated great men debtors, who could face any foe except a writ—as in company with Burke, Sheridan, Fox, a prey to money-lenders; and as free from capture only on Sundays. His debts?—With light-hearted Fakredeen he laughed at them, took their sting for a spur to his ambition, and conquered them finally by marrying a fortune, though not a



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fortune hunter. The good Isaac, in easy circumstances, would long ago have come to the relief of a son much admired, however little understood by him; but the secret of Benjamin's embarrassments was usually well kept. This, too, should not be forgotten while we read the sordid chronicle of duns and usurers, flights and concealments, which his biographer despatches with a smile. It is, indeed, amusing to reflect that this airy idealist began by writing on "American Mining Companies" and "The Present State of Mexico." His first personal assault was on Lord Eldon—the "Lord Past Century" of *Vivian Grey*—who had scowled upon stockjobbing; and he edited the *Life of Paul Jones*, the Yankee pirate, clearly for the philosophic motive, "Monsieur, il faut vivre." All this, however, was but a preface to his astonishing raid upon John Murray and journalism, in the Gil Blas adventure of *The Representative*.

A prettier little comedy in its kind never was played. Old and wise Murray, "the Emperor," had known Disraeli from Benjamin's earliest days; he set a value on the youth's judgement, and, in brief, fell under a charm that has not yet lost its power. "If a person has imagination," says Contarini Fleming, "experience appears to me of little use." Our Christian Jew was just turned twenty-one. How, in September, 1825, he rushed down to Edinburgh from London, bent on establishing a newspaper that should eclipse the *Times*; how he invaded Lockhart at Chiefswood; convinced Sir Walter Scott; dazzled Murray with prospectus-like epistles worthy of an American pen; how Lockhart was to be "Director-General of an immense organ"; how Murray praised his juvenile friend as a "deep thinker" and "complete man of business," yet "as playful as a child"; how offices, printers, correspondents, were to be engaged, including as architect Disraeli's cousin Basevi, later well-known and tragically ending; how Croker opposed Lockhart's editorship, thereby securing his own caricature in *Coningsby* as the Right Hon. Nicholas Rigby; how the paper was started in December on the eve of a panic;

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and how it "flickered out" after costing Murray £26,000—whoso will may be read in Smiles, in Lang, in Scott's *Familiar Letters*, and in this biography. The great publisher henceforth would not trust Benjamin. When he thought, unjustly as it seems, that Disraeli had drawn him in *Vivian Grey* as the imbecile and gullible Marquis of Carabas, their friendship came to an end.

Nothing daunted, overflowing with vital force and impetuous fancies, the modern Gil Blas determined to write a novel. Robert Plumer Ward, not long before, had made a hit with *Tremaine*—a work published anonymously, and appealing to the fashionable world. Of that world Disraeli knew little by experience; but he could imagine much and suggest more. He began *Vivian Grey*. Thanks to the accomplished Sara Austen, who copied out his manuscript, the tale was submitted to Colbourn, accepted, and advertised on all sides as a gallery of living portraits and "a sort of Don Juan in prose." Who was the author? Colbourn himself did not know; but a great person evidently. Appearing in two octavo volumes at the end of April, 1826, *Vivian Grey* enjoyed what is termed in French "a success of scandal." When presently the truth became known, there was a violent outcry, led by Christopher North in *Blackwood* and taken up all round. Gil Blas felt ready to die under the storm of ridicule. Had he failed or succeeded? He had done both. "There was little art in my creation," said he, "but there was much vitality." From a slightly different point of view, the original *Vivian Grey* (it was unsparingly revised in 1853) has been described as the most impertinent book in the English language. It is more of a prose Heine than a prose *Don Juan*. The smiling self-confidence of its tone may be studied in Heine's *Reisebilder* and is peculiarly Jewish, as a crowd of modern instances would prove.

But something more. Disraeli had a curious prophetic gift, to which in the mutilated Diary we find allusion. "I wish to act what I write," he observes; and *Vivian Grey* shadows forth a career not unlike his own, if we substitute the Tory party for the Marquis of Carabas. Brilliant

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exposition of ideas, adroit and unwearied management of a cause not by inheritance belonging to the spokesman—these words are applicable in either case. Vivian, too, retires defeated, as his creator in the “affair Murray” had done. Defeated, not finished; he is ready to set out on fresh enterprises, no matter where. By temperament he is a free-lance, a *condottiere* of the intellectual type, which moves to its end by genius working among dull or frivolous parties without brains. To draw this programme, to fulfil it when drawn, would have been wonderful enough. To rise out of it and attain great principles of political conduct, being captivated and enlightened by the ideals that a “stupid party” unconsciously cherished, was more wonderful still. In riper years Disraeli felt ashamed of *Vivian Grey*. The free-lance had been converted to the flag which waved over him. By force of “brooding thought,” his trade had been turned into a crusade.

Unlike Gladstone, whose superb vitality carried him over all his defeats to a great old age, Disraeli was never strong. “In years a boy, in feelings a man,” he had squandered youth on tasks too severe for him. Now he broke down. In 1826 a mysterious complaint affecting the membranes of the brain cut short his exertions and almost changed his character. Benjamin Austen gave him an invitation to travel. The party went through France to Geneva, crossed the Simplon to Milan, and spent five days in Venice. Disraeli’s copious letters home show not a single reminiscence of ancestors protected by the Lion of St Mark. Florence was the farthest term of the pilgrimage. Every reviewer will quote, “I gazed upon the Venus de Medici without prejudice and left it with veneration.” Our London Hebrew’s taste in art was still of the eighteenth century; he talks with rapture of Guercino and adores the Caracci, *N’importe*, except that in regard to the Middle Ages, to Dante, and the Pre-Raphaelites, Disraeli was always an infidel. How curious, again, the difference between this Nuovo Cristiano and Gladstone, the Italian scholar, who passed to the *Divine*

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*Comedy* from the *Iliad*, hardly knowing which to prefer! Nature is amazingly perfect in these contrasts.

Coming back, the travellers were met at Lyons by H. A. Layard, who remarks on Disraeli's curls and affectations. The dandy himself had lost his "springiness of mind." He was stitching on to *Vivian Grey* the second part, which Gladstone called trash, not undeservedly. Yet it foretells the future Beaconsfield, "with acquirements equal to his genius, Beckendorff depended only on himself, and succeeded." Vivian, that is to say, Disraeli the younger, was not yet prepared to carry all before him. In 1827 he was entered at Lincoln's Inn; but the three years following are almost a blank. He satirised, without quite mastering it, the philosophy of Bentham in *The Voyage of Captain Popenilla*. Not much better acquainted with England's peerage, he improvised *The Young Duke*, a flimsy Mayfair novel, and sold it for £500 to Colbourn. The strange medieval story of Alroy fascinated him and drew his thoughts to Palestine. With the money of *The Young Duke* he set out on a journey memorable for the impulse which it gave to his later books, and to his most fruitful ideas. He could not arrange his distracted affairs; but amid the sacred associations of Jerusalem and the East a Jewish pilgrim might find himself. On May 28, 1830, he left London for Gibraltar, with Meredith as a companion, who was engaged to his sister.

It is hardly possible in reading of Disraeli's thoughts and projects as he grew to manhood, not to suspect that he regarded himself as a Jewish Lord Byron. His finical appearance, curled darling's beauty, attitudes and antitheses, poetical enthusiasm, all point to this conclusion. Now he was embarking *in mari magno* for a voyage to the same shores, to Greece and the Hellespont; but he would not be satisfied until he had seen the Tomb of Solomon and the Mosque of Omar. He would write Letters equal to Byron's own. And he kept his word. The correspondence of Disraeli with his family, from the East, made public twenty-five years ago, will bear comparison with almost any other; it is certainly not inferior to Byron's

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from Venice; it will give delight even after the journals of Chateaubriand, "from Paris to Jerusalem," which that gorgeous tourist wrought up into volumes. When we follow Disraeli galloping through Andalusia, we feel convinced that he is at home; his vanities and fopperies belong to the *mise-en-scène*. At Cadiz he plays his accustomed part and magnetically subdues the Governor. In Valetta he pays a round of visits, "in his *majo* jacket, white trousers, and a sash of all the colours in the rainbow." He astonished the Maltese, exasperated the British officers, and got himself sworn at as "a bumptious Jew boy" with whom they would not dine; but he was undismayed.

He lingered a week at Corfu, hoping to join not the Christians but the Turks, as a volunteer in the Albanian war, which ended too soon for him. Though he could not fail to admire the Acropolis, and he dealt afterwards in allusions to the "City of the Violet Crown," he was in sympathy with no Greek, ancient or modern. At Janina he had been "quite a Turk." recognized as one of their own by Mehemet Pasha, His vivid sketches are in colour and warmth as Eastern as if he were to the manner born. The Disraeli who writes from Prevesa and Constantinople is in his element. If we would measure his distance from the Hellenic style and temper, let us compare him with Renan, travelling through the same scenery. Orientalism, crude and violent, which the delicate French scholar thought barbarous, throws Disraeli into a trance. He saunters as in the *Arabian Nights*, lounges at Mustapha's, "the Imperial perfumer," attends masquerades, and sees life like a pantomime

Meredith left him at Smyrna. The boat took Disraeli to Cyprus, where he landed and spent a day; no genie whispered to him that near half a century later he would be marking it red in the map of the British dominions. "From Jaffa," he wrote home, "a party of six, well-mounted and well-armed, we departed for Jerusalem." There he passed a week, the most delightful in all his travels. He sought to penetrate the Mosque of Omar;

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which stands on the site of the Temple, and, as he says, was detected "at the hazard of his life."

We need not pursue his journey into Egypt, save to remark that in Cairo his genial comrade, Meredith, was stricken with small-pox and died on July 19, 1831. Benjamin's strong feelings for kith and kin are touchingly shown in his letters communicating this dreadful intelligence to his father and Sara Disraeli. The bereaved sister had now but one object in life, her brother's happiness. That he was the genius of the family, ordained to great achievements, she never doubted. In spite of the exasperating bad taste, the wild vagaries, the tinsel and the circus-like tricks, which for ten years to come made this apparently fantastic charlatan offensive to grave citizens, he struck the more observant as that uncommon thing, a self-determined personality. His travels made him complete. Health was restored; the vision of the East had revealed in clear outline another policy than the old Whig or new Revolutionary scheme, from both of which the faith once guiding and shaping Christendom was absent. This baptized Israelite had discovered for himself Theocracy. He was Tancred coming back to England with a mission. Isaac Disraeli had settled in Buckinghamshire, at the pleasant country seat of Bradenham. His son might almost dream that they would become a county-family; at any rate, the shire ennobled by Hampden and Burke was henceforth to be associated with Disraeli's career, marked by the dramatic alternations of a highly uncertain fortune. He arrived at Bradenham in November, 1831. *Contarini Fleming*, composed "in a beautiful and distant land," was published by Murray in May, 1832; the tale of *Alroy* not until March, 1833. But these works, the "most sincere and disinterested" of his earlier writings, bear on them an unmistakable stamp of Eastern romance.

Milman, to whom *Contarini* was submitted, minus the author's name, welcomed it as a "*Childe Harold* in prose." Beckford, the strangely gifted, more than half-mad creator of *Vathek*, fell into raptures over it. Heine ap-

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pears to have written that modern English letters had produced nothing equal; he calls the book "most original, profound, poignant, pathetic," Sir Leslie Stephen we have quoted already in praise of its style. To those who care for Disraeli the description of the poet's childhood is convincing and tender; it was Disraeli's own, quickened by his genius for friendship, agitated by the opposing voices of action and meditation. As with *Vivian Grey*, the first part, a chapter founded on experience, carries the reader along; then inspiration flags, and the rest is made, not begotten of the spirit. "I published *Contarini Fleming*," said its author, "anonymously and in the midst of a revolution. It was almost still-born." His other attempt, *Alroy*, might have succeeded in Cairo and in Arabic. There is something ludicrous in the contrast between its Jewish-medieval trappings and the London society of 1833 which Disraeli was about to invade. He quitted novel-writing, seemed to forget the East, and in the mood of Rastignac challenging Paris, "*maintenant à nous deux!*" he rushed upon his fate.

Through the now famous Lytton Bulwer he was introduced to Mayfair. He became the friend of the Sheridans and the Nortons, of Lady Blessington, of Count D'Orsay. He was presented by request to Mrs Wyndham Lewis, "a pretty little woman, a flirt, and a rattle," who liked "silent melancholy men," and whom ironical destiny meant to bestow on him as "the most severe of critics, but—a perfect wife." He sat at dinner with Peel; "I reminded him by my dignified familiarity," writes the young coxcomb to Sara, "that he was ex-Minister and I a present Radical." He assisted in a "John Bull book," on the Gallomania of Lord Palmerston, and attacked Louis Philippe. He put up for the Athenæum, but was rejected, thanks to his enemy Croker. Enemies, of course, he always had, but admirers no less enthusiastic; and there is a delightful passage at arms, as he relates it to his sister, between clever old Lady Cork and stupid old Lord Carrington, about himself, worthy of Congreve in its unblushing impudence. However, as one of the

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Austens said, Disraeli could make a story out of nothing. His letters are still the most graphic, lighthearted, and insolent without malice, that have been preserved from a lost world.

It is all gone out of men's memories—the age of the dandies, the passing splendours of Whig domination, Louis Philippe, Peel and Wellington, Croker and Count D'Orsay, “with the years beyond the flood.” But in these vivacious pages, something of that time, so incredible to us, may be recovered. Disraeli, at one instant, seems to combine its struggling forces of Reform and Romanticism. He is Byron's successor; he is Prince of the Captivity; he is a Radical. He offers himself as a candidate to High Wycombe, “wearing the badge of no party, and the livery of no faction.” His “political adventures” date from June, 1832

“I start on the high Radical interest,” he wrote to Austen, “and take down strong recommendatory epistles from O'Connell, Hume, Burdett, and *hoc genus*. Toryism is worn out and I cannot condescend to be a Whig.” Here again, the Fates must have smiled at a comedy of errors. O'Connell, who had never met Disraeli, expressed “full reliance on his political and personal integrity,” little dreaming of a future Dublin address in a very different tone. Misfortunes dogged the young hero. Sir Thomas Baring suddenly resigned, and Wycombe had to be fought on the old close register. The official Whigs and even the reformed opposed a free-lance. In “lace and cambric,” with “curls and ruffles,” and with “a voice that carried far along the High Street,” Disraeli thundered out his first speech from the portico of the Red Lion. He could “hold the attention of a mob.” He spoke with “a certain cynical truculence.” He was then and long afterwards quite unabashed; again the opposite of Gladstone, who records his own nervousness and despairs of attaining without the divine assistance to think in front of an audience. The *Bucks Gazette* abused Disraeli as a candidate of the Tory Lord Chandos; the *Bucks Herald*, on the Tory side, “gave him a qualified blessing.” It is



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undoubted, says Mr Monypenny, that he affected an alliance between the two extremes. Tory democracy sprang to life at that Wycombe election of June, 1832; but its "only begetter" was defeated by twenty burgess votes to twelve.

Parliament, last of the unreformed, was dissolved on December 23 of the same year. Disraeli put up again for Wycombe, imploring the electors to "make an end of the factious slang of Whig and Tory, two names with one meaning," used only to delude the people. From that conviction he never varied. He advocated triennial Parliaments, the ballot, measures to "ameliorate the condition of the lower orders," a moderate duty on corn, commutation of tithes. He was "as great and destructive a Radical as Sir W. Wyndham and my Lord Bolingbroke." He wished to see the taxes on knowledge repealed and the Press really free. But once more the Whigs kept him out. He was left third on the poll. That very day he issued an address to the county electors; but as a Tory was in the field he withdrew. On Feb. 7, 1833, Disraeli attended a debate in the House of Commons, heard Macaulay, and felt that he "could floor them all." His daring sketch *Ixion*—a London satire translated to Olympus—had appeared, "It is thought the best thing I ever wrote." Next year, *The Infernal Marriage*, with Proserpine's call on the Elysian Tories, perhaps excelled it. In this kind of persiflage, irreverent but witty, who can fail to recognize Heine's cousin? He was prepared to stand for Marylebone "on his head;" but the chance did not occur, and rather than be overlooked, he printed without false modesty "What is He? by the author of *Vivian Grey*." After describing the "National Party" and its aims, he broke forth into a peroration which calls for some proud spirit to save the Empire. "Who will be the proud spirit?" his father asked with gentle satire. Mr Monypenny describes this pamphlet as "a blend of eloquence and bathos, of sincerity and pose, of insight and fantasy," observing, moreover, that it was characteristic of Disraeli. Such is our candid biographer!

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Men thought this eccentric fop unintelligible and crochetty. To the party-system he was a scandal; but in the ferment of his ideas he had begun to see light. He was to be the Hannibal who should ruin the Whigs. He detested the mystification, as he said a few years after in *Coningsby*, thanks to which the old loyalists of the Crown had become odious to the people, and an exclusive "Venetian oligarchy" dating from 1688 had been presented as popular. A way out of these entanglements was opening before him in the sonorous periods of Bolingbroke, whose *Patriot King* he now took for his Gospel. We must bear in mind that royalty had long gone under eclipse. While Disraeli was writing, George III had died insane; George IV lived a profligate; William IV had neither wisdom nor dignity. From Walpole onwards the Prime Minister had reigned as a Mayor of the Palace; a junta of great houses had divided the spoils of government. Disraeli, born outside a pre-established harmony which promised to men like himself neither place nor power, had no motive for sparing it. Till three years of fruitless independence had tamed him, the Jew went restlessly backwards and forwards between the rival camps, now soliciting Lord Durham as the most progressive of peers, and now paying compliments to Wellington as the most illustrious. He never disguised his ambition. "What do you want to be?" said Lord Melbourne to him in the threadbare story. "I want to be Prime Minister," was the reply. Melbourne lived till near the close of 1848, when Lord George Bentinck died and Disraeli was chosen to succeed him as leader of the Tories. "By God, the fellow will do it yet," exclaimed the *ci-devant* Premier. It was the advent of democracy, the "career open to talent."

A third time he stood for Wycombe, and a third time he was defeated, in January, 1835. Conservative reaction was now beginning. The Tamworth Manifesto of Sir Robert Peel marked a timid advance, but revealed no creative ideas. Disraeli was elected to the Carlton Club; he had taken, so to speak, the Duke's shilling. Peel re-

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signed. The Whigs and O'Connell entered into the furiously decried Lichfield House compact, stained, as opponents went about shrieking, with the blood of the Rathcormac massacre. At this lively moment, in April, 1835, Disraeli went down to Taunton as a Peelite declared. He quoted the Whig denunciation of O'Connell, who was "an incendiary and a traitor" in their eyes; but the newspapers attributed these words to the speaker himself, and they drew upon him a retort which, even by the *Liberator*, was never surpassed for its wit and its "picturesque vituperation." There is no need to tell the tale of Disraeli's theatrical wrath, "Yahoo" insults, and double challenge to the O'Connells. He sprang to arms much as would an Ishmael against whom every man's hand was lifted. It is pleasant to recall his own last words on the affair. "Croker, Peel, and O'Connell," he wrote in the early 'sixties, "sent me, I may say, messages of peace before they died—literally O'Connell." The agitator, who used language simply as a political weapon, had been "misinformed and misled." As regards the object of that invective, we must agree with Froude, "in all his life he never hated anybody or anything, never bore a grudge or remembered a libel against himself." That is surely not a little thing to say of one so desperately assailed to the end of his long career.

For another two years he stood waiting like the Peri outside the gate of his Paradise. He amused himself by composing a love story, *Henrietta Temple*, into which his own experience of a real and disdainful Henrietta seems to have entered. But, if we may trust the philosophy of *Vivian Grey*, he would never have married for love. Another slight but not unkindly transcript from life is *Venetia*, which moves round Shelley and Byron. Some perverse fiend tempted him to undertake *The Revolutionary Epick*, but he "hurled his lyre to Limbo" when the laughter of critics broke on his ear. He was far more successful, as well as infinitely scurrilous, in the *Letters of Runnymede*, a cavalry charge against ministers, but he "disdained the law of libel." Significant of greater things

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was the *Vindication of the English Constitution*, addressed to his friend, Lord Lyndhurst, in December, 1835. For the present he had theorized enough. On June 19, 1837, William IV died and Parliament ended. On July 27, amid shouts of "Old clothes!" and "Shylock!" Benjamin Disraeli was elected junior member for Maidstone. The senior was Mr Wyndham Lewis, to whom he owed this victory, and whose widow he was destined to marry.

With a Hebrew Jew thus brought up, thus taught by adversity and patience, the Counter-Revolution broke its way into the House of Commons. Toryism, said Newman in his reply to Gladstone, "springs eternal in the human breast." But the principles of '89—but Bentham and Ricardo and the Reform Bill—had seemed to make it a delusion of the past. There was to be no Divine Right anywhere, nothing but interest and self-interest. To this consummation the world was tending when a reaction began, no man could tell how, among Germans driven into a war on behalf of the Fatherland, Catholics eager for Romanticism and a strong Papacy, Anglicans indignant at the plunder of their Church. Carlyle was learning from Goethe to suspect the "apostles of Freedom." Lamennais was attempting an alliance between French liberties and the Holy See. Newman was invoking the latent divine authority of bishops. Ancient institutions, and the still more ancient beliefs which had given birth to them, were stung into fresh, into portentous activities. What of Israel, the most ancient of all, in this commotion? As a people struggling to be free, the Jews could not fail to claim for themselves the Rights of Man. But their terrible mocking Heine had singled them out as "the Swiss guard of Deism," and they remembered the songs of Sion. If they held forth one hand to democracy, they could not loosen the other from theocracy, which had made and kept them a people. The crisis of principles among Jews, which followed on the Revolution, is by no means at an end. But, whatever happens, Israel cannot surrender to a philosophy which neither explains nor accounts for it. This is what Disraeli saw with the intui-

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tion of genius. He showed in *Coningsby* and *Sybil* that, against the anarchic doctrines of which Jacobin France had been the sword and England was becoming the victim, Rome was at one with Jerusalem. He was a Jew by race, a Christian by adoption, a Conservative in the large historical sense by instinct, study and conviction. These are ideas which will endure, and in his attachment to them lies the secret of his greatness.

WILLIAM BARRY

# AN ESTIMATE *of* ELGAR

ENGLISH music is popular at last. There can be no doubt about that. Nor is there any reason why it should not be popular. But if we are to accept as serious the official jeremiads which are issued from time to time on this account, the end of the world is in sight. Sir Hubert Parry, titular head of the art in England, tells the authors that democracy cheers but does not discriminate; Sir Walter Parratt, organist-in-chief to the nation, implores the faithful to set their faces against "passing crazes"; Sir Charles Stanford talks solemnly on the importance of Form; and Sir Alexander MacKenzie composes "The Witch's Daughter." It is all very sad, this depression of spirit. We may charitably try to find an adequate reason for it, and seek to ease these troubled souls; even though, with Sir Edward Elgar's outstanding popularity before us, that may involve putting two and two together with the risk of arriving at five or even three and a half.

But Elgar has worked no miracle. He is only repeating on a larger scale the success that Arthur Sullivan won, for he is in possession of the same happy secret. And this comparison is by no means so invidious as it may appear at first sight; for, be it understood, Sullivan's was a small genre, whereas Elgar has found himself—and his public—in "big music." As he pointed out, during his short but stormy trip into musical politics in the capacity of Peyton Professor at Birmingham, it is in the smaller things that England has made its name in the recent past. This is not to argue that such success has been small, because a miniature may be just as perfect a work of art as a magnum opus in its own degree, if not more so; and how real and lasting excellence can be achieved within a circumscribed compass that fine Ode, "Blest Pair of Sirens," would prove, and also a celebrated "Service in B Flat," not to mention a certain "Benedictus."

"Democracy," said Sir Hubert Parry, "appreciates skill and picturesqueness. The things it likes best are

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great explosions of individuality which bespeak some real human quality behind." Well, these works may be but modest explosions of individuality, but they do bespeak real human qualities behind—on the one hand, that quality which one is wont to associate with the best type of Englishman, made up of the threefold excellences of "dignity, virility and sanity," and on the other, the quality which, breathing warmth and fervour, is usually named "Celtic." And both the works in question are popular. That is to say, they appeal to democracy. And democracy, as Sir Hubert Parry insisted, does not mean the lower orders, because it includes "the most exalted, the rich, the leisured, the middle class, the poor, and even the dwellers in the slums;" in a word, precisely the same democracy that is at present exalting Elgar to the skies. Yet musicians who admire the ease of the part-writing in "Blest Pair of Sirens," and the "consistency of convention" whereby the great Dresden Amen becomes an integral part of the "Service in B Flat," disparage Elgar's popularity, probably to the extent of applying to his masterpiece another sentence of their leader's: "It [democracy] will put up with morbid brooding so long as it seems to represent something human."

There is almost pathos in this desire for humanity in art. Sullivan could supply it, and he was immensely popular. For example, the Savoy series of operettas (forgetting entirely the heap of banality which spells the name of Sullivan to over-fastidious ears) serves to illustrate beauty of workmanship and consummate charm of the dainty pellucid kind, when informed by ripe humour and at times genuine sadness—both eminently human qualities. But Elgar has gone in for larger forms—Oratorio, Symphony, and the like; and he will, his supporters hope, eventually resurrect Opera in this country—English Opera, that is, and not merely Opera in English, for he has given ample proof of having a keen dramatic sense. Yet he is popular. And therein lies the forefront of his offending.

For of all the hoary fallacies which have encrusted

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British Music, indeed British life, this affectation is the worst. It could be refuted by those familiar tunes, which are everybody's property and have come down to us from former times on the principle of the survival of the fittest. It is simply the inherent snobbishness of the race asserting itself in art. The old idea of gentlemanliness has become a positive fetish. No doubt a high standard of good form is healthy enough discipline for those "crowds of men and women, attired in the usual costumes," which appeared so curious to Walt Whitman. No doubt, too, as a rule of life for mediocrity, to be dull is safer than to be original, to conform to a fixed pattern preferable to asserting an individuality which requires a readjustment of canons of taste. But the test is not elastic enough to admit of exceptions, and the result of applying it too rigidly is seen in the alienation from the masses of those who in England are most conspicuously identified with this broadest-based of all the arts—Music—because their energies go towards perpetuating a type rather than establishing their own peculiar gifts of imagination and temperament—or individuality which stands for personal force in regulation.

Thus we are served with the reticence of Brahms without his depth, the method of Mendelssohn without his grace, the spaciousness of Handel without his breadth, a Bach-like technique without a tithe of his inspiration. Now, the public at least knows its Mendelssohn and its Handel. Not the whole Mendelssohn or the whole Handel, but, say, "Elijah" and "Messiah." To the majority in these islands, respect for Handel means a Christmastide excursion into great religious art, and no very penetrating appreciation of the real significance of the Saxon giant. To them also Mendelssohn is a sort of Handel-sucré, and not the marvellous artist of the "Hebrides" Overture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" music and the "Violin Concerto in E." Moreover, when Bach and Mozart only muster their fifties against the hundreds for Handel and Mendelssohn, it is obvious that the popular perspective is lacking in proportion. Similar



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discrepancies in their judgement could be multiplied. One thing is certain, however. Secondhand excellence has never appealed to democracy for any length of time. Their perception may be obtuse; they may be subject to wayward fancies for the meretricious—but in the main they do not make mistakes. They may, and do, put Tchaikowski, with his pomp and glitter and, mark you, his honesty, on a pedestal which should be reserved for the very great ones of earth. But have they ever faltered in their allegiance to the “Fifth Symphony” of Beethoven? Fate has knocked at that door with a vengeance, and in the process has demonstrated once for all that there is no actual dividing-line between the classical and the popular, when a “magnificent, far-shining man” will speak in a language understood of the people.

Correct English musicians do not do that. They never explode anything but their reputations. They have skill in abundance, but it is not picturesque. Their workmanship is generally beyond cavil; their learning not a dangerous thing in the copy-book sense. Their acquaintance with Form is both wide and deep. But when it comes to using all these tried vehicles to exert individuality which bespeaks some real human quality behind, it is then that they are found lacking, and then that the public thinks that what is being said has been infinitely better said before. “No matter,” say the correct musicians, “what do we care about popularity? Dr This and Professor That, to say nothing about Sir Somebody Else, commends that canonic answer, approves that modulation, condones that strange use of the seventh. Go to! The public is not educated up to these things. We are.” And so, if there be an eight-part fugue in the score, the doctorate is conferred. Now, the spectacle of an Elgar calmly sitting down to write “The Dream of Gerontius” as an exercise for a degree is inconceivable. Yet democracy has come to love “Gerontius” with a great and chastened love, and at the same time to hate with an exceeding bitter hate the “Habakkuks,” the “Jehosaphats” and the “Tiglathpilesers” which do not

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outlive their festival production but continue to rest comfortably on the publishers' shelves.

The explanation is simple. Our official composers remain true to the accepted mode when that mode is out of date. They appear to have a horror of spadework, which in other departments of activity, colonisation for instance, has made the empire what it is. The adventurous spirit seems dead in their bosoms, a musical pioneership too risky to undertake. The tattered flag of respectability must be kept flying at all costs, lest the iconoclast and heretic gain a footing within the fort. Precisely the same obstacles confronted Wagner as meet Herr Richard Strauss at the present day. We are afraid to go forward, and so we stand still, thereby inciting an original genius to be wilful and freakish against his soberer judgement; and that is all fatal to art—as to life. And an art that is divorced from life is no art at all but a hollow convention. Music on the contrary is a living thing. The youngest of the arts is not the least robust. But, if it is to last, it must be born out of the age from which it dates. If there be substance in our music of to-day, it may become antique with the passage of centuries—like the cadences of Handel or the small change of tonic and dominant in which Mozart indulged so freely; but it will never become antiquated. Its humanity will keep it alive, because such art is founded on the basis of human aspiration, which in its simple faith in the goodness of man and the beauty of earth has never changed.

We are in the present. Let us face the future from the standpoint of the past. We cannot hope to offer a final verdict on what is passing before our eyes—and ears. But when a hard fact like the advent of Elgar refuses to be blinked, it is as well to accept it as an indisputable phenomenon of “the life we live and know,” an outpouring of the spirit of the age which is ours to make or mar. If we can explain it, so much the better; but to understand its significance is enough, by taking comfort, and not shrinking, because “democracy is beginning to realise its birthright, and to take possession” in a domain

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which for far too long has been regarded as the personal appanage of the select superior few.

Paradoxical as it may seem, Elgar's music has always been strangely his own. Formative influences there are, of course, but the personal equation has to be reckoned with from first to last. You may not like that personality, but there it is. Also Elgar's music, when he feels his subject keenly, bristles with accidentals—causing the pedants (brought up on a diatonic diet) to blaspheme; but it is singularly subtle in its appeal, nevertheless—perhaps on that very account. When the Angel of the Agony is supplicating the Man of Sorrows towards the close of "Gerontius," one's auditory nerve is smitten with stab-like needle-pointed poignance which is half pain, so searching is the emotional play. That short, too short, theme in "The Apostles," which depicts the suffering Christ, holds a discord harsh enough to lacerate the ear-drum, if it were not for the benignity of the orchestral treatment. When he wishes to suggest the eerie influence of Odin's wraith (a latter-day counterpart to the gloomy Wanderer of "The Ring") he resorts to tightly-stretched lines of melody which converge with the clash of semitones in contrary motion; and in the little-heard "Te Deum in F," which is by no means a recent creation, the same method is employed in or about that oft-lifted petition, "Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints," saints *bien entendu* who have renounced and suffered.

Instances of this telling use of chromatic harmony could be multiplied without number. He probably learnt the value of "coloured" harmony from Mozart, who has always been "his man." But the point to be emphasized is that it is part of the apparatus which he has habitually employed from earliest days for a particular purpose, and that it is in itself strongly characteristic of his art. Still, in that glorified school-cantata, "The Banner of St George," which belongs to a later date in chronology only and is insignificant among his total output, there is one strain in the plain unadorned major mode (typical, however, from a familiar use of the six-four chord) which

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in another way vibrates to the accents of grief. But the work that promised most, when Elgar's name had merely a local habitation in his native city of Worcester, is "The Black Knight," which is the real Elgar in embryo, and which in its close-packed succinctness of style well merits the sub-title of "Symphony for Chorus and Orchestra" given to it by the composer. This is a work of remarkable individuality and dramatic unity, in which those characteristics that we have come to call Elgaresque or Elgarian, in our efforts to coin a new word to fit fresh impressions, are seen, as it were, in the crucible.

And how buffo the swinging gait of his march strains sound, side by side with the cloistral aloofness of his religious music! Yet there is a distinct bridge over the gulf which seems to yawn between Elgar the mystic and Elgar the man—the musician who is an ecclesiastical enthusiast and a man of the world as well. We shall be told that those spanking trios of the six military marches, of which four have now seen the light under the title of "Pomp and Circumstance," are but the innate vulgarity of a man outcropping on the surface, Elgar has always loved a tune for its own sake. He takes delight in a merry noise—his drum-rolls being needlessly deafening at times; he has a tremendous sense of rhythm. Let us admit for the sake of argument that the melody, since inflated to hold the rather thrasonical patriotism of "Land of Hope and Glory," is vulgar. Is it not virile also? And who thinks the worse of Stanford for "The Old Superb"?

It may be a highly contradictory personality, this one which we are dissecting; but notwithstanding apparent inconsistencies it is a personality of such striking force, such fierce ardour, and such clear directness, that it repels at times as hotly as it attracts at others. For this reason, with all one's enthusiasm for the man who has unlocked the door of English Music, it is quite easy to preserve a sense of proportion with regard to his place in the musical hierarchy of history. He cannot be claimed as one of the very elect. His is too subjective an art for that. There is little of the wide objective outlook that Bach

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could take from his high mountain, or Beethoven from his deeps. Bach's attitude is, perhaps, too remote for this argument to be presented in proper form; but Beethoven speaks to us with a voice so near at hand that the contrast may be established through him, without doing Elgar the slightest injustice.

"Beethoven," in the words of one far-sighted critic, "was great in that he dealt with the sources of things and not with the outward expression; with the causes and not with the effects. He was a man who spoke for everybody . . . said something which was so unutterably simple and beautiful that every one could feel it in one's own heart."

Rarely is this true of Elgar—of everybody; though the closing pages of Part I of "Gerontius" certainly come up to this ideal as closely as any in his works. But he is either loved or hated, as a musician; for grudging praise belittles both the man who gives it and the man who receives. It is not only the more intricate, set episodes, like the Demons' Chorus in "Gerontius" that awake unrest and resentment in some musical people (chiefly, we fancy, because the manner and not the matter has been the composer's first consideration), but things of such different calibre as the Canto Popolare from the "In the South" Overture or the opening bars of the Romance from the "Enigma Variations," where the *stimmung*, simple and unaffected as it is, produces on some brains a positive ear-ache. Perhaps it is because we live too near the composer in point of time that we are so ready to take sides for or against him. But the public, which is not sensitive individually, but infinitely receptive *en masse*, has welcomed Elgar with open arms. The professors, on the other hand, while admitting him into their charmed circle of learned dignity, scout his credentials for scaling the lofty peak of Parnassus. Why? "My conception of a composer's duty includes his being a bard for the people," said Elgar once. And that will stand for his epitaph.

There have been three great strides forward in this remarkable career. We may say that "King Olaf"

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exalted Elgar to the national rank of master, while it was "Gerontius" which raised that rank to one of European acknowledgement. But the most noteworthy milestones in his exploration of the undiscovered country of an Empire's adulation are three in number, namely, the "Variations on an Original Theme" (1899), "The Dream of Gerontius" (1900), and now this new "Symphony in A flat." "Gerontius" contains the "quintessence of Elgar," and it is related that he wrote at the foot of the score: "This is the best of me." Perhaps no man has any business to limit his achievements in this way, by "baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise." But though Elgar may advance in technique, as he did advance, and no doubt will continue to advance through that vast trilogy of which "The Apostles" and "The Kingdom" are the first and second parts respectively, it is very unlikely that he will ever excel the compactness, the sureness, the fearful sincerity of "Gerontius." For this work may be said to represent most, if not all, of the facets of his many-sided genius.

Elgar is hardly fortunate in his librettos, with this one exception. There is a radical defect of construction in "The Apostles," too—an oratorio which differs from its successor "The Kingdom," in having its outlines softened, if not obscured, by a photosphere as of pain, which after all is its main problem. But an ordered, developed work of art it is not. And really Elgar may go on setting appropriate texts from the Bible *ad infinitum*. The same obvious drawback presents itself, as the British type of oratorio, even in its new humanised form, always makes clear. Further, the musician is lost in the preacher. Elgar had the best reasons for seeking to teach as well as to inspire. Bach had surely no other aim in writing his great "Passions." But the human element is too often missing from Elgar's essay. On the other hand, "The Kingdom" pulsates with energy. The patchwork method is not so evident. Perhaps the explanation lies in the possibility of accepting this work as a sort of character sketch of St Peter, who stands for a flaming enthusiasm humanised by

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a deep distress arising from an opportunity missed, a responsibility shirked. At least the work throws an interesting sidelight on the composer's attitude of mind. He has a medieval cast of countenance in reality, and is in that respect an anachronism at the present day.

Much more serious than these charges is the one that concerns the use, not to say abuse, of the leitmotif system. Elgar has taken us into his confidence to a certain extent over the origin of this series of works. The scheme was certainly in his mind for many years before it was written. Consequently those critics who suggest that some of the themes were born before their time have possibly hit the mark; and they have reason on their side when they complain that Elgar has put his enormous faculty for design into, say, a terrazzo flooring rather than a mosaic ceiling—which is only another way of saying that he has been too much occupied with technicalities to capture the spirit. "The letter killeth."

But if Elgar has done nothing else he has made English choral singers think for themselves. When the musical millenium comes—when the lion of hard and fast tradition lies down with the lamb of adventurous spirit—it will be found that choruses consist of nothing but solo singers. But although that day is still far off, at least they have been taught that something more than a steady mezzo-forte, sometimes louder and sometimes softer, is needed to do justice to Elgar's quick transitions from pianissimi of the faintest to fortissimi of the lustiest. And it is not merely a question of dynamic force. These ebullitions and checks arise from the varying requirements of the words, in music where the sound fits the sense. And no music suffers more from unsympathetic handling than Elgar's. It is far too intimate a medium for rough and ready methods, which "Messiah"-wise trust solely in One-two-three-four.

And so we arrive, by way of the beautiful "Variations," with their wit, their invention in a form that has no mercy on sterility of ideas, their spontaneity and resource, at the "Symphony," which for whatever reason—

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curiosity or real appeal—has taken the nation by storm. It is a mighty score, and at its lowest valuation a marvel of ingenuity. All the resources of the modern orchestra are drawn from in this moving, vari-hued tone-painting. The work scintillates with cleverness; but that would not account for the genuine impression which it invariably makes on the fortuitous concourse of atoms that form a mixed audience. Expert opinion is naturally divided on such a radical adaptation of the symphonic form to present-day requirements; strongly divided, too, as usual, as to whether the metamorphosis of themes can ever take the place of development as understood aforetime. And the two extremes of rapture and active dislike to which the work has been subjected form the best tribute to its inherent force of—personality. A general consensus of opinion, however—sometimes wise, sometimes windy—pronounces the Adagio to be the highest flight of the composer so far. That in itself argues that the composer is going from strength to strength. And certainly the repose, the tenderness, the purity of diction, of this lovely movement, are beyond cavil. It plumbs the deeps of emotion, and yet is never sentimental. But there is just a little too much swagger about the final pæan. Over-emphasis is never convincing of itself, and though the resumption of the big opening theme in the full panoply of war is logical and as much to be expected as the grand reprise in the overture to “Tannhäuser,” yet after the magical mood of the slow movement, with its delicacy, its serenity, its advance finger on lip to the very threshold of the heaven which men may make for themselves on earth, the victory sounds as though it were almost on the materialistic side, and as such seems incomplete.

Of course the gorgeous colouring of so many of its pages has something to do with the ovation which usually follows a performance of the Symphony. To watch the immense orchestra at work is inspiring enough in itself; to see the enjoyment of the players writ large on their faces is exhilarating to behold; but when every familiar and unfamiliar timbre is combined with or pitted against



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another, in the whirl and the whorl of all possible arabesque-like ornament from the far regions of fancy, then the soul of the public is moved from without as well as from within, and some of the heat generated may be spurious and transient. That is hardly Elgar's fault, though the charge is often laid at his doors. If his prodigality with his powers over orchestral technique is reckless at times; if he sees the vision radiant in prismatic splendour; is he for the pose of the thing to wear the homespun of contemporary fashion in royal and ancient academic art?

In point of construction there is plenty of spadework in this Symphony. It is no worse for that. There can be no rigidity about any of the conventions in art, and though some forms may satisfy our senses at present, that is not to say that they always will, nor is it any reason to call a halt. Every pioneer in the history of music has burst his bonds when they interfered with his freedom. Sometimes he has gone too far, and gone astray. But he has found new ways for all that which posterity will tread into broad highroads. The masters make the rules, not the rules the masters. Reforms may come too rapidly, and old landmarks be removed before new guideposts are erected. But it is the cry of the faint-hearted to say that order can never come out of apparent chaos. All things have a habit of righting themselves in time, with or without our help. We may criticise this, and deplore that, but we cannot interfere with the march forward.

Certain standards remain for all time. We know, for instance, that mere glow and glamour are no sure foundation for "that long desired new edifice of English music which will some day be raised by those, and those only, who (in Socratic phrase) have seen 'most of the truth.'"

The words are Sir Edward Elgar's own. But the day of which he speaks has already come to pass. He himself has brought it, and he has told us how.

CECIL BARBER

# THE DECAY OF FIXED IDEALS

Jugendlehre. By Friedrich W. Foerster, of Zürich. G. Reimer, Berlin. 1905.

Schule u. Charakter. By the same. Schulthess, Zürich. 1907.

Christentum u. Klassenkampf. By the same. Schulthess, Zürich. 1908.

Sexualethik u. Sexualpädagogik. By the same. J. Kösel, Kempten. 1909.

Lebensführung. By the same G. Reimer, Berlin. 1909.

Autorität u. Freiheit. By the same. J. Kösel, Kempten. 1910.

At one time men worked for the glory of God—in the name of Christ; for what are they working to-day? What is the goal of this unceasing movement, this feverish activity, this reckless competition? No one knows. We only know that it is not the glory of God, nor the glory of what is God-like in man. . . .

WITH this bitter complaint, one of the youngest and most brilliant of German thinkers appeals to our busy civilization—ever engaged in the process of “speeding-up.” He feels that we are restless of soul and devoid of satisfying purpose in the midst of all our astonishing material improvements.

Our motto is, “We do not know where we are going, but let us go there quickly.” Will mankind be happy when everything that is now done at a certain rate comes to be done twice as fast? Is it so very important, after all, that a tired and sceptical man in London should be conveyed at one hundred miles per hour to New York in order to be equally tired and sceptical there?

A section of the British public, accustomed to regard Germany as the peculiar stronghold of materialism, has not yet realized that a powerful reaction has set in in that country and is rapidly making materialism old-fashioned.

Among the leaders of this new movement, Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster, the author of the above quotation, occupies a unique position. Born in Berlin in 1869, he is a son of Professor W. Foerster, the well-known astrono-

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mer. He was brought up quite without religious influences. On completing his university course, he felt that his education had been too abstract, too academic, and that he was out of touch with real life; hence he threw himself with true German thoroughness into the study of social questions at first hand, not only on the Continent, but in England and America. His sympathies became strongly socialistic, and he even suffered imprisonment for the cause. But with experience and thought, he came to the conclusion that the socialistic movement was deficient in moral and spiritual insight. He perceived that truly to uplift the people, something more than a rearrangement of material conditions is needed, something more, too, than the rather vague humanitarianism of the Socialist. A closer acquaintance with human nature soon opened Foerster's eyes to the fact that no Utopia, however skilfully organized, could save the human race, without much inward development on the part of each individual. He realized the supreme importance of character. Turning his attention, now, more to the individual, Foerster took up the study of educational and ethical subjects (more especially of moral education), taught himself, visited schools in many countries and attached himself to the International Union of Ethical Societies. But the more he occupied himself with the problem of character-building, the more he was driven to believe that it could not be solved without the aid of something more than a secular view of life. As he has himself expressed it:

In a man's struggle against himself for moral development, the higher the aims he sets before him are, the more impossible does victory become, if he has only ethical imperatives to rely upon. Morality thus cries for religion out of the depths of its own necessity.

During the last few years, Foerster has come to take up a very orthodox Christian position. His writings are peculiarly interesting, because they reveal the gradual process by which a man, educated, living and working in a non-religious environment, has been led, entirely by

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his own observation and studies, to rediscover the truths of Christianity. Very few books of a philosophical nature have ever been so successful as Dr Foerster's. *Jugendlehre* (published in 1905) is now in the thirty-seventh edition and has been translated into nearly every European language. It deals with moral education and contains much matter of a philosophical nature in addition to its directly pedagogical side. His *Sexualethik* has been received with enthusiasm by all who believe in Christian marriage ideals; it presents a brilliant defence of Christian morality from the point of view of the psychologist and sociologist.

His last (1910) and perhaps most brilliant book is called *Autorität und Freiheit*. I find it difficult to say what this book is about, because there is hardly anything that it is not about: the problems of Authority and Freedom are religious, moral, political, psychological and educational at one and the same time. A very original and fundamentally important section is that in which it is shown that so-called freedom of thought is limiting and reactionary. Here, Foerster captures outright the heaviest artillery of the "moderns" and uses it to destroy their own fortress. Ten thousand copies of this work were sold within eight days of publication.

Foerster now lectures on various philosophical subjects at the University of Zürich. With quiet, forceful earnestness and an irresistible logical development of his subject, he fascinates crowded classes of men and women students by the illuminating manner in which he explains the fundamental problems of life. Old truths, grown monotonous by repetition, regain vitality in the unexpected new light which he throws upon them. Except to add that he combines German scholarship and comprehensiveness with something like English directness and common-sense, space forbids my saying anything more about the man. I must pass to his work.

A great motive power in Foerster's development has been his discontent with modern life. In all his books he severely criticizes the civilization of to-day. The last few

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generations have seen an immense, an altogether unparalleled, increase in the demands made upon the nervous resources of the individual. Consider the innumerable books and papers he reads, the theatres and lectures he goes to, the conversations he holds, the rapid and frequent journeys he takes, the ever-growing hosts of sights and sounds that beset him, the amount of semi-digested matter his mind is stuffed with from childhood upwards and the increasing pace and complexity of his whole life. Have we double the nervous strength of our ancestors to compensate for all these new demands? As C. F. G. Masterman says in the *Condition of England*:

Modern civilization in its most highly organized forms has elaborated a system to which the delicate fibre of mind and body is unable to respond.

One natural result of this state of affairs is a spread of nervous diseases and a general decrease in robustness of mind and body. We become the victims of our own ingenuity when we neglect moral and spiritual forces.

This is made particularly clear by the fact that the most highly civilized nations (that is in the materialistic sense of the word) are all in process of extinction and are only kept going at all by the children from the poorest classes. Mr Whetham has shown that among the cultured classes of this country the birth-rate is not nearly high enough to keep their numbers even constant—Catholics forming, however, an exception.

Foerster especially directs our attention to the effect of modern life upon the moral and spiritual man. We see to-day a general dependence of the individual upon environment. The modern man is so continually marched along by a routine of outward cares and amusements that he has literally neither time nor strength to ask himself where he is going; nor, indeed, for concentration on any sort of inward life. We are reminded of Carlyle's saying with regard to the "progress" of his own day:

If we examine well, it is the marching of that gouty patient, whom his doctors had clapt on a metal floor, artificially heated to

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the searing point, so that he was obliged to march, and did march with a vengeance—nowhither.

To change the simile, the ordinary worker of to-day—intellectual or manual—feels himself to be merely a cog in an immense and complicated machine which runs blindly on. The division of almost every kind of work into a large number of highly specialized activities has played a great part in this degradation of life to a mechanical level; the individual specialist has to occupy himself so entirely with some tiny branch of a subject that he is apt to lose all sense of his work having any connexion with life as a whole. He is only too apt to become one-sided and de-humanized. This tendency, due in the first place to the narrowness of the actual field of work, is enormously accentuated by the absence from society of any universally accepted view of life, capable of providing a central meeting-ground for everybody. Each man is now able to sink into a narrow rut of his own in religion as well as in daily work. All work, even obscure drudgery, might become a different thing if it were done with the consciousness that it formed part of a great whole, had a purpose beyond the needs of the day.

But, says Foerster, let us not make the mistake of regarding these evils as inevitable. We have fallen into this way of life through errors that can be remedied. The improvements that have been made of recent years in the domain of technical science have placed the resources of the earth at the disposal of man, but this has come too soon; we have become possessed of vast material wealth before having reached a stage of moral development sufficiently advanced to enable us to make a proper use of it. During the last few centuries, moral progress has not kept pace with material progress. Just as a child would at first make a disastrous use of its opportunities if placed in charge of a confectioner's shop, so the civilized nations of to-day have found themselves suddenly in possession of tempting material resources with which they are rapidly reducing themselves to a state of satiety.

They do not control the wealth that they are in charge

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of—it controls them. Organization of the outward and material things of life has been brought to a high pitch of perfection, and what is now necessary is an equally effective organization of all the mental, moral and spiritual resources that can possibly be placed at the service of man—if the human spirit is not to be crushed and overwhelmed by outward interests and distractions. The citadel of the inner man must be garrisoned. As Foerster puts it, we must see that we are governed from the centre and not from the periphery. If the nineteenth century was the century of technological progress, the twentieth must be the century of psychological progress and the supreme task now lying before humanity is the subordination of the whole fabric of civilization, in all its complexity, to the service of man's soul.

This brings us to the problems of morality and religion. How can a purposeful and inspired civilization, such as we have conceived of, be in any way realized without a dominating view of life ("Weltanschauung") with its ethical standards, to serve as central unifying principle? Speaking of Christianity, Foerster says:

It simplifies all the involved problems of life by referring them back to a deep fundamental truth—the re-birth of the human spirit. It calls men back from all that is transitory and superficial to the central question which means life or death in all things. *It leads from the periphery to the centre* and educates mankind to see everything and work at everything from the vantage-ground of a great central position. To find and maintain this central position is the whole salvation of man—and all social work is without foundation if it be not inspired and directed from thence.

The great difficulty to-day is that the Christian view of life no longer really directs civilization—it is only accepted, even in theory, by a section of the community. The spiritual forces of to-day are paralysed by hopeless division, and this division is not only in the community, it exists also in the mind of the individual and prevents him from being really whole-hearted in his religion (of whatever kind it is).

A craving for unity is more than a philosophical fad, it

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is one of the fundamental necessities of the ordinary, healthy human mind.

Professor Edward Caird\* says:

. . . All moral and spiritual life depends upon the harmony of the individual with himself and with the world. A divided life is a life of weakness and misery. . . .

Again, speaking of the loss of a unifying view of life, he says:

It has made knowledge a thing for specialists who have lost the sense of totality, the sense of the value of their particular studies in relation to the whole; it has made action feeble and wayward by depriving men of the conviction that there is any great central aim to be achieved by it.

Professor Caird goes on to say exactly what Foerster also very strongly insists upon, that in the absence of a uniting creed men are bound to end by becoming absolute individualists—"and mere individualism is nothing but anarchy." At present, as Nietzsche saw, society is held together in spite of all its denial of faith, by the authority of the Christian moral and religious tradition. The Western civilization of to-day might very well be compared to a steam-engine from which the steam has been largely cut off, but which still continues to run by reason of a heavy fly-wheel with which it is provided—the majority of people having ceased to recognize Christianity, are still being driven forward by its momentum.

There are those who see in the increasing humanitarianism and tolerance of our time, a growth in religious spirit which they would set against the decline of dogmatic belief. With regard to the increased tolerance, is not this chiefly the result of indifference? I am inclined to agree with Father Dolling that, "Religion has, so to speak, gone to pieces. There is no opposition. We do not care enough to oppose." There is only one test for tolerance—are people tolerant about the things that they think *matter*? Is tolerance shown to-day in money-making? In the Middle Ages, society would not tolerate people

\**The Social Philosophy and Religion of Comte*. 1893 edition, p. 152.



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who did not believe dogmas; to-day, society will not tolerate people who have not made money. Then it was creeds that were considered important, now it is money that is considered important. The real truth is, that the materialistic and intellectualistic civilization of to-day has evolved a type of man who is psychologically incapable of profound religious faith, the whole course of his education and trend of his interest is such as to leave his emotional and spiritual nature undeveloped. Religion is a thing so remote from his life that he has no motive for intolerance. Again, the humanitarianism that is such a distinctive feature of our age is, in Foerster's opinion, derived ultimately chiefly from the very sources that its disciples often repudiate. The modern humanitarian says, in effect, "Never mind the definite beliefs of Christianity, they are antiquated, let us, however, keep its spirit of brotherhood." He does not stop to question how long brotherly love can retain its power isolated from that faith which has so long been its nursery.

There is also quite another side to this topic—it is not desirable that any one virtue, however noble, should be exalted in itself; the social utility of any virtue depends upon its position in a right view of life as a whole. It is extremely dangerous to apply any isolated virtue to the remedying of social evils, unaccompanied by other complementary and corrective virtues. The humanitarian spirit alone, for example, is liable to deteriorate into mere "softness," countenancing anything rather than the infliction of suffering, and in this way may lead nations into the lowest depths of decadence. It has been well said that virtues running wild are worse than vices. They must be subordinated to central and governing principles if they are to be sane and useful.

It is Foerster's deep conviction that the whole of our modern civilization is in real danger of falling into a state of complete disintegration and futile anarchy, owing to its inability to settle on a central unifying purpose to give meaning and direction to all its separate activities. We are in this respect in a much worse position than were

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the men of the Middle Ages. Humanity had then certain fixed ideals, and workers in every sphere of life had a goal and inspiration. Carlyle truly says:

Action in those old days was easy, was voluntary, for the divine worth of human things lay acknowledged; . . . loyalty still hallowed obedience and made rule noble; there was still something to be loyal to: . . . [then of his own day] Heroic action is paralysed: for what worth now remains unquestionable? . . .

This last sentence certainly expresses the position of the majority of civilized mankind in the twentieth century. In connexion with this saying of Carlyle's, let us consider for a moment the deplorable effect of this state of spiritual uncertainty in the educational world. Those large sections of society that have more or less completely rejected any definite religious basis for education and are now rejoicing in their freedom, seem to have forgotten the enormous moral value of a definite belief and ethic, capable of inspiring the educational activity of whole nations. They are incredibly blind to the fact that no boy or young man is likely to make great efforts to rise to any moral standard at all unless under the deepest conviction of its validity. But the educational world of to-day is permeated by doubt. Very often the teachers themselves do not know where they stand—and when they do, they differ from the parents. What kind of an effect is this going to have on the children? With the reduction of truth to a mere matter of personal opinion, it is bound, in thus becoming hypothetical, to lose all educational value. As Foerster says:

Nobody is going to sacrifice himself for hypotheses.

What is going to take place among the tens of millions of civilized people who have given up following the lead of Christianity? Some go in one direction, some in another. Society is splitting up into numbers of separate circles, each more or less morbid about its own isolated interests, an unhealthy state due to the absence of a central view of life to assign values and give sanity and perspective. The very word health means *whole*—united. We see some

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people absorbed in a frantic and unbalanced devotion to sport; others can think of nothing but piling sovereign upon sovereign; numbers cultivate "art for art's sake," an art divorced from wisdom and strength; bands of monomaniacs are absorbed solely in the cult of the erotic; other fanatics are those who have some special recipe which alone can save society, Socialism, Vegetarianism, Christian Science, or whatever it may be; and then there are the hosts of intellectualists, also extremists, men who have simply fallen victims to their own one-sided development. Modern civilization is, in the absolutely literal sense of the phrase, "going to pieces." As society feels less and less restrained by the Christian tradition, what will come out of this extraordinary chaos, what new manners and customs will be developed? Already, in Germany and Austria, well-known men, prominent in the academic world, are agitating for the re-introduction of polygamy; highly educated and refined women all over Europe are advocating the "right to motherhood" of the unmarried woman; the Swedish authoress, Ellen Key, a lady of undoubted ability and purity of intention, in works which have had a very large circulation on the Continent and have been translated into English, earnestly argues for "free-marriage," husband and wife to be at liberty to re-marry at will or even to contract another sexual relationship without separation! That so many of these so-called sexual reformers should base their suggestions on purely humanitarian grounds is a striking illustration of the danger of "virtues let loose" to which I have just referred. In Foerster's book dealing with the sex question, he goes to the real roots of the difficulties which here confront humanity. His position is, in brief, that the absence from such a large section of modern society, of any really definite authoritative basis for morality, is making its effects felt first in this sphere of life, because here at all times is the need for control the greatest. On page 16 we read as follows:

It is precisely in this sphere of life that the principle of intel-

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lectual individualism, which has been described even by the free-thinker Comte, as the "disease of Western civilization," will be, perhaps, most rapidly and impressively reduced to an absurdity. Here we are brought face to face with the fact that even pure and earnest people, when guided entirely by their own thought (never free from disturbing personal influences) and their own necessarily incomplete experience, fall victims to incredibly foolish, impracticable, shortsighted and materialistic notions. As this sort of thing increases, we shall be driven, at last, to a thorough "critique of individual reason."

From this extract it will be readily understood how it is that this work of Foerster's, though called *Sexual-ethik*, resolves itself to a large extent into a criticism of the fundamental ideas upon which the non-religious society of to-day rests. Foerster considers the sex question in its relationship to the whole of life and to the question of morality in general. He sees that it cannot be looked at as a thing apart. It is more closely related than almost any other question to the ultimate purpose of life as a whole. Much of this book might have been written as a commentary on the following statement of Professor Edward Caird's :

For, as the real problem of our intellectual life is how to rise to a judgement that is more than private judgement, so the real problem of our practical life is how to realize a liberty that is more than individual licence.

With regard to the intellectual problem, Foerster vigorously attacks the chief idea of the educated classes of to-day, namely, the idea that it is in some way "progressive" for each individual to hold his merely individual opinions, even about the most fundamental questions. This school of thought is oblivious of the fact that the very nature of systematic thought is to be *universal*. Unless it is universal, it is of no use. Its function is to unite, to lead people upward and onward to the recognition of truth—in fact, to educate. Suppose, for example, that there are three savages disputing about what  $4 \times 4$  is; one says it is 14, another, 17; and the third, 13. None of the three knows enough arithmetic to be able to prove

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whether he is right or not, and each maintains his opinion. But a white man comes along and demonstrates to them, by means of pebbles, that  $4 \times 4$  equals 16. All three now find themselves in agreement. Their individual opinions have been surrendered to a higher truth. They have progressed. To a certain extent this illustration from the arithmetical world is applicable in the moral world. There are definite moral truths, the discovery and general recognition of which has united and advanced humanity. The labours of the saints and philosophers have not been less profitable than those of scientists or engineers. To go back at this time of day to a chaos of individual opinion is pure retrogression. We might as well decide to do without mathematics or to make wheels illegal. The only possible logical result of mere individualism in opinions, untempered by respect for tradition, is that each generation should start anew with all the problems of life, and make over again all the mistakes of the past. As Professor Caird says, we must "rise to a judgement that is more than private judgement."

Closely connected with the second portion of Professor Caird's statement, above referred to, is Foerster's criticism of the modern idea of freedom. In the history of the British Isles, the desire for freedom has always been accompanied by a tacit understanding that such freedom was subject to the general authority of the Christian ethic, as the accepted standard of right and wrong. Strictly speaking, there never has been any demand for freedom in this country. The English people, and even more the Irish people, have for centuries been so accustomed to a definite standard of right and wrong that it has never occurred to them to ask for ethical freedom.

But we are now drifting with tremendous rapidity into a most dangerous position—or absence of position. The majority of those who now cry for freedom have little or no respect for Christian tradition, and many of them occupy no definite ethical or religious position at all.

Their demand is something quite vague. There is much talk of "self-development" and of the "casting off of

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forms and dogmas" in the literature of this school of thought, as though all a person has to do in order to "develop," is simply to throw off all restraint of custom and other authority and leap at a bound into "freedom." It does not appear to be realized that freedom alone is no goal at all, it is simply the negation of restraint, and like all other negatives has, in itself, no meaning, no content. A demand for unlimited freedom lapses into utter vagueness.

There can be no doubt that the new generation has to a large extent lost sight of the fact that freedom, in the true sense of the word—that is freedom of the soul—is only possible through obedience, and this explains the large following obtained by the apostles of spurious freedom. As Foerster says:

Willing obedience to all that holds humanity together is always an indication that a man is fit for the highest freedom—he does not seek freedom in outward things but in inward, he wishes to be free by rising above the narrow limitations of his merely personal desires, needs and experiences: the real problem of freedom is "How shall I be free from myself?"

The fundamental mistake made by the modern agitators for freedom, is to regard all forms as tyrannical, all obedience as slavery. If they were logical, they would see that even ordinary every-day honesty involves obedience and self-surrender. A man who speaks the truth is very far from being free—except in the higher sense—he is obviously bound at every moment to recognize and obey a rigid and entirely external authority (namely the *facts* of the matter to which he is referring). The crowds of people who to-day attack all objective ethical standards as being cramping to the individual and who advocate the freedom of a purely personal ethic, are, unwittingly, undermining the foundations even of common honesty. It would be only a trifling step further to say: "Why should I be confined and limited by the truth, why shouldn't I be free and say what I like?"

A moment's reflection will show that there can be no consistent and reliable action without limitation of in-

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dividual freedom. To cry out for freedom is pure folly unless that freedom is to be defined and limited by reference to a definite ethical standard. The whole trouble to-day is that we are losing sight of our standards.

It may be of interest to regard this question for a moment from a psychological point of view. To give adherence to a definite standard of right and wrong that is felt to have the sanction of an authority higher than personal opinion, brings with it a freedom of mind and a perfect sense of rest and confidence which has a health-giving effect upon soul and body, the opposite of that produced by the worry and perpetual self-examination which goes on in the mind of the individual who is entirely his own guide. Professor William James has drawn a very forcible picture of the wretched condition of the man who has no fixed habits, whose meals are not taken at regular times, who begins to work when he likes and leaves off when he likes, and so on, for whom every little act of daily life is an act of deliberate decision. His nervous system becomes quite unsettled by the multitude of petty decisions thrown upon it. His powers of work are seriously diminished. His physical health suffers. Such are the effects of complete individual freedom in daily life. Can anyone suppose that in the larger world of morality, the effect of substituting individual freedom for an authoritative ethic would be less disastrous?

One of the chief cares of a nerve doctor is to make his patient's life regular; the latter is given no personal freedom of decision whatever, but must do exactly what the doctor says. This freedom from decision is well known to exercise a soothing and steadying effect on the patient's nerves. Moreover, having to get up at a fixed time, eat at a fixed time, etc., provides a wholesome daily exercise for the weakened will power and is a strong suggestive influence. Now a definite religion, with its standard of right and wrong is, in a spiritual sense, the doctor of the whole community and never was it more needed than to-day. Dr Saleeby, certainly no reactionary, says in his book,

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*Worry*, that a decrease in dogmatic belief has been followed by an increase in worry, and uses the words:

... Worry is a mental fact and is to be dealt with ... by dogmas rather than drugs.

Again, in another place he writes:

Many lives are blighted by doubt or sorrow or fear for which, five hundred years ago, the Church would have provided a remedy.

It is worth while here to remember Mr Whetham's important statement, that among the educated people of England, Catholics alone show a high enough birth-rate to secure survival.

I have heard Foerster say more than once that in his opinion, the nerve doctor will play no inconsiderable part in re-establishing religion as an authoritative force. It is being realized on every side that it is essential to employ the powers of the soul to overcome physical and nervous weakness, but at the same time it is seen that under the influence of a materialistic school of thought the soul cannot be expected to possess much self-confidence. Some view of life seems to be required lending independence to the inward man.

It must be remembered that there are in every nation a very large percentage of slightly psycho-pathic people, and that for all such people definite ethical standards are absolutely essential. They are hardly less essential even for perfectly healthy people, many of whom are very well capable of becoming morbid under trying nervous conditions. Imagine, for example, what the effect would be on people of a sensitive and emotional nature, slightly inclined to instability as such natures often are, were the influence of the monogamous marriage as *the* definite, recognized moral standard in sex relationships, to be removed from their lives. Millions of men and women of this type are to-day being steadied and saved from their own lower natures by the moral authority of the marriage tie. It is utterly *unpsychological* to ignore the importance



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of fixed forms. Their *suggestive* influence is immense. I here take a passage from the *Sexualethik*, p. 50:

On account of its social educational value, monogamy is necessary to the continued existence of any high form of civilization. The more we progress towards understanding the importance of moral and spiritual factors for social health and towards placing the educational factor in the forefront of our social reform, the more certain it is that the social development of the future will not weaken the marriage bond but strengthen it. . . . It secures a man or woman against the merely impulsive consideration of a most momentous step, it strengthens all the responsibilities of marriage and deepens and purifies the sexual feelings themselves by the profound earnestness with which it surrounds the whole relationship.

In view of the suggested reforms with regard to the Divorce Laws, this quotation possesses a special interest. Foerster regards the weakening of the bonds of marriage and the artificial restriction of the family as two of the most serious dangers to which modern society is exposed. They are, in essence, merely different phases of the same thing—the desire of the modern man to *control his own life*—individualism in ethics again. They are also closely related in the sense that the second is to a very large extent the cause of the first. (This was made abundantly clear through the evidence given before the recent Divorce Commission.)

I cannot do better than close this article by making a further reference to the positive side of Foerster's teaching. He believes that when the attention of humanity is once thoroughly directed towards the problem of character we shall then be led back, as he was himself, to the fundamental truths of religion. In his own words:

True insight into our spiritual nature cannot be obtained by the methods of science and the study of the outer world, but only by self-knowledge and self-perfection.

If the twentieth century makes the education of personal character its first aim, then all will be well.

MEYRICK BOOTH

# A Candidate for Beatification: CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

SOME few years ago the minds of a good many pious people were agitated by the rival claims to the honours of beatification of three historical characters, all belonging to the laity and all equally famous in their very different ways. By the uninitiated it was considered a doubtful matter which of the three was likely first to attain this coveted distinction. Would it be Jeanne d'Arc, the deliverer of France, Mary Queen of Scots, the pathetic victim of Protestant tyranny, or Christopher Columbus, the discoverer and apostle of the New World? \* The question is answered now, and no one who has any slight acquaintance with the historical evidence can feel a moment's doubt that the decision of the Church is an absolutely wise one. None have more cordially welcomed the decree which declares the humble Maid of Domrémy to be worthy of the cultus of the faithful than the Catholics of that country which was so largely responsible for her cruel death. Even in the outside world of those who do not share our allegiance to the Holy See, there are not wanting signs that many rejoice at the seal thus set upon the heavenly mission of that pattern of womanly devotion, the much-calumniated Pucelle.

But with regard to the other two candidates for popular veneration, it may be said, I think, without any rash anticipation of the action of ecclesiastical authority, that there is now no immediate prospect of a favourable decision. As for Mary Queen of Scots, it is not likely that anyone who has followed at all closely the trend of the recent copious literature of which she is the heroine will be

\* If one may safely draw an inference from the silence of the late Cardinal Steinhuber in an article contributed by him to the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach* in January, 1905, "Die schwebenden Selig-und Heiligsprechungsprozesse," the cause of Columbus has not even yet been formally introduced.

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tempted to ask why. We should all be sorry to believe Mary to have been the guilty woman that her calumniators have pretended. But innocent though she may have been of the worst of the crimes laid to her charge, her reputation is too seriously compromised for us to join heartily in any public tribute of veneration. We cannot accept a lower guarantee for the Saints of the Church than that which may rightly be demanded even of Cæsar's wife.

There remains Columbus, and the history of the efforts made to press forward the cause of his beatification is a curious and instructive one. It is only of late that the consequences of the agitation have begun to make themselves felt. Seeing that the article "Columbus" in *The Catholic Encyclopædia*, despite its American origin, is strangely silent upon the point, I hope I may be pardoned for recalling the subject here. No doubt, Columbus's admirers were animated by the very highest motives, but few admirers, probably, have given their hero more reason to cry, "Save me from my friends," than the zealous promoters of Columbus's beatification.

Prior to the year 1843 it would seem that no one thought of regarding Columbus as being in any special way more religious than most of his contemporaries. He was held to be a pious layman, somewhat hardly used by fortune, but with courage enough to meet his reverses in a Christian spirit, as many a good man had done before him. But in 1843 a certain Count Roselly de Lorgues published a study of the great navigator which presented an entirely new interpretation of his character. Columbus was there delineated as a man consumed with zeal for the cause of God and the spread of the faith. The thought of the conversion of souls and of the recovery of the Holy Land was put forward as the mainspring of all his actions. According to this writer the discoverer was an apostle in whose heart were concentrated all the Christian aspirations as well as the militant fervour of the Middle Ages. Such a type, M. Roselly contended, was absolutely unintelligible to the Protestant or the Agnostic. Hence, men like

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Washington Irving or Alexander von Humboldt, at that date the best known biographers of Columbus, had never rightly appreciated his character. It had been left to M. Roselly himself to reveal this splendid vision to the world.\*

Count Roselly de Lorgues occupied a social position which enabled him to command a considerable amount of attention in Rome. He professed to have made erudite original researches, and the thesis he maintained was one which of itself was bound to be acceptable to ecclesiastical authority. It was to the Church, this writer contended, that we ultimately owe the discovery of half the world. The project must "inévitablement" have been discussed at the papal court. Columbus must have communicated his determination to the Holy Father (Innocent VIII), and have asked his blessing on the enterprise.†

It is not surprising that *La Croix dans les Deux Mondes* made something of a sensation. Pius IX, who soon after this was chosen Supreme Pontiff, had himself visited America, the first of all the successors of St Peter who had ever set foot in the New World. That Pontiff was at no time a severe critic of historical literature, but least of all in the enthusiasm of the early years of his pontificate. Count Roselly de Lorgues received the warmest of welcomes. His revelation of a wholly spiritual and saintly Columbus was accepted without question. With the personal encouragement of the Sovereign Pontiff, he set to

\* At no time does Count Roselly de Lorgues seem to have been troubled by any false modesty regarding the service he had rendered to Columbus and the Church. In the first edition of his *Christophe Colomb: Histoire de sa Vie*, 1856, he writes (vol. I, p. 23), "En 1843, notre livre, *La Croix dans les Deux Mondes*, vint révéler pour la première fois, la mission providentielle confiée à Colomb, et affirmer hautement la quasi sainteté de son caractère."

† I know of nothing which can be called evidence for this. But our author declares it was so. "Les rapports ultérieurs de Christophe Colomb avec le Saint-Siège montrent qu'il avait d'abord dû communiquer sa résolution au chef de l'Église et appeler sa bénédiction sur le but de ses travaux. Une tradition constante à Rome l'établit. Rome, encore de nos jours, le rappelle." (Vol. I, p. 225. Roselly de Lorgues, *Colomb*. Edition 1856.)

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work upon a complete biography of the great discoverer, and, while he was still in the early stages of his undertaking, Pope Pius sent him a warm letter of approval and a cross of the Order of St Gregory.\*

It is not surprising that a book which came out under such auspices should have been warmly received in the Catholic world, and, indeed, to give M. Roselly de Lorgues his due, the story is told pleasantly enough. No one at that time had made any careful study of the Genoese archives. The data accepted by Washington Irving were still in possession, and there was a general readiness to accept without dispute all the statements of Fernan Colombo and Las Casas. The writer threw the nobler and more religious traits of Columbus's character into strong relief, and in particular he set himself to contradict in the most emphatic terms an imputation which had been made against the explorer by sundry previous writers, for example by Navarrete and Spotorno, that his relations with Beatrix Enriquez, the mother of his son Fernando, were never sanctioned by wedlock. Upon this point, which was considered a sort of test case by which M. Roselly de Lorgues's presentment of Columbus as a man of heroic sanctity must stand or fall, much was afterwards to be written.

The *Christophe Colomb, Histoire de sa Vie et de ses Voyages*, appeared in 1856, and for thirty years it held its ground, at any rate in Catholic circles, as the last word of historical criticism on the Columbus question. Judged as a work

\* One sentence of this letter, which is printed at the beginning of the *Life*, is very interesting: "Cum in lucem publicam illa prodierunt documenta, quæ partem novi orbis a Christophoro Columbo primum detectam spectant, apparebit certissime, *ut tu jure optimo affirmas*, dilecte Fili, Christophorum ipsum Apostolicæ huius Sedis impulsu et auxilio Clerique præsertim magno studio id præcellentis cœpisse consilii." This, seemingly, was how the Roman tradition was created, referred to in the last footnote. In other words M. Roselly says: "Columbus must have consulted the Holy See." Rome replies: "God bless you. No doubt it was as you say." And then twenty years afterwards when some one ventures to express a doubt, M. Roselly denounces him as an arrogant assailant of papal authority and a despiser of Catholic traditions.—Cf. *Histoire posthume*, P. 374.

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based on certain definite authorities, there can be no doubt that these authorities were carefully studied, but the book offered next to no new material derived from original research. Now that such research has been brought to bear by others, Roselly's presentment of facts has been shown to be often wildly inaccurate,\* and to abound in fanciful hypotheses. But at the time, the book achieved for its author a considerable reputation in a certain narrow circle. He had discovered a new Columbus, a Christian hero of the purest water. Many pious people, who neither thought of questioning the facts nor of consulting the original records, but who accepted the suggestion that the sublimity of the explorer's virtues had never yet been fully recognized, simply because his life had chiefly been studied by Protestants, began to look upon Columbus as a fitting candidate for canonization. M. Roselly de Lorgues, flattered by the compliments paid to his book, and interpreting the letters which Pius IX addressed to him as a sort of guarantee of infallibility, threw himself heart and soul into the cause. He received from the Franciscan Order, of which Columbus had been a Tertiary, a formal commission to act as "postulator causæ." In this capacity he set to work to obtain the adhesion of bishops and others, and during the Vatican Council a "postulatum" was drawn up and signed, petitioning the Holy See that some exceptional method of procedure might be sanctioned, which would allow the process of beatification to be introduced without those preliminaries which were now impossible of observance three hundred years after the explorer's death. For this postulatum some 627 signatures of cardinals and bishops were eventually secured, but the break up of the Vatican Council prevented the document from being officially presented. Hence, the cause of the beatification of Columbus seems never to have been formally introduced. Meanwhile M. Roselly de Lorgues grew only more and more convinced that the great navigator was a Saint, and

\* See, for example, Harrisse, *Christophe Colomb devant l'Histoire*, who illustrates Roselly's blunders, p. 35. The date, 1436, assigned by Roselly for Columbus's birth, has been shown to be absolutely impossible.

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from this attitude of mind it was only a step to the conviction that whatever opposition was raised against the cause he had at heart, was directly inspired by the evil one, and amounted to a kind of sacrilege.\*

Amongst the small knot of Catholic writers who had really studied the life of Columbus for themselves, apart from the interpretation of M. Roselly, was a certain Abbate Sanguineti, of Genoa, who was also a member of the Genoese Academy. For anything that I can learn regarding him, this Abbate Sanguineti was a perfectly good Christian, and a scholar much respected for his historical attainments.† It is admitted that he stood high in favour with his bishop, Mgr Magnasco, and he is even accused of having won for his depreciatory views of Columbus the support of the other bishops of Liguria. This, at any rate, is the writer to whom Count Roselly de Lorgues attributes primarily the opposition made to the proposed canonization of Columbus, and whom he accordingly represents as animated by an almost diabolical malice and an obstinacy which did not stop short of contempt for the Holy See itself. Why M. Roselly could never believe, or at least have the courtesy to pretend to believe, that the Abbate Sanguineti was honestly expressing a genuine conviction derived from his study of the documents, it seems impossible to explain. The chief rock of offence both in Sanguineti and in the others whom Roselly so fiercely denounces, such as Father Spotorno, the Barnabite, the Spanish Academicians, Ascensio and Duro, and the French writer, HARRISSE, is the belief which all these have expressed that Columbus was never married to the mother of his son Fernando, Doña Beatrix Enriquez. I may confess that the evidence of Fernando's illegitimacy, as presented by M. HARRISSE, for example, seems to me perfectly irresistible,‡

\* One of the best-known of the books M. Roselly de Lorgues wrote on the beatification question was entitled, *Satan contre Christophe Colomb*.

† It may be worth while to point out that the Abbate Angelo Sanguineti is not identical with another Sanguineti, who some fifty years ago very violently assailed the institute and manner of life of the Jesuits.

‡ See HARRISSE's *Christophe Colomb, Etude d'Histoire Critique*, Paris, 1884, Vol. II, pp. 345-357. There can be no question that Las Casas, the friend

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and the same view is taken by such a moderate and entirely Catholic writer as Tarducci, not to speak of Cancellieri, or of the ecclesiastics already mentioned, Spotorno and Sanguineti, who could have no possible motive in trying to disparage a noble fellow-townsmen who died nearly three hundred years before they were born. But to M. Roselly and the writers influenced by him, such a suggestion of irregular conduct on the part of the hero they wished to canonize was an unpardonable impiety, and no one who has not read it could easily believe the violence of language with which Sanguineti is assailed for venturing to maintain that a biography which M. Roselly had written and which Pius IX had commended before he saw it, had erred in attributing to Columbus a too exalted virtue. The whole controversy is a most curious revelation of a certain phase of human infirmity, and painfully illustrates the impotence of high professions to save a frantic partizan from most ignoble action. The matter, I am afraid, can only be made clear by rather extensive quotations.

When M. Roselly in his work, *L'Histoire Posthume de Christophe Colomb*, comes to deal with the Sanguineti episode he introduces the subject by a contemptuous reference to "un petit Abbé, du district de Savone, nommé Angelo Sanguineti, venu à Gènes chercher un emploi," describing further the "wretched little biography" of Columbus, which he had compiled—so at least M. Roselly says—from Protestant sources. Then he goes on:

Ten years later, when under the auspices of the great Pope Pius IX, there had appeared the true history of Christopher Columbus, the Abbé, furious at the little notice we had taken of his Protestant summary, attacked us in a huge pamphlet.\*

of Fernando, describes him as *hijo natural*, and this apparently in marked contrast to his brother, to whom the property is primarily left. "Tenia hecho su testamento en el cual instituyó por su universal heredero à D. Diego su hijo; y si no tuviese hijos, à D. Hernando su hijo natural" (Las Casas, *Historias*, III, p. 194). This is further confirmed by much negative evidence. Roselly's attempt to show that *hijo natural* at that time simply meant "the son of his body," as opposed to step-son or adopted son, does not seem to me very successful.

\* *Histoire posthume*, 1885, p. 252.



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Speaking further of his own work M. Roselly de Lorgues insists that the glorification of Columbus could only be the glorification of the Church herself.

This (he says) is why His Holiness desired that an exact biography of this Messenger of the Gospel should at length be written. For this reason, in spite of the traditional prudence of the Vatican and the open opposition of Cardinal Antonelli, the Pope, making in our favour an exception to the rules of the pontifical court, deigned to honour our work with his approval, not only without submitting it to ecclesiastical revision according to custom, but before even we had completed it.\*

Fortified in this way by a sense of solidarity with the infallible head of the Church, M. de Lorgues proceeds to launch his anathemas against the Abbé Sanguinetti and all his followers. Of the Abbé, for example, he uses such phrases as these:

These mysterious affinities over which the devil's advocate, the malignant Sanguinetti, has so diabolically jeered . . . a scaffolding of lies. . . Counting upon Mgr Magnasco's support, the Abbé once more, dipping his pen in gall, drew up an indictment against the servant of God (Columbus) ironically entitled *The Canonization of Christopher Columbus*. This revolting work, evidently inspired by the powers infernal, (cette œuvre révoltante évidemment soufflée d'en bas.) . . . this attack stamped with the seal of the devil . . . this venomous indictment, etc.†

As for the particular charge that Columbus was not married to Beatrice Enriquez, M. de Lorgues calls it "calomnie scélérate de mensongère et honteuse origine," "impudente sottise," and many other bad names. Moreover, the whole clergy of Genoa, more or less, fall under his ban. For example he says:

Insulted by the praise of Free Masons, Mazzinians and Atheists, Christopher Columbus has, above all, been insulted by the clergy of Genoa. The free-thinkers, at least, perpetrated their outrage without intending or knowing it. Steeped in pantheism and positivism they saw nothing more in Columbus than an accomplished

\* *L'Histoire Posthume*, p. 412.

† *Histoire posthume*, pp. 252-256 (cf. pp. 275, 379), *Les Calomnieux*, pp. 79-80.

# Christopher Columbus

navigator and an apostle of progress, and in placing his portrait upon the bier of Mazzini, they only meant to show honour to two of their illustrious fellow townsmen. They had no idea of the enormity of their profanation. But under the influence of the Abbate Sanguineti, the Canons of the Academy have, in defiance of Catholic opinion, outraged him upon the very eve of his day of triumph, now close at hand.

When the former Archbishop of Genoa, the illustrious Mgr Charvaz, had most splendidly honoured the Christian virtues of Columbus, and had petitioned the Holy See for the introduction of his cause, after Pius IX had publicly borne witness to the discoverer's design of spreading the Gospel, and, further, after the postulatium signed by a great number of Bishops of all nations had pronounced him an APOSTOLIC HERO, that these priests should come forward to traduce him after three centuries, should make it a point of honour to discredit him retrospectively, is an odious and impious act which wounds like a sacrilege. This infamy is revolting to the conscience of every Catholic, it outrages the feelings of every patriot, and it ought to kindle the indignation of the lay-folk as well as of all the clergy.\*

The fact, already noted, that the later Archbishop of Genoa fully agreed with M. Sanguineti does not in the least mitigate M. Roselly's denunciations. He is only haunted by the mental picture of the "haineux Sanguineti's" baleful triumph, when through the apathy or active opposition of the Ligurian bishops the question of Columbus's beatification was indefinitely postponed. M. Roselly's words, written after the death of the Abbate Sanguineti, and only printed in 1898 after the writer's own death, afford a sad illustration of the blinding effect of prejudice, a prejudice which, as we here see, is not always less violent among the ultra orthodox than among the ultra heterodox where we are most accustomed to look for it.

Quelle ténébreuse satisfaction [wrote M. de Lorgues] devrait agiter le cœur de l'Abbé Sanguineti à la contemplation de sa néfaste puissance. . . . Il voyait sa mince personnalité se dresser seule contre l'épiscopat des Deux Mondes, défier toute la hiérarchie ecclésiastique, braver même l'opinion manifeste du Souverain

\* *Histoire posthume*, pp. 255-256.

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Pontife: . . . nous renonçons à décrire l'Âpre délectation de cette joie mauvaise.\*

We must indeed remember, in fairness, that these words were only penned by a disappointed man in his extreme old age. Indeed, though they seem to have been printed with the full approval of his literary executors, it would hardly be right to quote them, were it not that they represent the ultimate development of a strain of bitter censoriousness that may be seen clearly enough in germ, forty years earlier. Even in his *Life of Columbus*, first printed in 1856, Count Roselly seems convinced that anyone who disputed his hero's claim to exalted sanctity must be either a deliberate slanderer, a fool or a Protestant.† Naturally this belief in his own inspiration developed with years and with the compliments paid to him as the champion of Columbus's high Christian purpose. When, therefore, towards the close of his days the Spanish Academician, Captain C. F. Duro, spoke slightly of Roselly's biography as a work which no one could treat as a serious contribution to history, the old man's indignation knew no bounds. Painful as the passage is, it is also instructive, for I suppose that no modern scholar, however great his loyalty to the Church, can now regard Roselly's work as anything but an uncritical panegyric. It is emphatically *not* serious history.

The bullying attitude which Cesar Fernandez Duro has assumed towards me exposes him to no risks. He is well aware that, as the doyen of Catholic men of letters, as one honoured with the highest distinctions by Popes Pius IX and Leo XIII, we could not at our age forget the laws of God and the Church which enjoin the forgiveness of injuries. His miserable attack is, then, ridiculous and of no importance. This passionate assailant is simply offering us up as a holocaust to the vengeance of his

\* *Les Calomnieurs Modernes du Serviteur de Dieu Christophe Colomb*, 1898, p. 83.

† See *Christophe Colomb*, first edition, Vol. I, pp. 33-41. Here we read of the "satisfaction haineuse" with which the Barnabite Father Spotorno insisted on Fernando's illegitimacy, as well as one of his "*pitoyables arguties*," his "*misérables calomnies*," and so forth.

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Academy. None the less, the ardent freemason has so far gone beyond the bounds of all probability that his very friends will not follow him.\*

One is glad to know that M. Roselly "could not forget the law which enjoins the forgiveness of injuries." Without this explicit assurance we might have been in some doubt upon the point. However he goes on:

Who, we wonder, will be persuaded by the Duros, the Sanguinetis, the Ascensios, and other gentlemen of the same kidney, that our *Life of Columbus*, praised by two Popes, by two Emperors, by Kings and Queens, favourably criticized by many Princes, acclaimed by the most distinguished members of the Episcopate and of the Magistracy, admired by Ambassadors and Admirals, placed in the principal libraries of Europe, translated into many languages, published in all sizes, printed and reprinted many times over, even in Spain, a book which has earned for its author two crosses of Chevalier, two crosses of Officier, four crosses of Knight Commander, and two decorations of Grand Croix is a work which, after all, is not to be taken seriously?

How can we believe that a book of mere amusement has had the power to awaken the attention of Christians all over the globe, to raise the glory of Columbus into new life, to reveal his heavenly commission, to show forth his incomparable sublimity and his character of apostle, to generate a universal movement of gratitude which has made itself so clearly felt on the approach of the fourth centenary of the Discovery, a movement which the august head of the Church, the great Leo XIII, in his Brief of October 1, 1892, solemnly attests to have been the result of our work. And in earnest of that conviction His Holiness deigned to elevate us to the dignity of Grand Cross of the first class of the Order of St Gregory the Great.

Does not this one fact, this supreme consecration of an unprecedented literary success, triumphantly refute the pitiable accusation of this handful of Academicians, the freemasons of Spain, Germany and Genoa?†

\* *Les Calomniateurs Modernes*, p. 86.

† *Les Calomniateurs Modernes*, pp. 92-93. This is not an isolated passage; the whole book, or rather series of books, must be read to appreciate the author's temper. Most deplorable of all is the introduction of the name of the Abbé Sanguinetti's cousin, "la prospère Clotilde Sanguinetti, jadis belle, en dernier lieu dame Gambara—Pignone, largement enrichie par trois heureux veuvages" (p. 96).

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Sad as much of this must seem, I venture to call it instructive, and that for two reasons. In the first place, it is good to realize how very little it all means. In spite of M. Roselly's decorations and compliments, and numberless editions and fresh literary ventures and signatures of bishops and attempts to invest the cause with the quasi-formal approbation of the Holy See, nothing was done; the matter stands exactly where it stood more than sixty years ago, before M. Roselly's first book saw the light. One learns, at least, that the commendations lavished upon the well-intentioned zeal of a loyal supporter of the Papacy like Count Roselly de Lorgues, do not by any means involve a censure of the opposite view held by those who may not be so conspicuously identified with the cause of ultramontaniam. So far as concerns the work and character of Columbus, it is the opinion of these latter which has won the day. The attempt of the discoverer's supporters to carry the position by storm has failed as it deserved to fail.

The other lesson, however, to be derived from this curious episode is not one that we can regard with any satisfaction. Count Roselly de Lorgues and his friends have accomplished very little in the direction of a permanent glorification of their hero. But they have, unfortunately, done a good deal to produce an exactly opposite result. Such indiscriminate panegyric as that which they have indulged in and attempted to force upon others, was bound to create a reaction, and the reaction has been very serious, and, as I conceive, very unjust to the really noble qualities of the great explorer. No one, probably, has done more for the real elucidation of the life of Columbus than M. Henri Harisse. How completely this scholar's work is dissociated from any religious purpose may be judged from the fact that one of his most important contributions to the subject bears the dedication "à mon ami Ernest Renan." Needless to say, such a dedication produces in M. Roselly an explosion of frantic protest. The book, he declares, aims at the complete overthrow of the traditional story of Columbus.\*

\* Roselly de Lorgues, *L'Ambassadeur de Dieu*, 1874, p. 54.

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How wildly and unjustly, as ever, M. Roselly formulates this charge may be gathered from the following passage written in 1892, in which M. HARRISSE calls attention to the very danger upon which we are now insisting. He is referring to the work of M. de LORGUES and the other promoters of the beatification.

The insensate encomiums [he remarks] of these excited panegyrists, their persistent defiance of history and common sense only too inevitably invited reprisals. The echo of these has already reached us, and it is from that New World itself which Columbus discovered and from the leading University of America, that the signal has at last come. Here is the verdict which has there been passed upon Columbus's career and work:

"We have seen a pitiable man meet a pitiable death. Hardly a name in profane history is more august than his. Hardly another character in the world's record has made so little of its opportunities. His discovery was a blunder; his blunder was a new world; the New World is his monument! Its discoverer might have been its father; he proved to be its despoiler. He might have given its young days such a benignity as the world likes to associate with a maker; he left it a legacy of devastation and crime. He might have been an unselfish promoter of geographical science; he proved a rabid seeker for gold and a vice-royalty. He might have won converts to the fold of Christ by the kindness of his spirit; he gained the execrations of the good angels. He might, like Las Casas, have rebuked the fiendishness of his contemporaries; he set them an example of perverted belief. The triumph of Barcelona, led down to the ignominy of Valladolid, with every step in the degradation palpable and resultant."\*

There are five hundred pages [continues M. HARRISSE] of this sort of phrase making. Let us hasten to say that the press, both in Europe and in the United States has answered by a swift and severe censure of this voluminous indictment, the work of a writer who knows events only by their outsides and their accidental features, who is at no pains to acquaint himself with the sources of history and to grasp their intimate connexion and general effect, and who, above all, is incapable of projecting himself into the period and environment which he wishes to describe. So

\* Mr HARRISSE does not give the writer's name or any reference, but the passage is taken from Justin Winsor's *Christopher Columbus*, London, 1890, p. 512.

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far as concerns ourselves, we can only profess our indifference to the compliment this graceless Bostonian has paid us by quoting our name repeatedly and quarrying his facts from our own books, and we declare ourselves ready to protest with our last breath against the unfairness of the judgement he has passed.\*

But though M. HARRISSE may rightly speak in severe terms of such reckless and ill-founded appreciations, the reaction against Roselly de Lorgues's panegyric still goes on. A much more plausible and dangerous attack than Mr Justin Winsor's has lately been delivered by M. Henri Vignaud in his *Études Critiques sur la Vie de Colomb avant ses Découvertes*. Basing his inquiry upon a very thorough and straightforward examination of the evidence, M. Vignaud comes to the conclusion that the traditional story of the explorer's early life, as it was first given to the world by Fernan Colombo, his son, and by Las Casas, and, as it has been retraced for modern readers, placed under the mantle of the Church, and invested with superhuman attributes by Roselly de Lorgues, was little better than a tissue of fables. Looking still more closely into the complicated problem, M. Vignaud infers (unfairly, as I believe) that Columbus, by untruthful, vainglorious and misleading statements, was himself the author of the confusion. And from this he draws the still more sweeping deduction that we can never trust the Admiral's testimony except where it is confirmed by independent evidence. Here are some specimens of the kind of revision to which M. Vignaud finds it necessary to subject the traditional accounts of the Discoverer's early life.

Columbus neither belonged to a family of sailors, as he declared, nor to a noble family, as was stated by his son. His relations were weavers or wool-carders, and he, like all his nearest connexions, practised the same trade.

In direct opposition to what he pretended and to what his son and Las Casas alleged upon his authority, there had never been any admirals in his family. The two celebrated sea captains named Colombo to whom these claims

\* HARRISSE, *Christophe Colomb devant l'Histoire*, p. 46.

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referred, were, one of them a Frenchman born, the other, a Greek, also became a naturalized French subject.

He was born in 1451, not in 1435-1436 or 1446-1447, as the most authoritative of his biographers were led to believe. Neither he, nor his son, nor Las Casas, who were in possession of all his papers, were willing to say a word upon the subject. He never followed any University course, neither that of Pavia, where his son and Las Casas declare that he was sent, nor of any other. The only education he received was that given to the children of artisans like himself.

It is not true that he went to sea at the age of fourteen as he pretended. At twenty-two he was still a weaver at Savona. Only a short time previously he had kept an inn with his father. He never took part in any campaign in the service of King René, of Anjou. At the period when, according to his own story, he had commanded a ship under that prince's flag he was only twenty-one years of age and he still practised the trade of a weaver. The year in which he left his own country for Portugal was not 1470, as would naturally be inferred from certain statements of his, but 1476.

It is untrue that he made a voyage to Ireland and still further North as he pretended. All the details that he gives of this supposed journey carry the proof of their falsity on the face of them.

It was only in 1477 that he settled in Portugal, and he married there one or two years afterwards. At that date he was only about twenty-seven. He had had no experience of seafaring and there is not the slightest reason to believe that he had turned his thoughts to any transatlantic voyage of discovery.

It is clear that these and many similar criticisms to which M. Vignaud subjects the traditional narrative of Columbus's early life, form a very serious indictment. "Columbus was not a truthful man," is the final conclusion of his researches so far as he has yet conducted them.\* More-

\* The continuation of this inquiry announced in the volume from which I quote (1905), as in preparation under the title *Etudes sur la Vie de Colomb avant ses découvertes, Seconde Série*, has not yet appeared.



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over, pressing the point further, he insists that this result not only lowers our conception of the explorer's moral standing by showing him to be capable of the meanness of falsehood, but it discredits the whole of his testimony, and forces us to ask ourselves whether in a thousand other circumstances where his statements are susceptible of no external control, there may not be need of corrections almost as sweeping.

How far M. Vignaud's destructive criticism will ultimately find favour, it seems impossible to say. At present the tendency, if we may judge from such writers as M. Harisse and Mr Thacher, seems to be rather to view it with suspicion. It will probably, in any case, be prudent to wait until the whole work has appeared before pronouncing any decided opinion. But in the meantime there can be no harm in pointing out that the extravagant conceptions of Columbus's moral grandeur, which have been disseminated by M. Roselly de Lorgues and his imitators, appear to be responsible for the fact that Columbus is now being tried by a far severer standard than we are accustomed to apply to other famous men, say, for example, Napoleon or Nelson. When M. Vignaud remarks:

There are no degrees in the violations of the moral law. He who has so far forgotten the respect which he owes to himself as to have no hesitation to resort to a lie for puerile motives, will be still less scrupulous about doing so when some great interest is at stake,

he is, I would respectfully submit, running counter to everyday experience. Many a man will boast or prevaricate in matters in which nothing but his own credit is involved, who would never dream of departing from strict veracity when any question arose of imputing serious blame or doing an injustice to some one else. And that, in point of fact, is the position with regard to Columbus. If all M. Vignaud's allegations were true regarding the intentional misrepresentation of the incidents of the explorer's early career, he would stand convicted of no injustice, no meanness towards his fellow men, but at best of an inordinate vanity. On the other hand, in all his later life almost

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every recorded event bears the impress of some acute personal question between himself, his followers, the Indians, and the home authorities. Moreover, the very fact that the details regarding his early career are so meagre seems to prove conclusively that Columbus was not a vulgar romancer. It is probable, I think, that, suffering, as he had occasion to do, so acutely throughout his whole life, from the arrogance of the Spanish hidalgos, he did yield to the weakness of letting it be supposed that he, too, had some pretensions to claim alliance with gentle blood. There were, undoubtedly, Colombos in his own part of Italy who were opulent and even noble. Would it not be the most natural thing in the world for any honest fellow bearing the same family name to believe that there was at least some remote tie of blood which justified him in claiming connexion, and if there were two famous corsairs or admirals commonly known by the same designation, he would probably take it for granted that they, too, were representatives of the same family stock. Further, seeing that we have in hardly any case the explorer's own words, but only the report of them preserved in Las Casas, who himself, probably enough, obtained them from Fernand Colombo, there is every reason to believe in the possibility of honest error, which both Las Casas and Fernando would probably always have turned to the glorification of the Admiral. For example, it is highly probable that the story of Columbus having been educated at the University of Pavia finds its true explanation in the fact that he was sent to a little school at Genoa, which we know to have existed in the Via di' Pavia. Fernan Colombo, who may have vaguely remembered something which his father had told him, would be sure to give the benefit of any doubt to the side which was the more honourable and impressive. I am inclined to think, therefore, that a good case can be made out in reply to nearly all M. Vignaud's criticisms. They would not even have found the acceptance which they have done, if it were not for the existence of that heroic and irritating type of the Apostolic hero which we owe mainly to the imagination of M. Roselly de Lorgues.

H. THURSTON

# THE ECONOMICS OF "CHEAP"

THE modern world is not getting what it wants in the material supply of articles destined to meet its supposed material demand. It is getting less and less what it wants in convenience, beauty and aptitude. This discomfort it suffers from a supposed economic necessity, and those who complain of the evil most loudly lay the blame on economic science. I propose in what follows to examine this contention, and to see what remedy the evil may admit.

If there is one economic axiom which, both expressed and taken for granted, has lain beneath the economic theory of our time, it is the axiom that the "cheap" article drives out the "dear" article.

It could be traced, did space allow, in a hundred or in a thousand forms. It underlies all the talk about economic efficiency, all the despair under which men lie of the good, the beautiful, or the laboriously produced, holding its own against a less worthy rival. This axiom controls the very method of modern production; it is the conception which moulds the action of every human agent in recent industry, from the original inventor at the top of the scale, to the common cheat at the bottom of it. Upon it reposes the complacency of one whole school of fiscal policy, while the more modern opposing school (which is—and should not be afraid of calling itself—Protectionist) seeks to reconcile itself at every turn with this same axiom and its supposed consequences.

Now when we watch the way in which that axiom has worked upon the modern mind, especially in this country, we discover a certain vice attaching to its use which makes us suspect if not that the axiom itself is at fault, at any rate that it is imperfectly understood or imperfectly defined; we find that whether men enthusiastically accept or reluctantly acquiesce in the doctrine of *cheap*, they apply it according to a logical process, and

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this logical process is perpetually in conflict with common-sense.

This feature which is so constantly appearing in modern action, I mean an acute contrast between the ideal result to which a theory points and the practical result which is the outcome of our working that theory, should always make us re-examine our methods; such a contrast proves that something is wrong. If an apparently just deduction from an apparently universal principle wars with our inner certitude of proportion and of right, then either the principle itself or our statement of it, or our deductive process, is at fault.

In the field of industrial effort the practical proof that there is such a conflict between experience and theory is superabundant. Almost daily a man of taste will tell you that "competition" is necessarily destroying such and such a good or a beautiful thing in his neighbourhood. Almost daily a good man deplores the advent of some evil, too often some moral evil, which he ascribes to the same cause. "The corporation," one will tell you, "was advised to let the old building stand, but it could not *afford* to leave so much valuable space vacant"; or another will say, "More people could have got to Mass if we had had the church built here, but it was cheaper to have it built in such and such a place, so we *had* to do it against our better judgement." You see the working—the false working—of the axiom in things of magnitude and in trifles. A statesman will say, "Such and such a route was advised for the railway by all the military experts, but it was cheaper to go by that other, so we had to do it." A housewife will say, "Of course an open fire looks more cheerful, but it is so much cheaper to have gas." It is not necessary to add that in the machinery of commerce the principle and its consequences are everywhere supreme, and, in general, all modern life is changed, one might almost say against its will, and progressively worsened, certainly against its subconscious desire, by this attitude of the mind.

It is the thesis of what follows to show that the con-

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flict thus arising between the ideal and the actual result of a practice supposedly imposed by reason, is due not to an excess of rigour in definition and in deduction, but to a lack of such precision.

The underlying doctrine which thus controls the modern mind is, when it is properly stated, true. It is a recognition of that truth, conscious or unconscious, which lends to the whole business of degradation in commerce and industry such vitality as it still unhappily possesses. It is the partial and confused recognition of a fundamental, an unalterable and an unavoidable economic truth in the matter, which makes men and women reason thus to their own hurt throughout the whole field of modern affairs. But that principle once defined and properly followed up, will be discovered to be, like any other economic truth, the servant and not the master of human nature. The economic doctrine underlying the process I speak of need not control us to our hurt; it may serve us to our good if we approach it in one of two moods: either the mood of attempting to comprehend it and apply it with exactitude, or the mood of neglecting it altogether and trusting to our unreasoning sense of fitness. It is upon the former line of approach that I propose to proceed.

The economic doctrine which lends all its strength to "cheap" may be exactly stated as follows:

*"When to the production of a certain economic result a certain consumption of economic values is attached by one process, while to the production of an identical economic result a lesser consumption of economic values is attached by another process, then it is of economic advantage to use that process in which the consumption of economic values is the least; and to substitute the less expensive for the more expensive method, is to produce an increase of wealth in an amount precisely equivalent to the saving in economic values which is effected by the less expensive over the more expensive process."*

There are certain determinant words in the above definition which will be seen in a moment to be of par-

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ticular importance, but first let us give an obvious example of its general truth.

A man has a little steam engine in his shed, and he uses it to pump up the water for his house. He has to pump up 500 gallons every day. To do this work he stokes the fire-box of his engine by putting in a great mass of coal to begin with, and when he has a forty-pound head of steam he begins operations. In this way he consumes 3 cwt. of a particular sort of coal before his 500 gallons are pumped. A friend comes along who knows more about engines than he does, and says: "If you will begin with a small fire, let it burn well through, and then stoke slowly, and if you will wait until you have a pressure of sixty pounds before beginning, you will get your work done with the consumption of only 2 cwt. of coal." The owner of the steam engine takes this advice and finds that it is good. The new method proposed to him has saved him a third of his coal every day. If, to put it in money, coal cost him a shilling a hundredweight, then the new method has the advantage over the old method of a shilling a day. No sort of human need was satisfied by the consumption of the extra coal in the old method. It was sheer waste. He is a shilling a day to the good, and the doctrine of "cheap" has in this case made him a shilling a day the richer. If it be true that man, like every other organism, tends to transform his environment from a condition where it is less to a condition where it is more serviceable to his own needs (upon which doctrine the whole science of economics depends), then the man saving his shilling's worth of coal a day is in exactly the same position as a man who is producing a shilling's worth of coal a day; he is that much the wealthier. He is a man who has acquired an extra income of £18 5s. a year. And, inasmuch as a man would rather have £18 5s. than nothing, in so much will a man in this instance wisely and orthodoxly conform to the great doctrine of "cheap."

Here the reader may well say: "Your definition is tediously self-evident and your example deplorably so."

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But wait a moment. My definition is self-evident only because it is accurately and lengthily drafted, and my example only because it was most carefully chosen. It is, as a fact, rather difficult to find an example which will not begin to clash with the definition, and this difficulty is a clue to the way in which have arisen those conflicts between common-sense and economic tendency with which I opened my article.

Look for a moment at the definition:

Unless an *identical* economic result is achieved, the definition does not apply. It is not "cheaper" to build a bad house in three months than a good house in six. You are not building the same house. It is not "cheaper" to put up a plain beam than a carved beam, for a plain beam is not a carved beam. It is not "cheaper" to wear cotton than silk, for cotton is not silk.

There is, of course, a conversational sense in which it is "cheaper" to do any of these lesser things rather than the corresponding greater thing. But, for the purposes of strict economic analysis, the phrase, "an identical economic result," is of capital importance. The power of "cheap" in pure economics applies to that, and to that only. In other words, no economic force, properly so-called, makes you wear cotton instead of silk, or makes you put up a plain beam in place of a carved one, or makes you put up a jerry-built house in place of a well-built one. What makes you wear cotton instead of silk (if you do so with right reason) is the balancing of needs. You have decided that you would rather have such and such results in warmth, let us say, or appearance, or decency, and that the various factors in the whole of your complex need, stand to each other in such and such proportion. To satisfy that need in its proportionate component parts cotton will, for a sacrifice of such and such a total of economic values, give you what silk would only give you for a sacrifice of twice that total. But unless you are certain of your needs and of their proportion, you cannot estimate the true power of "cheap" at all; nay, save in relation to certain needs measured in their

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true proportions, there is no meaning in the words "cheap" and "dear."

Take, for another instance, the plain beam and the carved beam. When you say you cannot "afford" the carved beam, what do you mean? You mean that you are using the beam mainly to support something; for instance, the top of your door. I do not say you are only using it for that. If you were only using it for that, you would be ready to use the most hideous or most disgusting or repulsive object that might serve that mere purpose, but you are mainly using it for that—ninety-five per cent, let us say, of what you want is top-of-door-support; the other five per cent is other things: repose to your eye, some association of beauty, the grain of the wood, or what not. But suppose, as a matter of fact, you were in some doubt whether you would have a door there at all? Supposing you are only having a door because it makes a pleasant end to a particular vista, and needs, to fulfil its purpose, carving? Then it is not "cheap" to have a plain beam. It is no more "cheap" to have a plain beam under such conditions than it would be "cheap" to have it in one's bed or as a travelling companion in a railway carriage.

The way in which proportion enters into true need is exemplified in every action of life and in every demand we make, and nowhere does proportion prove its value more than when the satisfaction of it is absent, and when we are cheated of it without being able to discover wherein exactly our loss consists. We buy a dusty flour with which a doctrine of "cheap" has supplied us, we submit to unhealthy and unnecessary forms of house-warming, we accept a hundred things reluctantly in our daily lives because economic tendency is thought to have forced them upon us, and by our very reluctance and ill-ease we are proving that our needs are ill-satisfied and that, therefore, not a true but a false economic tendency has been at work.

Now what is the cause of this reluctant acceptance and of this increasing ill-ease? We want, let us say, not



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only speed in travelling, but also, and in a certain proportion, quiet—we get all the speed and no quiet at all. We want not only a certain amount of some species of bread, but also in a certain proportion we want a particular wheaten taste, and a particular method of manufacture. Our needs are satisfied in a proportion other than that represented by our demand. We wanted, to put it numerically, sixty per cent weight, forty per cent taste, and what we get is ninety-five per cent weight and five per cent taste. We were willing (to put it in another way) to sacrifice more than a third of the amount of bread we were able to pay for, on condition that at a higher price, it should taste wholesome—and we aren't allowed to make the sacrifice—or at any rate we do not. Why is this? What is the economic disease here present for which we have to seek an economic remedy?

Most people give the reply that we are so supplied because the general demand is vitiated; they throw the responsibility for the degradation of our supply upon the many for whom they are not responsible and to whom they believe themselves to be superior. But that answer is wholly insufficient. The more one knows of modern men, the more one finds that the disease and the complaint against it are universal. Those who protest are not a few superior persons: they are simply units of that general public which is perpetually and increasingly suffering from the ill-directed force of which I speak.

It is not true that modern men prefer, for instance, an ugly street to a beautiful one. Men of all classes recognize beauty, in a degree which differs, of course, with different individuals, but from a quality which is common to mankind. Men want houses both to live in and to look at. The proportion between those two needs which build up the general need for a house, let us express as seventeen to three (of course all these numerical examples are inapplicable to organic needs: I use them only as symbols). A man wants seventeen shillings' worth of habitability and three shillings' worth of pleasant aspect for his

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money. What he gets is twenty shillings' worth of habitability, and nothing of the rest.

The older economists used to pretend that demand would always call forth supply, but that is exactly what it has failed to do and what it is increasingly failing to do; to speak more accurately, the adjustment between demand and supply is getting faultier and faultier. Why is it?

## II

TRUE economic motive consists in the conception of some object destined exactly to satisfy a need, and in a desire for that object sufficiently strong to set us about transforming our environment from a condition in which it is less, into a condition where it is more identical with the object so conceived.

I want a bit of toast. I take a bit of bread and I toast it. My economic motive throughout that short process of production of wealth runs true, and the result is more or less satisfactory according to my skill in making the piece of toast just what I had previously desired the piece of toast to be. In such a case you have as perfect an adjustment as possible between the economic motive and the process of production. And in general, where, under what are called primitive conditions, men make things for themselves, that adjustment is everywhere apparent.\* It is for this reason that we admire the "taste," as we call it, of things primitively or simply produced by the user of them. And in general the true formula for an exact adjustment between economic motive and economic action, is that production should be production for use, and should be untrammelled and undeflected in its course by any other consideration.

When once this is clearly perceived, it appears with equal clearness that, in general, so simple an ideal can never be realized in human life, and that modern life in particular puts in its way a great number of obstacles.

\*I do not say the result is perfect; it never can be. I say the motive is perfectly adjusted to the economic action undertaken.

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To grasp the main principle in the matter is like having pointed out to one a distant mountain: one not only seizes the mountain in one's view, but also and in the same view, its great distance and the many obstacles between. A short list of the modern obstacles between us and such an ideal will stand somewhat as follows:

(a) What is called Division of Labour, that is, the differentiation of production, is essential to the production of great quantities of wealth. Interfere with that differentiation and the total amount of wealth would immediately and enormously diminish. But this division of labour, and separation of function, obviously interfere with the exact satisfaction of human needs, for those needs are personal and organic, while the final result of many differentiated processes of production can be no more than a mechanical assembling of a number of things or qualities, each produced by a producer who enjoyed no full view of the whole to which his particular part was tending.

(b) As a corollary of this, the distance between supply and demand is a necessary consequence of differentiation of function and increases with it. The more labour is divided, the more particular natural opportunities, etc., are used for the production of one small part of the total result, the further grows the distance (moral and often also physical as well) which separates the ultimate user of an article from the various producers of it.

(c) Again, when to differentiation of function we add the institution of private property, there at once is bred from the two the principle of *production for profit* rather than for use.

Here, we should mention in passing one of the chief and most striking tenets of the Socialists, who indeed continually use this very formula: "Production for use, not for profit." The sense and justice of such a demand constitute one of their strongest arguments. I shall show later, when I speak of the remedies available for this disease, why the Socialists' scheme does not, as a matter of fact, provide for the true consequences of its own text; but the text as it stands is sound, and if we could

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instead, by the adoption of Collectivism, eliminate production for profit and convert it into production for use, Collectivism would possess a very powerful practical argument indeed.

Production for profit and not for use, which is the necessary outcome of differentiation of production coupled with the institution of private property, warps economic motive from the outset. If I am making toast, not one chance piece for myself, but a thousand pieces for sale in a fair, it will perhaps, or even probably, be to my advantage to make the toast so that the people at the fair may want to eat it, but that will not be my *motive* in making the toast: my motive in making the toast will be to get as great a total of economic values as I can out of the buyers, and that for the least expenditure of economic values upon my own part; and all other ways besides excellence or adaptation to demand, which may lead to such a result are influencing me equally. I am just as much tempted to save money by the use of inferior bread, by faking the colour of my toast, by making it only just warm enough to sell, and so forth, as I am to meet the demand. My economic motive is impure.

(d) Differentiation of economic function tends again to production upon a large scale, and production on a large scale means that the individual differences of demand or need must be neglected: to paraphrase what was said above, it is mechanical, whereas human needs are organic.

(e) The control over fraudulent or insufficient methods in production becomes more and more difficult as the process of differentiation increases, because the field to be watched becomes larger and its departments more numerous and more technical.

(f) The power of convention, always preponderant in any scheme of production of wealth, becomes a peculiarly disturbing factor under highly complex industrial conditions, because to take it for granted that demand will correspond with convention is the chief saving in brain labour which the producer can effect, e.g. the decoration

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of hotels. I have seen an imitation Chinese vase which all the guests of the hotel were indifferent to save one who desired to destroy it, and the economic values absorbed in that vase would have supported a large family for more than a twelvemonth.

(g) (And this is the most important, as it is the last, on our list.) Economic motive, even in the crude form of purchasing demand, is warped by the presence of a great mass of purchasers so poor that on the one hand the proportion of mere animal need is very high in their demand, and the proportion of other needs low; and on the other their acute physical necessity for immediate satisfaction, their lack of opportunity and their ceaseless anxiety destroy any sense of proportion in their needs.

The effect of this last is seen in the architecture of the poorer parts of our towns, where the least possible shelter—consistent with convention—is provided for men with no regard whatsoever for any of the other uses besides that of shelter, to which a human habitation can serve.\*

There is the disease and a rough list of those modern conditions which are obstacles in the way of remedying it. These obstacles cannot be wholly overcome, and ideal adjustment of economic motive to production is impossible, but we shall do well to seek what road will bring us nearest to that economic objective, the adjustment of economic motive to production, which we have seen to be the goal of all reform in this matter.

\*To this list many might to-day add the Organization of Modern Industry and the very nature of modern commerce and manufacture with its highly competitive instruments, as the chief obstacles to a true adjustment of demand and supply. It is not so. Apart from the high differentiation of modern industry, which the text has dealt with, its productions of true, not of false, economic efficiency in this particular point, they hardly react upon supply at all. And so true is this that a trade may be crippled or extinguished in a few years by a slight variation in even the crude demand exercisable under existing conditions. The competitive and therefore unstable condition of modern industry is a great evil. But it is not an evil which diminishes the sensitiveness of supply to demand; on the contrary, it increases it.

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## III

THE true economic doctrine of "cheap" is, as we have seen, that when an identical product can be arrived at by two methods, one of which consumes less economic values (that is, is "cheaper") than the other, then it is sound economics for the cheaper method to drive out the dearer.

We have seen that on this sound economic doctrine there has arisen an unsound practice. The cheaper production not of identical but of similar articles, or even of articles similar only in name, has been found sufficient to permit the ousting of a good or a desired thing by a bad or an undesired one. We have seen that the remedy for this economic disease (which has been progressive and intensive and threatens to degrade all production, and to disturb the satisfaction of all need in our industrial society) is the readjustment of true economic motive to the process of production. We have seen that it is hopeless to expect such a readjustment by the simple and ideal method of making the man who demands an article supply himself. We have further seen that an exact adjustment of economic motive in the process of production has never been possible, and in modern complex conditions is least of all to be expected.

What we want to do, therefore, is to adjust it only as nearly as possible, and to adjust it as nearly as possible means to make demand call forth as nearly as possible the corresponding supply.

Now demand calls forth a supply in proportion to its intensity. The more intense, peremptory and exact the demand, the more supply will have to meet it precisely or go begging.

How are we then to intensify demand?

If people simply would not accept houses save of such a sort as would make a modern town tolerable to look upon, then the modern town would not be the hideous thing it is. If people would not accept bread below a certain standard of breadfulness, then no amount of trade trickery, nor no cheapness of an insufficient flour, would

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have the power to put an unsatisfactory bread upon the market. We must intensify demand, we must make in some way or other the proportion between the various parts of demand as strong a thing in the mind of the demander as it was when our civilization was properly supplied, and before this modern disease came upon us.

Now, the weakening of demand, which is the true source of all our trouble, has a wide aspect easy to define. People are slack. How far this slackness is in general due to economic, how far (as the present writer is inclined to believe) to moral causes which lie behind economic phenomena, it is not our purpose here to examine. But there is one particular economic cause which can be got at and remedied, and it is a cause so patent that no one who has properly examined the subject has ever thought of denying it. That particular economic cause of the slackness of demand, and of its lack of proportion, is the insufficient economic power of the mass of modern purchasers in an industrial State—in plain words, their poverty.

For the poverty of the mass of purchasers affects the intensity of demand (and therefore the adjustment of supply to it) in every possible fashion: through their ignorance; through their haste; through their terrible and acute necessities; through their lack of power to make the producer feel their needs by political action; through their lack of control over contracts, advertisements, and the modern method of expression, which is the Press. All the rest of the problem is, as we have seen, connected with the necessary differentiation and the necessary complexity of modern production, on which there is no going back; but this part of the problem is in no way connected with that necessary complexity and necessary differentiation. The differentiation and the complexity would exist just as much if the proper distribution of economic demand gave to the mass of purchasers a power of emphasising the nature and the proportion of their demand; at present they have no such power, and without a doubt their lack of that power may be traced to that ill-distribution of wealth for which our

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time and our industrial civilization are particularly remarkable.

On the re-creation of a proper power of demand in the mass of the people, two forms of advice are tendered: the one distributivist, the other collectivist.

He who favours a collective remedy is either a Socialist or that opposite extreme, a man who conceives of large property (with its consequent power of demand—intense, proportioned and reasoned) as the natural purveyor of wealth to a mass of dependents. I have called these types extreme opposites, and so they are in their ideas of political mechanism; but they are not opposed in relation to this particular economic question. The Socialist says, for instance, "Let the community" (that is, of course, the politicians) "order the cottages for a village, and, with the power of the public purse, the power of equal bargaining, or rather of masterful bargaining, the power of waiting until the order is exactly satisfied, the desire of the community for cottages not only habitable but serviceable in every other way (such as in the way of beauty) to human need, will be satisfied." This, says the Socialist, is true even with the imperfect Socialism in which a local body deals with contractors. It will be still more true in the perfect Socialist State, where the community shall directly employ and control all the labour that goes to the building of cottages.

The other type of those who approve a collective solution, says, "Let the big landlord provide the cottages, and with his leisure, power of bargaining, and all the rest of it, with his proportioned desire representing what is really the mind of his dependents, a satisfactory type of cottage will appear."

Of these two types the second certainly has the advantage of example. No one has ever seen a parish council or a municipal corporation giving effect to an intense popular demand, and we do see on all sides the big landlord giving effect to what is, if not a popular, at least a human and an organic demand. There is no one in his senses who would not rather trust the wealthy landlord



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for the purpose of getting a human village produced, than he would trust the politician.

But are either of them what they claim to be? The politician would be what he claims to be, if delegacy and voting could handle intimate human desires. The second would be what he claims to be, if a rich man (who is only rich because property is ill distributed) naturally, and in some way necessarily, bore in himself the intimate human demands of his numerous poor dependents. For him to do this he must not only *care* for their way of living more than for his own, he must also *know* more about their way of living than he does about his own, and, finally, he must be *more concerned in fulfilling their will* than he is in fulfilling his own. If such rich men exist, they are certainly not numerous, and can never be. I have chosen a favourable example in talking of cottages. Had I talked of public-houses, chairs and tables, cooking or bedding, the force of the argument would be greater.

I confess that in this, as in so many other departments of thought where economics touch upon politics, I can see no solution but a distributive one.

Unless, or until, a determinant mass of the families of the State possess sufficient property to make their demand reasoned, leisurely, and complex, I do not see how we are to have an adjustment between economic motive and the process of production. The man himself must ask for what he wants, and he must be able to ask for what he wants with some leisure and culture in which to frame his demand, and with some power of holding out until he obtains it.

I may be told that, were wealth better distributed, the small citizen would still be much too small to intensify his demand, or to make it appreciably more effective than that of the present proletariat. That contention is a common modern contention, and it is made because modern thought has broken with tradition, that is, with reality in Time. As a matter of fact, all human history and tradition give the lie to such a contention. A determinant mass of small owners creates in a State an economic public

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opinion which a proletariat can never do. It acts, or at least has always acted, in a manner highly co-operative, and produces naturally, by methods instinctive and human, what the Socialist desires and even hopes to produce mechanically, and what the modern defender of large ownership believes to be impossible.

I can discover no other root to the present discontent save the recent destruction of the Distributive State, nor any remedy save its restoration.

HILAIRE BELLOC

# THE PORTUGUESE REVOLUTION

THE discovery of radio-activity has shown us, as a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* once pointed out, that even the Daltonian atom, once supposed to be an "ultimate," is the scene of indescribable activities, a complex piece of mechanism composed of thousands of parts, a star-cluster in miniature, subject to all kinds of dynamical vicissitudes, to perturbation, acceleration, internal friction, total or partial disruption. And to each atom is appointed a fixed term of existence. Sooner or later, the balance of equilibrium is tilted, disturbance eventuates in overthrow; the tiny exquisite system finally breaks up. Of atoms, as of men, it may be said with truth, *Quisque suos patitur manes*, and not only of atoms and plants, and men, but of empires and solar systems as well.

In all these cases decay and death are the rule, but this decay and this death are generally brought about by many causes. In the case of Portugal, for example, it is only the quack historian who will explain the downfall of that country by the Church and the Braganzas. Not that the Church and the Braganzas are perfectly blameless. They naturally declined with the other estate of the realm, but for that other estate to lay all the fault at their door is much as if the hold of a leaking ship were to accuse the wheel-house of letting in the water.

It is a noteworthy fact that, in his careful enumeration of the causes that have led to Portugal's decay, the most painstaking student of modern Portugal makes no reference whatever either to the Church or to the Braganzas.\*

The student referred to is M. Léon Poincard, one of the most distinguished representatives of the social school founded by the famous sociologist, Le Play, a school which now numbers many followers in France and Belgium. As is well known, this school inculcates the practice

\* See *Le Portugal Inconnu*. Par Leon Poincard. Paris: Bureau de la Science Sociale, 56 Rue Jacob. 1910.

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of taking innumerable observations on the causes of a country's prosperity or decay, and the profound observers belonging to it are responsible for an excellent series of books on social science. M. Poincard was invited to Portugal some years ago by Coimbra University, and he was thus enabled to make on the spot a most careful investigation of that country's condition.

Few nations [he says in his *Portugal Inconnu*] have been subjected to such profound and such long-continued disorganizing actions as those from which the Portuguese people have suffered. From the earliest time up to the middle of the last century everything has conspired to destroy the ancient social *cadres*, to impede work in its different branches, to disarrange the economic movement, and, in fine, to create a quite artificial situation, based upon precarious resources and corrupt processes. From the sixteenth century the upper classes pretended to live entirely on riches drawn from India. Later on, those riches were replaced by the treasures of Brazil. From that time these classes regarded themselves quite as the sons of a rich and idle family, preoccupied exclusively with its pleasures, and accustomed to have recourse in all cases to the labour of others.

But now times have changed. A great number of the old families have been ruined by their own prodigality as much as by the revolutions, and, as the people themselves were very poor, the nation has fallen almost suddenly into a most precarious situation.

Towards 1850, at the end of the great political troubles, from which the country had suffered for fifty years, Portugal was without economic activity, without capital and almost without men capable of carrying out a movement of national reconstruction. Agriculture had fallen so low that the kingdom was obliged to import most of the wheat and the meat necessary for the consumption of the towns. Mechanical industry did not exist. There were no properly equipped ports, no roads, no railways. Money was rare and credit *nil*. Secondary and higher education remained rudimentary and without any practical value. Primary education hardly existed. But of all the unfavourable symptoms, the most unfavourable was certainly the lack of social organization resulting from the facts of the past.

M. Poincard further tells us how, during his residence in Portugal, he was struck by the feeble and unmethodical education which was given in the schools, by the careless

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way in which the children were brought up. The spoiled child type was very frequent. Caprice and irregularity guided men's lives. Indiscipline became a habit.

This incomplete and irrational education produced, he says, among the upper classes, prejudices and habits quite at variance with the tendencies and the needs of modern society. That society is based on capacity, on work, on keeping in touch with the world movement. Education in Portugal led young men to select administrative or literary careers in preference to careers involving a knowledge of industry and commerce.

It also led to the gravest intellectual and moral consequences. Devoid of any spirit of work and enterprise, the Portuguese of the upper classes lost the sentiment of the practical and the useful. Inclined to spend their lives in futile theorising, or even in complete idleness, they have hardly ever felt the need of vigorous, exact, patient, first-hand observation. They had a natural tendency, and an innate preference, for theories easily learned out of books, and well suited to furnish subjects of subtle discussion and of ingenious and eloquent dissertations.

"As to morality," writes M. Poincard, "it seems to be diminishing. Formerly the religious spirit and the moral training of the Church made up, to a certain extent, for the feebleness of the education, and tended to preserve a high standard of morality. But for a long time past infidelity has been rife in many of the well-to-do families. Easily acquired riches, idleness, slavery, have developed among the men a precocity and a lightness of morals which have also contributed to the social disorganization."

So far this able French observer, who finds that the first remedy is "the constitution of social *cadres* calculated to reorganize little by little this mass of humanity which is as unstable and migratory as the dunes of its own sea-coast."

It will be noticed that this French writer does not mention the Church as being a cause of that decadence. On the contrary, he holds that the Church has been a

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good influence—a view taken also by a Republican and agnostic journalist of remarkable ability, Senhor Francisco Manuel Homem Christo.

This gentleman has repeatedly declared in his paper, the *Povo de Aveiro*, that at the present moment Portugal needs the Church, needs even the Jesuits, because the Church and the Jesuits serve to correct that fatal want of discipline which is the ruin of the country. He also points out that at the present moment the people need drill, work, discipline more than anything else. Naturally casual, flighty and prone to attach too much importance to mere windy rhetoric, they could not possibly be ruled over by a worse Government than that to which their destinies are now entrusted.

This writer's diagnosis of the situation agrees closely with that of M. Poincard. In all probability, therefore, he is right, and that is doubtless why the Republican Government recently suppressed Sr Christo's newspaper and threw Sr Christo himself into prison.

The great Portuguese empire, brilliant though it once appeared, was never in reality sound. When Goa was at the summit of its prosperity, its merchants blazed in silks and jewels but knew nothing of book-keeping. The exterior glitter was so dazzling and so misleading that it perhaps blinded many to the fact that the empire was never really solid and its wealth co-existed with real poverty among the peasantry.

A further item among the signs and causes of decay which M. Poincard does not mention is the discouraging effect which the loss of her colonies and of her naval prestige must have had on Portugal. It was a moral effect, but it damped the spirit of the nation in a remarkable way.

The opening of the year 1910, then, found the Portuguese in a very disorganized and discontented condition. And this disorganized nation was ruled over by a disorganized Government. As is well known, it was ruled by alternate gangs of corrupt politicians, who exploited the people in the most shameless manner.

The finances were in a deplorable condition. The eco-

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conomic condition of the country could hardly be worse. The most suicidal devices were resorted to for the purpose of raising revenue. The peasant was taxed to the extreme limit. The mercantile companies had each to pay a salary to a Government inspector who did absolutely nothing and whose nomination came, after a while, to rest entirely with the company on whom he was supposed to act as a check. In other words, these posts were merely sinecures for politicians who happened at the moment to be out of office. Of *fonctionnaires* there was a veritable plague. Senhor Franco discharged some thousands of them, but after his fall they came back, bringing thousands more with them. The Republic, I might here remark, is likely to make this nuisance all the greater owing to the number of supporters whom it has to reward. In Oporto, as I am informed by a resident of that city, it is even turning officials out of non-political posts, gained fairly at competitive examinations, in order to make room for Republican "heroes."

To return, however, to the monarchy. The Credito Predial scandal, a sort of Portuguese Panama, in which the Government was concerned, was the last straw.

Owing to the well-known tacit agreement among the principal parties that they should plunder the country in turn, improvement by constitutional means was out of the question. A dictatorship was, therefore, the only hope for Portugal.

Dom Carlos had appointed a Dictator, and had paid with his life for that excellent and patriotic measure. Dom Manoel was far too young, inexperienced and weak, to follow his father's example, and his prospects were hopeless owing to the fact that his own Cabinet, his own General Staff and nearly all his leading officials were leagued against him. Outwardly these honourable men were supporters of the monarchy, but as a matter of fact nearly all of them were members of various secret societies.

It has been argued that since some change was indispensably necessary in Portugal, and since the king was not strong enough to extricate his country from the poli-

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tical *cul de sac*, therefore the revolutionists were quite justified.

To this I reply that the great majority of the Portuguese people did not desire a revolution, that the king was only too willing to do anything that was asked of him, that the reformers should consequently have devoted their efforts to effecting improvements inside the limits of the Constitution, or even to altering the Constitution in friendly co-operation with the monarch. There was no need to have recourse to such a desperate remedy as revolution. Surgeons avoid amputations whenever they can. So should nations. An important part of the ancient Portuguese State was hastily cut off, despite the fact that the evil did not reside in that part alone. The Young Turks were wiser in their generation. Their revolution of July, 1908, was unavoidable. There were no peaceful means of getting Abd-ul-Hamid to work harmoniously as part of a Constitutional system. Yet even when Abd-ul-Hamid was overthrown, the monarchy was very wisely allowed to remain.

I have said that the great majority of Portuguese did not want a revolution. Many Republicans, of course, declare that they did. Senhor Brito Camacho tells us, in the *Lucta*, that the new regime was everywhere welcomed *com delirante entusiasmo*. Yet another very able Republican journalist, Senhor Homem Christo, whom I have already quoted, asserts, on the contrary, that in the provinces the Republic had practically no support, and in Lisbon it had the support of only an insignificant minority composed in great part of the *maltrapilhagem* ("rag-tag-and-bobtail") of the city.

I happened to travel through Portugal myself, two days after the downfall of the monarchy, and certainly my own observations agree with those of Senhor Christo. There was absolutely no enthusiasm anywhere until we came to Lisbon, save at one railway station, where several young men hoisted the Republican flag to the rear end of a train and then proceeded to cheer it. There were two armed soldiers present, but they turned their backs on the



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flag and looked ashamed and puzzled. In Lisbon the crowds that paraded in the streets, sacked the convents and took on themselves the work of arresting everybody who looked like a priest, were unquestionably street loafers of the worst type.

Of course the revolutionaries make the usual appeal to the "will of the nation." At the present moment Sr Brito Camacho talks with bated breath of the Sovereign People, of the necessity of consulting them about this and that, and of "bowing in awe-stricken silence to their sublime decisions." Yet in point of fact all sorts of laws, which might very well be held over till the Constituent Assembly meets, are being put into force by the Provisional Government without any reference whatsoever to the Sovereign People.

Senhor Camacho's paper, the *Lucta*, spoke very differently of the people a few months before the Revolution. On that occasion the Revolutionists knew that the Provinces would send a Royalist majority to the Parliament, therefore they sought to minimise their defeat in advance. Faustino da Fonseca, an editorial writer in the *Lucta*, then described the people as being "like cattle, like savage negroes, like dummies, like blind men." He attempted to show that ninety-three per cent of the total population was illiterate. "What progress can our propaganda make?" he asks, "among those millions of stagnant barbarians? They cannot read the names on the voting papers. They know nothing of principles, of programmes or of anything else." Throughout four whole columns he dilates against those peasants, "living like animals and ignorant as animals."

This was the sad condition of the Portuguese peasantry in August last. The magic contained in the word "Republic" has since made them enlightened, fit for universal suffrage, the source of political wisdom and power.

By their votes at the last elections (as I have already said) the Portuguese showed that they did not want a Republic.

But it will be retorted that these elections were not free,

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that the Government brought pressure to bear on the electors.

Unfortunately this is true. The Government brought pressure to bear on the electors, but it was in order to make them vote Republican. King Manoel had, it will be remembered, selected Teixeira de Souza, a Liberal, almost Republican, leader to form a Cabinet. That statesman was in close connexion with the King's enemies, and he ultimately sold his master. Before doing so, however, he went to the country on a Liberal and anti-Clerical programme. Some Royalists voted for him because he was the King's Premier. Some voted for the monarchical opposition. Thus the Royalist vote was split, but, in spite of this and of the fact that all the resources of the Government were drawn upon in order to make the people vote for the Republican party, or for the pseudo-Monarchical parties allied to it, the real Royalists had very nearly a majority.

Thus the people of Portugal did not want a Republic. Who, then, wanted it? A small, but energetic Republican clique, whose members were likewise the members of various anti-Christian secret societies, including Carbonaria, Freemasons, Mafia and others. Mr Hilaire Belloc has, in this REVIEW, described the movement which these men represent in different countries as the "International." One principal object of its hostility is the Catholic Church.

Allusions to the machinations of secret societies leave most Englishmen cold. They have no experience of such machinations themselves; they know that Freemasonry in England is not a political force, and they suspect exaggeration in the tales about Continental Freemasonry which reach them now and then from clerical sources.

If we go back to the time of the Fenian scare, however, we find that Englishmen have not always been so incredulous on this subject. But Fenianism was a small thing really, owing to the fact that no national character in the world affords so little sustenance to the secret society as does the Irish character. The Southern European is, on the other hand, peculiarly liable to fall into the net of some

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occult association. It may be on account of his weakness and of that love for vague, high-sounding generalities to which M. Poincaré refers. Returning recently to England from Portugal, I met on the steamer a Portuguese youth who belonged to so many different secret societies that he could not remember all their names. His case was typical. So far as I can make out, the sole object of these societies is to overthrow things established, whether those things are good or bad. They have no definite constructive programme, as will be seen from an examination of their activity in Portugal.

It is needless to prove that secret societies were at the bottom of the Portuguese Revolution, for the Revolutionary leaders themselves have admitted it. Dr Magalhaes Lima has told all the world that he is a Freemason. In the *Munda* we read that "a great banquet will be given, on the initiative of the Freemasons, to our beloved friend, Dr Magalhaes Lima." And in the *Seculo* of October 18 Captain Palla informs us how, by the aid of the secret societies, he debauched the troops. The *Seculo* introduces us first of all to the Captain as "one of the principal figures in the first hours of the Revolution."

"It was he," continues the same paper, "it was he, an old and fearless revolutionist, who devoted long years of his life to the work of impregnating the atmosphere of our barracks with a hatred of royalty."

Captain Palla was concerned in the attempted revolution of January 31. He explains that "at that time we had in the 3rd Artillery a fine group of sergeants. We, the military, in union with various groups of civilians, had resolved to rise."

In 1894, [he continues] I held the post of lieutenant and did clerical work in the arms factory. Not for an instant did I cease the propaganda of my political creed, and as the number of adepts increased day by day, I tried to get all of them together so that I might be able to give a definite orientation to their energies. . . . I founded the Lodge Portugal, whose members were exclusively officers. The President was Captain Lobinho Zuzarte, of the General Staff. . . . We tried to introduce into the councils of the conspirators a great number of garrison officers. It was in

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this lodge that I first met the present Minister for War. The soul of the conspiracy was the Lieut-Colonel Duarte Fava, of the 1st Artillery, and had not that officer died prematurely the Republic would have been established in 1896 or 1897.

In 1907 [continues Captain Palla] I was given the post of captain in group six, then stationed in Oporto. In the following year I was transferred to group four at Trafaria.

Captain Palla tried to ascertain what political views were held by the garrison at Lisbon, but learned "with great sorrow that the heads of the army and the officers in general were, from a revolutionary point of view, quite hopeless."

Only the General Staff officers who had previously joined the movement still remained connected with it. So few were the other officers who joined it that the captain wisely turned his attention to the "sergeants, corporals and common soldiers." In the event it was by these that the Revolution was carried out.

I have already pointed out that the Revolutionaries were unable to make much progress in the country as a whole. They were even unable to make much progress in the army. Outside of Lisbon they had few adherents. Inside they had no more than a few hundred soldiers. On October 4 only a portion of two regiments—the 1st and the 16th—revolted, and hardly one of their officers went with them.

How, then, did the movement succeed? It succeeded because among those few hundred revolutionary soldiers in Lisbon were nearly all the army leaders. The secret societies only gained adherents at the top of the army and at the bottom. At the top it gained members of the corrupt and much bemedalled half-soldier, half-politician group. At the bottom it gained the riff-raff of the barracks.

The latter could, on October 5, have easily been overcome by the loyal troops, but evidently a portion of the General Staff did not want them to be wiped out, and that portion had its way. It supplied the Royalists with blank cartridge. It made them retreat when, to the horror of their traitorous chiefs, they

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seemed, in spite of all, to be on the point of winning. It turned a cold shoulder on loyal old officers who, indignant at the way in which the situation was being dealt with and at the non-appearance of any superior officer on the scene, came in to offer their swords and their services to the King. Some of these facts I ascertained on the spot, but all of them have since been set forth in great detail in the *Correio da Manhã*, the *Povo de Aveiro*, the *Palavra* and other newspapers, which contain "interviews" with the officers who fought on both sides. Captain Paiva de Couceiro, the brave Royalist leader who, from the heights of Queluz, could have scattered the mutineers in half-an-hour, tells a most convincing story to the above effect in the *Século* and in the *Correio da Manhã*. In his recently published book, *Como Triunfou a Republica*, Sr Hermano Neves leaves it to be inferred that the Republic triumphed through treachery in the Royalist ranks.

Senhor Homem Christo, who was for forty years an officer, writes, in the *Povo de Aveiro*, that "the great majority of the soldiers would have been glad to take part in a *reactionary* movement."

"It would be useless, of course, to deny," continues the same authority, "that there were revolutionary elements in the army. But those elements were small in number and bad in quality."

To return to Captain Palla's story, we are told that a *juge d'instruction* got on the track of the conspirators so that their propaganda had to be suspended for a time. But meanwhile the plotters kept themselves in training by corrupting the bluejackets.

In November last Captain Palla asked the Secret Directory to send him into the 1st Artillery at Campolide.

"I saw," he adds, "that it was necessary to do a lot of work in that corps."

The reason was evident. The guns of the 1st Artillery might make a serious difference in case of a revolt.

The regiment was very loyal, however, and in entering it our energetic propagandist took a certain risk.

"But I was not afraid," he writes, "of undermining the

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fidelity of this regiment, and I offered my services to the directory for that purpose."

Captain Palla worked hard, and when the fatal moment came the 1st Artillery brought tears of joy to his eyes by the gallant way in which it butchered its officers.

The Republicans did not, however, rely on the army alone. The indefatigable captain says that he had at this time "15,000 civilians as secret associates." If these are the people I saw plundering the monasteries in Lisbon, I cannot say that the captain showed any exaggerated fastidiousness in their selection. In one quarter the entreaties and the threats of the good captain were alike unavailing. Obstinate in their attachment to loyalty, the Municipal Guards turned to him a cold shoulder and a deaf ear. Consequently Sr Palla found himself obliged to treat them, later on, with a certain amount of severity.

"As to the companies of the Municipal Guard," he writes, in a matter-of-fact tone, "the *Carbonarios* were told off to prevent them from leaving their barracks or from afterwards concentrating, by throwing at them dynamite bombs and hand grenades. These were to be thrown from various windows along the street through which these forces would necessarily have to pass."

Captain Palla says that the Government knew of the coming revolt. It was hardly necessary to tell us that. He could scarcely have moved about as he did with impunity from barrack to barrack on his mission of corruption unless the Government was behind him.

Thus this glorious revolt was carried out by some of the army chiefs allied to the dregs of the barracks and powerfully assisted by the corrupt political agitators, the Carbonari, the Mafia, the Freethinkers, Freemasons and Anarchists.

It was, indeed, a potent mixture, with a strong, anti-religious and dynamite flavour, but I do not think it will cure Portugal.

There are certain drawbacks to the policy of Liberal or Republican parties in seeking support from secret societies, especially from societies with a decided lean-

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ing towards anarchy and dynamite. If such societies succeed they become as troublesome to their allies as Danish chiefs used to become to kings of the Heptarchy who, in a moment of weakness, had called upon their assistance. The Fenians created in England a distrust of Ireland, which is still a feature of British politics. The supposed connexion between the Kadets and the Terrorists in Russia has ruined the former, and with them the Constitutional movement. In the like manner the present Portuguese Republic condemned itself to death when, as Captain Palla and other revolutionary writers have admitted, it joined hands with dynamiters, anarchists and perjurers.

The events succeeding the revolution have been sufficiently ominous, and largely a consequence of the unfortunate alliances to which it was due. All Portugal has gone on strike—the students of the Industrial Institute, the electricians, the tramway employees, the railwaymen, the swinekillers and the cork workers. The latter compelled the Government to issue new decrees forbidding the export of cork in its rough state. That this will ruin the British merchants engaged in the cork trade is a minor consideration. Those merchants have applied to the Portuguese Government, but, according to the Lisbon correspondent of the *Times* (November 21), the Government admitted that it could not coerce the cork workers inasmuch as troops sent against them could not be trusted!

The *Mundo* and other Republican newspapers which could not, under the monarchy, have enough freedom for the worker, are now begging the strikers to go back to work, and warning them that they will cause the downfall of the Republic if they persist. The monarchist law, according to which strikes are a criminal offence, has been repealed; nevertheless, in the *Diario de Noticias* for November 18, we read of a workman being arrested for inciting others to strike. In their despair the Republicans are circulating a report that the Jesuits are at the bottom of the whole trouble!

In Spain there are the same terrible strikes—not terrible

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on account of the actual numbers who take part in them, but terrible on account of the high proportion which these numbers bear to the whole population. The *Morning Post* correspondent in Madrid tells us that, owing to the anarchical propaganda that is going on among the Spanish workmen, no capitalist cares to risk his money in the country, so that the people are in misery, and the emigration to America has assumed colossal dimensions.

That this recrudescence of strikes and anarchy is due directly to the Portuguese revolution, with its blow at all authority, is only too evident. That the danger is not confined to the Iberian Peninsula alone is proved by the recent Brazilian mutiny. The *São Paulo* was anchored in the Tagus when the Portuguese Navy revolted and began to shell the Necessidades Palace. Hardly had that Brazilian dreadnought returned to Rio than its crew started imitating the example which they had seen in Lisbon. They shot their officers, placed an A.B. in command of the vessel, and began bombarding the city to the cry of "Long live Liberty!" and "More pay, less work."

But, from the nature of the case, the revolution cannot cure the ills of the country. The leaders were the very gentry against whom the whole movement was directed; the young king being, as every one admits, innocent. Yet, these leaders—Alpoim, Ribeiro Brava and all the rest of them—helped to overthrow the king, and have now become good Republicans. That they will dominate the Republic just as surely as Tammany Hall dominates New York is unquestionable. Why, then, did the Revolution take place at all? To expel a king who was doing no harm and to keep a gang of corrupt politicians who were notoriously ruining the country? Ribeiro Brava, the very worst of these political apostates, recently arrested Senhor João Franco, the one strong and honest man of the old regime! If they had expelled the politicians and kept the king, there would have been something to say for them.

There would even have been something to say for them if they had had some great scheme, some splendid battle-



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cry. But their whole animating spirit was a hatred of royalty and of religion.

A revolution that cannot be carried out on broad lines by means of a large appeal to a whole nation can have no justification. The American revolutionists were inspired by a great idea which appealed to every farmer in New England and to every planter in Virginia. The abortive Russian revolution of 1905-6 might have made a similar broad appeal, but it soon narrowed down to intense hatred of the Tzar and the Church. Its action was principally confined to immature students of both sexes and to private soldiers, all of whom were incapable of taking large views of the question. Consequently, though Russia did not become free, Russian students did become dreadfully immoral and Russian soldiers dreadfully drunk. At Cronstadt and elsewhere, where mutinies were for a moment successful, all was lost owing to the promptitude with which the mutineers became intoxicated.

In the same way the Portuguese Revolution, having been carried out by a small clique on several petty issues which have no reference to the worldly welfare of the country, is already doomed. Its only chance was to have been in some sense representative of the people, to have been, partly, at least, if not largely, Catholic. On the contrary, it has been bitterly anti-Catholic and anti-clerical.

I happened to be in Lisbon all through the disturbances that followed closely on the downfall of the monarchy, and nothing struck me more than the intensely anti-clerical aspect of the Revolution. The case of the Dorothean Convent at Quelhas was one instance out of many. One of the sisters gave me an exact account of what happened, and from her statement, as well as from all the other statements I got, it was clear to me that the Government actually sent sailors to loot the convent after the mob had been twice coaxed into going away quietly. Once this coaxing was done by Mother Tipping, the English nun, who afterwards met with so terrible a fate. She bravely joked and laughed with the nondescript ruffians who had

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forced their way into the convent garden. She even supplied them with wine and cigarettes. All the other sisters were amazed at her daring, but we now know how timid and womanly was the heart that beat beneath that brave exterior. For when afterwards conveyed with the other nuns to the Arsenal, a terrible and nameless dread seemed to assail her. To the lady who told me the story she often confessed shudderingly that a horror was clouding her mind. Her companions prayed with her and did their best to reassure her. Finally the British Consul procured her release, and Mr Hugh Gaisford, the First Secretary of the British Legation, invited her to live with himself and his wife. But the moment she reached a place of absolute security her mind gave way, and, to save herself from the mob of phantom sailors who were pursuing her, she jumped out of a window, breaking both her legs and sustaining fatal injuries. But even then her frenzy had not left her, and in the kind friends who rushed to her assistance she saw only enemies. Mr Gaisford happened to know where the Superioress of the Convent was living. He fetched her in a motor car, and as soon as she entered the room where Mother Tipping was lying, that unhappy lady recovered the use of her reason. After receiving the Last Sacraments, she died, praying God to forgive her enemies, and entirely oblivious of the way in which she had received her fatal injuries.

To return, however, to the attack on the convent. The second time the garden was invaded, the invaders were induced to go away by a young army officer, who posted his own soldiers around the house, protecting it perfectly. Or rather I should say that the mob did not make the slightest attempt to enter the house when they saw the troops there. They did not even collect in the street and indulge in demonstrations. In short, the civilians had no desire to enter the convent, and later on it was the bluejackets sent by the Government that did all the looting.

The Superioress of the Convent, a lady belonging to the Portuguese aristocracy, congratulated the young

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officer on the good order which he maintained. "I see," she then added, "that you are young yet and have received no decoration. When you get older you will have many. Let me give you your first." And she put round his neck a pair of scapulars.

Soon after a messenger from the General Staff summoned the officer away. He left a trusty non-commissioned officer in his place, but gradually the troops were withdrawn, on one pretext or another, until they had all been replaced by bluejackets, who are noted in Lisbon for their rabid anti-clericalism.

The sisters then saw that they had been betrayed.

The demeanour of their *soi-disant* protectors made that point clear. The nuns shut themselves up in the convent, but about midnight the sailors began, without any warning, to open fire on the building, into which they poured thousands of bullets. Thinking that the nuns would take refuge in the chapel, they concentrated their fire on that building so that it became unsafe to venture into it. The nuns assembled, therefore, in the porch, but one of them finally ventured into the chapel, amid the flying bullets and the falling masonry, in order to rescue the Blessed Sacrament. She bore the Sacred Elements into the porch, where the Sisters prostrated themselves before them and prayed that they might be delivered from their enemies. Some hours later a small statue of the Blessed Virgin was fetched in the same way into the porch. But though the firing ceased twice, it always recommenced again, and when a terrified domestic rushed in with the tidings that the convent had been set on fire, the Superioress said: "Now, my children, we must prepare for death."

One of the sisters then consumed the Blessed Sacrament to save it from violation, and after the sacred vessels had been hidden, the door was thrown open and the blue-jackets entered.

I need not continue the story further and tell how the nuns were conveyed, like condemned prisoners, to the Arsenal. All I wish to point out is that the Government alone was responsible for this anti-clerical movement,

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which they attributed to the mob. Among the blue-jackets who forced their way into the building there was not a single civilian. In the looting which afterwards took place, some very disreputable civilians certainly took part, but they were always in the minority. The whole movement was Governmental. Such is not only the testimony of Catholic onlookers. It is that of Herr Otto von Gottberg, a Lutheran gentleman who represented the *Lokal-anzeiger* on this occasion. It is that of M. Reginald Kann, a non-Catholic, who represented *Le Temps*. So far as I know, it is that of almost all the correspondents of various nations who were in Lisbon at that time, and I think that it is also the opinion of all the foreign diplomats and nearly all the foreign community.

Having laid low the Church and the king, the Republic has continued to carry out its programme. Its Divorce Law is a sample of the kind of legislation we may now expect from it. It legalises divorce by mutual consent. In other words, if a man and wife come before a magistrate, saying that they are tired of each other and want a separation, a full divorce, they are bound to get it. The *Correio da Manhã*, a monarchical paper of Lisbon, protests, in the strongest possible manner, against this law, which will destroy the very foundations of Catholic family life in Portugal.

The usual complaints of the disappointed adherents of the revolution are now being heard. The hoped for golden age has not come. The *Os Ridiculos*, the Republican *Punch*, satirises those patriots who are angry with the Republic because it has not reduced the price of cod to one penny per fish. The *Seculo* reports the indignation of a woodman whom the police saw carrying through the crowded streets a pile of wood from which projected an edged steel instrument which would be certain to injure somebody. On being remonstrated with, the man protested furiously that the Republic had put a stop to all such police interference with free citizens.

The corporals who helped to make the Revolution are now writing to the papers wanting more pay and all sorts of

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privileges. If they get all they want, Portugal will have, in them, a leisured class—a Peerage, in fact—from which a House of Lords can possibly be constituted later on.

Before the Republic was two weeks old the Government was in dire difficulties owing to the demands of the revolutionary soldiers for more pay. A telegram “from our Special Correspondent” in the *Times* of October 21 told how “the Provisional Government to-day attempts to mollify the military heroes of the Revolution by rewarding their ‘patriotic services’ with furloughs, offers of service in the National Guard, extra promotions, retirements, increased pensions and distinctions.” When in Lisbon I saw myself Royalist troops being brought in from the provinces by the Republican Government, which found that it could not rely on the revolutionary soldiers. “The Republican Government,” says the Lisbon correspondent of the *Palavra*, an Oporto paper, “. . . is very well satisfied officially with the good work that has been done by the military revolutionaries, but for the sake of order and discipline it has prudently decided to eliminate them from the army. About a thousand soldiers have in this way been got rid of, and their places have been taken by better disciplined troops from the provinces.”

According to the same writer, the same steps are being taken in the navy, into which, during the last few days, 600 new recruits have, he says, been drafted—evidently to take the place of “heroes” who have been dismissed.

By taking this measure of precaution, the Republican Government shows that, behind all its heated rhetoric, there is some sound common-sense. But there is one extremist, a man of desperate bravery, who stood his ground when all the other leaders, including every member of the present Government, had either fled from Lisbon or else hidden themselves. I refer to Machado dos Santos. This young naval officer failed to see why all his comrades were dismissed from the army and navy and refused important posts throughout the country, and he finally became so angry on this subject that he refused to accept a Governorship which was offered him and started a violent Oppo-

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sition paper, called the *Intransigente*, in which he certainly does not spare his former comrades. The latter succinctly retaliate by declaring, in the *Lucta*, that he is either a criminal or a madman.

The Republican censor prevents news getting out—he even, I am certain, goes to the extent of opening letters—and it is difficult to get a clear account of all the various quarrels that are going on at the same time inside the Republican camp, but there is no doubt that the two regiments which revolted have had to be practically disbanded because they wanted their pay raised from a penny to half-a-crown per day! This does not look like true, fanatical Republicanism. There may be real Republicans in Portugal, but I never met any of them.

The heroes, the leaders themselves are by no means above suspicion. Senhor Affonso Costa has been very frequently accused in the public Press of peculation and of immorality. He never took any action against any of these papers. He does not take any action even now, under the Republic. At least one of the papers in question he arbitrarily suspended, at the same time placing the editor under arrest. But he has never replied to the most serious accusations against his personal honesty, accusations which are repeated to-day in every Lisbon *café*. Dr Bombarda, the Apostle of Liberty, the Martyr, what of him? For what reason was he buried with more than royal pomp after lying in state for weeks in the Lisbon Town Hall? Why was he followed to the grave by representatives of all the secret societies in Portugal, by the President and his Council, by the University students, even by the little convent schoolgirls who, torn away from the nuns, are now being frequently paraded through the streets and taught to sing Republican anthems? So far as I can see, the only claim Dr Bombarda has to the admiration of posterity is that he was killed by an irresponsible lunatic. But the same fate has happened to many men who have not on that account been denominated martyrs. Before dying he himself declared that his murderer was insane, but, notwithstanding this, the

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*Mundo* declared, in capital letters, that he had been done to death by the Jesuits. A similar declaration was made in the case of Admiral Candido dos Reis. Anti-clericalism and hatred of the established order, and the hope that in a general upheaval there will be something considerable to gain—these motives are clearly discernible. They affect the more fanatical leaders; and the last-named motive affects especially those who have nothing to lose. Of higher ideals and aims, as I have said, it is difficult to see any trace. Portugal may some day have a beneficent Republican *régime*, but it will be brought into being by persons whose motives and aims will be very different from those of the authors of the recent revolution.

F. McCULLAGH

# UNIVERSITY TEACHING FOR THE CHINESE\*

SIR FREDERICK LUGARD is to be congratulated on his splendid project of a University for Hong Kong. I am very glad to hear that it is receiving not only his support but also that of the merchant princes, including such great names as Scott and Swire and Mody. I am all the more glad that the scheme is well supported because they have taken from our Hankow scheme one leading feature, the excellence of which needs no demonstration. I refer to the religious Hostels attached to the University. Such Hostels are not merely beneficial as tending to promote unity in the educational field and preventing opposition between the University and the Mission bodies, but also they will give to China what the University will not, namely, a higher moral ideal; a man may know all about astronomy, germs may be familiar acquaintances, and at the same time he may have every intention of getting rich as quickly as possible, honestly, no doubt, by preference, but only by preference, dishonestly if there is any difficulty in obtaining pecuniary wealth. And this is the disease from which China is suffering. On paper Chinese institutions read like well thought-out schemes, in practice they work very badly, so badly as to keep the country perpetually poor, and the explanation that is given is that the Chinese will not adhere to the principles that they profess, they will not, as one Chinaman put it to me in our vernacular, "play the game," and, therefore, one feels knowledge without

\*[We printed last October Sir Frederick Lugard's account of the new Hong Kong University; and we believe that readers interested in the subject will peruse with interest the friendly criticism on the scheme sent to us for publication by Lord William Cecil. The rival proposal of a University in China itself has, we need hardly remind our readers, few abler or more energetic advocates than Lord William Cecil himself.—ED.]



# Chinese University Teaching

character-building will be of no permanent benefit to the country. I should like to hear that the Hong Kong University had gone one step further and had refused to take any pupil who was not resident in a Hostel, where there was some moral and religious control, even if the control were non-Christian. One thing in which we think the Hong Kong University scheme will have to be modified is in the teaching through English. It is quite right that English should be taught and no pupil should leave the University who has not a thorough knowledge of English, but it is a very different thing saying that English should be taught and that the teaching should be through English. Some boys, for instance, are good at algebra, they have a gift of understanding natural science, but they are very bad linguists. These boys will be hampered. The doors of the University will be closed to them. I wonder how many of our own scientific men would have attained their eminence in science if they had had to learn Chinese before they could learn science? Even if the text books are in English, the teacher who teaches them ought to know Chinese. These views are not my own; before the Committees of Oxford and Cambridge Universities would undertake the scheme at Hankow which they are fathering, they carefully examined every one with any knowledge of Chinese education who happened to be in England. After that they asked me to go to China to enquire at all the educational centres as to the right methods to be pursued with regard to education in China. And I may add that as they were educational specialists themselves, they were well capable of forming an opinion on these subjects, and their view may be shortly summarized by saying that English ought to occupy the same position that Latin occupies in our education, it should be taught and well taught, but if proficiency in science and mathematics is to be obtained for any great numbers, the initial explanation must be given in Chinese. I feel that this view will in the end be accepted in Hong Kong. I know that many of the C.M.S. Schools emphasize teaching in Chinese, the Catholic

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Schools, since they chiefly belong to Italian and French Missions, are generally weak in English teaching. All these press for Chinese. Another difficulty will arise from the very popularity of English knowledge. The Chinese are most anxious to learn English, but when they have learnt it, they are anxious to turn their learning to pecuniary profit and go out as clerks and interpreters. Numbers of Chinese fathers will find this temptation too great, and instead of keeping their sons at the University, will allow them to engage in some profitable occupation which will be open to them from their knowledge of English. And the University will be always in a state of disappointment—the promised undergraduate will be always vanishing into the commercial world, while the freshman will always be demanding some diploma, as he will not be able to resist the temptation of money-earning for more than a year. The result will be that the University will end by being little more than a finishing school for English knowledge. All this would be avoided if, instead of requiring English to be taught first, all branches of knowledge were taught together, so that when the men had attained proficiency in English, they should at the same time have attained proficiency in the arts and sciences. This defect in the Hong Kong University can be easily overcome, but there is one defect which is inherent in its position. It is not in China; Sir Frederick Lugard doubts the universality of Mandarin, but the evidence which was brought before us was that the majority of Chinese spoke Mandarin, the only exception being in the sea-coast provinces in the south and west. The dialects may differ in districts as it does in England. A man of Manchuria can understand a man of Sechuan as an Aberdonian can understand a man of Devonshire. Besides which, Mandarin is the official language of China, and all those connected with the railways will have to learn it. I do not for one moment suggest that a Mandarin-speaking University will be as useful for Hong Kong as a Cantonese-speaking University, but it is obvious that a University which is to influence Chinese thought must be in the centre of a

## for the Chinese

Mandarin-speaking country, where men who are going to be officials can easily acquire the higher side of Western knowledge. This I may say was the advice of no less a man than Chang-Chi-Tung.

While I am very glad that the Hong Kong scheme is going through, I should deeply regret to see the Hankow scheme inadequately supported, or supported solely by American money. The Hankow scheme aims frankly at being altruistic, it offers knowledge to the Chinese on the same ground that Confucius himself taught—that the possession of knowledge imposes upon its possessor the duty of imparting it. The Hankow scheme is frankly more Christian. It proposed that the University should be on the lines of Toronto, namely a central University in which science and the arts are taught, and attached to this, Hostels under the control of responsible people, preferably religious bodies, and in those Hostels pupils shall be compelled to live. The scheme was not undertaken until it had received the approval of the leading missionaries, including Mgr Jarlin, of the Catholic Mission of Peking. It is directed by skilled educationalists both in England and America, and it desires not merely to introduce Western knowledge, but to perpetuate the respect in which the classical knowledge of Chinese has been held for many ages. China is rushing violently towards the Western knowledge she used to despise, in a short time she will find that its importance as a moral training has been very exaggerated; she will return to seek from those who will give it the teaching that will harmonise that knowledge with the high ethical tone which she traditionally has admired. In our opinion that harmony will not be accomplished without a knowledge of Christianity, and we hope that it will be in the University of Hankow that she will find that for which she is craving.

I may add that one of the many advantages of inserting the word Christian in the description of the University is that it will participate in those curious but extensive Treaty Rights which exist in China, and will secure its independence from official control, an evil which I am

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afraid many an educationalist will declare is not peculiar to China, but is felt whenever the Government of the country interferes with the independence of the educational body.

WILLIAM GASCOYNE-CECIL

# THE HOUSE *of* SORROWS

[The recent death, in madness, of the assassin of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria adds, if possible, to the poignancy of the following hitherto unpublished poem by the late Francis Thompson. In the first seven stanzas the Empress herself is heard addressing first Our Lady, then the "Dark Fool," Death, and finally the Son of Sorrows, in allusion to the griefs of her own and her husband's line—the shooting of her brother-in-law, Maximilian of Mexico, her sister's burning at the Paris Bazar de la Charité, the tragedy of the Crown Prince Rudolph, her son, and the drowning of the King of Bavaria—to name no more. The traditional offering of her wedding-wreath to a Madonna shrine and the conversion of her wedding-gown into priestly vestments elucidate other references in the text. The unfulfilled invocation at the close serves to remind us that the Emperor Francis Joseph has nevertheless survived to celebrate his 80th birthday.

## I

OF the white purity  
They wrought my wedding-dress,  
Inwoven silverly —

For tears, as I do guess.

Oh, why did they with tears inweave my marriage-dress?

A girl, I did espouse  
Destiny, grief, and fears;  
The love of Austria's house  
And its ancestral years

I learned; and my salt eyes grew erudite in tears.

Devote our tragic line—  
One to his rebel's aim,  
One to his ignorant brine,  
One to the eyeless flame!

Who should be skilled to weep but I, O Christ's dear  
Dame?

# The House of Sorrows

Give one more to the fire,  
One more for water keep:  
O Death, wilt thou not tire?  
Still Austria must thou reap?  
Can I have plummetless tears, that still thou bidd'st:  
“Weep, weep!”

No! thou at length with me  
Too far, Dark Fool, hast gone!  
One costly cruelty  
Voids thy dominion:  
I am drained to the uttermost tear: O Rudolph, O my  
son!

Take this woof of sorrows,  
Son of all Women's Tears!  
I am not for the morrows,  
I am dead with the dead years.  
Lo, I vest thee, Christ, with my woven tears!

My bridal wreath, take thou,  
Mary! Take Thou, O Christ,  
My bridal garment! Now  
Is all my fate sufficed,  
And, robed and garlanded, the victim sacrificed.

## II

THE SON of Weeping heard,  
The gift benignly saw;  
The Women's Pitier heard.  
Together, by hid law,  
The life-gashed heart, the assassin's healing poniard, draw.

Too long that consummation  
The obdurate seasons thwart;  
Too long were the sharp consolation  
And her breast apart;—  
The remedy of steel has gone home to her sick heart.

# The House of Sorrows

Her breast, dishabited,  
    Revealed, her heart above,  
A little blot of red,—  
    Death's reverent sign to approve  
He had sealed up that royal tomb of martyred love.

Now, Death, if thou wouldst show  
    Some ruth still left in store,  
Guide thou the armed blow  
    To strike one bosom more,  
Where any blow were pity, to this it struck before!  
FRANCIS THOMPSON

## THE KINGDOM OF THE BLIND

**A**TREMULOUS web, thin-spun with fleece of gold,  
Dawn flings across the shadowy morning sky:  
And firefly stars, entangled in its fold,  
    Flicker their vain resistance; fade and die.

Heaven-sent comes forth the Ruler of the Day,  
    In mist-clad beauty, crowned with amber light;  
Before his path Night's terrors speed away,  
    Like whirl of dazzled bats in frantic flight.

Gold glow the hill-tops, molten gold the lakes;  
    Soft germs of spring stir Nature's fertile heart,  
And e'en the briefest quivering atom takes  
    In life's glad hymn to God its tiny part.

# The Kingdom of the Blind

While all the simple things of field and air  
Shout songs of praise that make the hills rejoice,  
The sceptic world, despising hymn or prayer,  
In blind self-worship lifts an insolent voice.

With stubborn heedless ears and sightless eyes,  
Boastful as Lucifer before his fall,  
The maniac super-man his God denies,  
And raves that he himself is Lord of all.

King of a realm ablaze with flaunting flowers,  
Whose heavy odour masks the charnel's breath;  
A play-ground world, where Time marks golden hours  
Of reckless mirth that ends in Dance of Death.

Sharp blasts of Autumn reap the garden's bloom :  
Dead, wasted hours in dust and ashes lie;  
Life without God stares helpless in the gloom  
While shrunken souls in moving graves pass by!

\* \* \*

Leap, Tongues of Pentecost, athwart the air;  
Fill, radiant Faith, the godless wastes of earth,  
Where cowering spirits grope in blind despair:  
Rise, Light of Light, quicken the world's new birth!  
MARIA LONGWORTH STORER



# QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE FOREIGN AMBASSADORS

THE first seven months of 1559 sketch the outline of Elizabeth's attitude to religion during her reign of forty-five years. The recently restored Religion was to disappear, to be crushed; if possible, to be annihilated in England. If this could not be accomplished by the promise of a National Church, by appeals to the lower side of the character of the nation, and to the ignorance of the populace, then persecution must step in, and imprisonment and death. These things were not yet. Not yet was it death to say Mass and to harbour a priest; not yet were the Penal Laws established. Nevertheless, the trend of events was unmistakable. And, lest any should hope, there was the memory of the past; that past so slightly bridged by the two short reigns that followed Henry Tudor's.

A few onlookers were able to give a fearless and unbiassed account of the opening of the tragedy. Such were the ambassadors, and it is from their private and official despatches, especially those of the Spanish Ambassador, Count de Feria, and his successor, the Bishop of Aquila, and from the accounts of a rather mysterious, but interesting individual signing himself "Il Schifanoia,"\* that

\*After July, 1557, there was no accredited Venetian ambassador to England, since Michiel left in attendance on King Philip. It has been supposed that the fact of Michiel's residence (as ambassador to Philip II) in Flanders, was considered by the Signory to be a sufficient protection to the interests of Venice in England, but there is no evidence to support this view. "When Queen Elizabeth succeeded her sister, her ill-concealed hostility to Rome and the organic ecclesiastical changes which her policy brought about, sufficiently explain why no overtures for diplomatic intercourse were made from Venice, and no steps taken by the governing power of the Republic to procure their renewal." (See Preface to *Venetian Calendar*, vol. vii, p. viii.) The void in the series of ambassadorial letters thus made is, to some extent, filled by a series of

# Queen Elizabeth

we are able to reconstruct the inner history of those first disastrous months.

Exactly a month after the deaths of Queen Mary and Cardinal Pole, December 17, 1558, the first change had crept in.

"The affairs of the religion continue as usual, but I hear that at the Court, when the Queen is present, a priest officiates who says certain prayers with the litanies in English, after the fashion of King Edward. I pray to God that worse may not happen. They then say Vespers and Compline in the old style," writes Il Schifanoya\* to the Mantuan ambassador at Brussels.

"Until now," he writes again, on the eve of the new year, "I have believed that the matters of religion would continue in the accustomed manner, her Majesty having promised this with her own mouth many times; but now I have lost faith, and I see that by little and little they are returning to the (former) bad use. On Christmas Day the Bishop of Carlisle† sang High Mass, and her Majesty sent to tell him that he was not to elevate the Host; to which the good bishop replied that thus had he learnt the Mass, and that she must pardon him, as he could not do otherwise; so,

letters discovered in the Archives of Mantua. They are written by one signing himself "Il Schifanoya," and addressed to the Mantuan Ambassador and Secretary resident at the Court of Brussels, and to the Castellan of Mantua. It seems evident that the writer was a native of Mantua, and that these dignitaries were his personal friends.

It has been thought that "Il Schifanoya" (the meaning of which is "a worthless ne'er-do-well") is merely an assumed name, but from investigations made by the compiler of the *Venetian Calendar*, it would appear that it is the real name of the writer, "Schifenoia" being, at that time, a small district in Mantuan territory, and the title having been borne by several Mantuans of note.

There is little doubt that Il Schifanoya was a member of the Order of St John of Jerusalem, in England. He had been in the service of Sir Thomas Tresham, its Prior; and on his death (March 1, 1559), when the houses and property of the Order were confiscated to the Crown, Il Schifanoya became a member of the household of Mgr. Alvisé Priuli, who had been the close and confidential friend of Cardinal Pole. Here he wrote the last letter which has been preserved to us, dated June 27, 1559.

Short as is the period covered by these letters, they are of extraordinary interest and value, as the witness of a keen and devout observer to the effects of Elizabeth's new religion.

\**Ven. Cal.*, vii, 1.

†Dr Oglethorpe.

## and the Foreign Ambassadors

the Gospel being ended, her Majesty rose and departed, and on other days it has been so done by her chaplains.”\*

De Feria, who certainly never minces matters, describes the same sad scene to Philip. “The bishop,” he says, “answered that Her Majesty was mistress of his body and life, but not of his conscience. . . . Yesterday [the Queen] heard Mass said by another bishop, who was requested not to elevate the Host, and acted accordingly, and she heard it to the end. I should like, in these affairs, to animate and encourage the Catholics so that she may find difficulties in the way of doing the wicked things she is beginning, but I am doing it with the utmost caution, in order that she may not be offended, or quarrel with me more than need be.”†

He describes in the same letter how some heretics from Germany, “on the first day of Christmastide,” broke into the Italian Church of St Augustine, the keys having been refused them by the Italian Consul, and preached four sermons there; an offence punished with the utmost difficulty, the indignant Italians being referred from one official to another to obtain redress. There were many still in London, for Cardinal Pole’s household was not finally broken up until January 1, 1559, as we learn from *Il Schifanoia*.‡ His English servants were dismissed to their homes, but the greater number of the Italians remained with Mgr. Priuli, who, as executor of Cardinal Pole’s will, had yet several months to spend in England.

“The bishop of Winchester,” continues de Feria, “preached a very Catholic sermon in memory of the late Queen, and the Council . . . ordered him not to leave his house. The sermon in memory of our lord the Emperor was preached on Christmas Eve by an Almoner§ of the new Queen. . . . He is an heretic, but said nothing to mark him as such except that he did not mention the Pope, and said the Lord’s Prayer in English, which is the custom of heretics. The Queen has ordered certain portions of the Mass to be said in English, such as the *Paternoster* and, I think, the Creed.

A litany has been printed which used to be sung in the time of King Edward, in which no saints at all are mentioned, and [the

\**Ven. Cal.*, vii, 2.

†*Spanish State Papers* (Simancas Archives), vol. 1, 6.

‡*Ven. Cal.*, vii, 2.

§ Dr Bill, Dean of Westminster.

# Queen Elizabeth

Queen] hears Mass in this way, although they tell me that the chaplains who perform it are some of them married, and the others doubtful.\*

De Feria and Il Schifanoya were not the only alarmists. Others scented danger from afar. "The affairs of religion are not proceeding very well in England," write Surian and Tiepolo, Venetian ambassadors with Philip at Brussels, "for although the Queen would appear to continue in the religion professed by her sister, many persons nevertheless of their own authority have made a great change and again introduced *l'uso di celebrar* according to . . . King Edward . . . God grant that some vote of evil† be not passed in this matter."‡

It is significant that just four days later (January 11, 1559) the Consul and Senate of Berne, in their official congratulation to Elizabeth on her accession, "rejoice to hear that she has recalled those persons who had been exiled for the cause of Gospel Truth . . . and has resumed the work of Evangelical Reformation commenced by her brother Edward."§ Protestants, at least, recognized the new Queen in her true colours.

Elizabeth did not wait until her coronation (on January 15, 1559) to throw off the mask completely. "As I suppose your Lordship will have heard of the farce," writes Il Schifanoya to the Castellan of Mantua, "performed in the presence of her Majesty on the day of the Epiphany, and I not having sufficient intellect to interpret it, nor yet the mummary performed after supper the same day, of crows in the habits of Cardinals, of asses habited as Bishops, and of wolves representing Abbots, I will consign it to silence, as also the new commencement of Ritual made in her Majesty's chapel with the English litanies, which omit Saint Mary, all the Saints, the Pope, and the Dead. Nor will I record the levities and unusual licentiousness practised at the Court in dances and banquets, nor the masquerade of friars in the streets of London, nor the statue of St Thomas [of Canterbury] stoned and beheaded, which is now

\**Spanish State Papers* (Simancas Archives), I, 6.

† In Parliament

‡*Ven. Cal.*, VII, 7.

§ *State Papers* (Foreign Series), *Elizabeth* (226).

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thrown down entirely, and the stucco statue of a little girl placed in its stead.”\*

On Saturday, 14th, the State procession through the city took place. On one of the triumphal arches, erected at Cornhill, was “a very extravagant inscription, purporting that hitherto religion had been misunderstood and misdirected, and that now it will proceed on a better footing, which was exemplified by a queen seated aloft on her throne, there being on one side many persons clad in various fashions, with labels inscribed: *Religio pura; Justitia gubernandi; Intelligentia; Sapientia; Prudentia; Timor Dei*. On the other side, hinting, I believe, at the past, were *Ignorance, Superstition, Hypocrisy, Vain Glory, Simulation, Rebellion, and Idolatry*.” At another arch a boy presented her Majesty “with a book, generally supposed to be the New Testament in English, which the Queen clasped in her arms and embraced passionately, returning thanks.”

On Sunday, January 15, Mass was sung for the Coronation in Westminster Abbey “by the Dean . . . her Chaplain, the Bishops having chosen not to say Mass without elevating the Host or consecrating It, as that worthy individual did; the Epistle and Gospel being recited in English. After the Epistle, the Bishop of Carlisle† commenced the coronation according to the Roman ceremonial, neither altering nor omitting anything but the outward forms, which were not observed as in Italy; the English having no Masters of the Ceremonies . . . and caring less about formalities.”‡ Il Schifanoia concludes his graphic description by the statement that Parliament was to meet on the 23rd, “all the peers accompanying the Queen in her royal crimson robe . . . I pray God of His goodness and mercy to enlighten them to do what may be according to His holy will.”

\* *Ven. Cal.*, vii, 10. A vivid description of the coronation and its preceding and accompanying ceremonies follows, too long for quotation, but deeply interesting.

† The only prelate who would consent to crown Elizabeth. He died in 1560.

‡ *Ven. Cal.*, vii, 10. Il Schifanoia’s full account is well worth reading.

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Parliament, however, did not meet until the 25th, the Feast of the Conversion of St Paul, when both Houses "awaited the arrival of her Majesty at the Church as usual for the Mass of the Holy Ghost, which custom was not observed this year, the Mass having been sung at an early hour in Westminster Abbey, without elevating the Sacrament." Another vivid description of the Queen's arrival follows, and of her entry into London.

On arriving at Westminster Abbey, the Abbot, robed pontifically, with all his monks in procession, each of them having a lighted torch in his hand, received her as usual, giving her first of all incense, and holy water; and when her Majesty saw the monks who accompanied her with torches, she said, "Away with those torches, for we see very well;" and her choristers singing the litany in English, she was accompanied to the High altar, under her canopy. Thereupon Dr Cox, a married priest, who has hitherto been beyond the sea, ascended the pulpit and preached the sermon, saying many things freely against the monks, proving by his arguments that they ought to be persecuted and punished by her Majesty, as they were impious for having caused the burning of so many poor innocents under pretext of heresy, on which he expatiated greatly; he then commenced praising her Majesty, saying . . . that God had given her this dignity to the end that she might no longer allow or tolerate the past iniquities; exhorting her to destroy the images of the saints, the churches, the monasteries, and all other things dedicated to Divine Worship; proving by his own arguments, that it is very great impiety and idolatry to endure them; and saying many other things against the Christian religion.\*

There was grim significance in two of the "three essential points" to which the Lord Chancellor alluded in his "eloquent speech": "the first, *Pro reformanda religione, et tollenda idolatria*; the second, *Pro mitigandis nonnullis legibus pœnalibus*; the third and last, *Pro petendo subsidio contra hostes*."†

After this there could be no doubt at all as to Elizabeth's real intentions.

The ambassadors and diplomatists looked on, half aghast, half incredulous. "In Scotland," wrote de Feria, with grim humour, to his master, Philip, "I believe they

\**Ven. Cal.*, VII, 15.

†*Ven. Cal.*, VII, 15.

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are ill-treating the English. I am sure they are not doing it so much as I could wish.”\*

Then the first great step of national importance, that of vesting in the Crown the Supreme Headship of the Church, began to be rumoured abroad, and discussed.

“The affairs of religion,” writes Il Schifanoia,† “have undergone no change since my last account, save that in several churches in London they have commenced singing the Litanies in English . . . There are yet many frivolous and foolish people who daily invent plays in derision of the Catholic Faith . . . and by placards posted at the corners of the streets they invite people to the taverns to see these representations, taking money from their audience. Others rob the churches by night, break the windows, and steal whatever they can, as they did two nights ago at the church of the Italian nation, where they stole the tabernacle of the Sacrament, which they thought was of silver, but they found it to be of gilt copper, nor did it contain the sacrament . . . not having . . . dared to enter the sacristy which contained the sacerdotal ornaments, chalices, crosses, etc.; the thieves remaining unpunished.”

“The acts and decrees of Queen Mary and Cardinal Pole,” says one writing to Tiepolo at Brussels, “have vanished into smoke.”‡

All this, however, was only the beginning.

“The affairs of the religion in this kingdom are going from bad to worse,” continues Il Schifanoia, on February 13. “Although a proposal was twice debated and not carried, to give her Majesty the title of Supreme Head of the Anglican Church, yet from what is seen it will inevitably pass. They have already settled to give back to the Crown, all the benefices and tithes which for conscience’ sake had been restored by the late Queen, none of whose acts now remain valid, those of Cardinal Pole likewise being annulled . . . [In] the sermon preached . . . at the Court . . . Doctor Scory . . . said so much evil of the Pope, of the bishops, of the prelates, of the regulars, of the Church, of the Mass, and finally, of our entire Faith, in the presence of the Queen and of her Council, the rest of the congregation consisting of more than five

\* *Spanish State Papers* (Simancas Archives), 1, 13. January 31, 1559.

† *Ven. Cal.*, vii, 18. February 6, 1559.

‡ *Ven. Cal.*, vii, 19.

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thousand persons, that I was much scandalized . . . and yet more surprised at the concourse of people who madly flocked to hear such vain things."

He goes on to say that his master, Sir Thomas Tresham, will conform outwardly to the new religion, while observing "the old rite secretly." He begs the Mantuan ambassador, to whom this letter is addressed, to find some post for him, either on the Continent, or in the service of a Venetian ambassador, should such come to England;\* as his conscience will not allow him "to associate with heretics and hold the other opinion in secret."†

It can never be said that Pope Paul IV forced Elizabeth's hand, but it is significant that under the date February 16, just three days after the above letter was written, we find the following, among the despatches from Rome:

"A Nuncio, intended for England, but stayeth until the Queen first sendeth to the Pope, according to the message he had delivered . . . 20 December."‡

It was an outspoken age, but no one speaks with quite the crisp and refreshing frankness of de Feria in his letters to Philip. "I have thought it best," he says (writing on February 20), "not to speak in earnest to the Queen about religion yet, although I see her plainly going to perdition."§

At the beginning of Lent, 1559, a proclamation in the Queen's name was issued, which, but for the question involved, would be amusing. Flesh-meat was forbidden during Lent, "her Majesty reserving to herself the grant of permission not to fast; but this prohibition, according to the official notice is . . . to preserve the cattle for the rest of the year, and for the livelihood of the very great numbers of fishermen and fishmongers in this kingdom,

\* It was not until 1563 that a formally accredited ambassador was appointed by the Signory of Venice to England; and then only for reasons of trade and commerce.

† Sir Thomas Tresham died a fortnight later.

‡ *State Papers* (Foreign Series), 333. February 16, 1559.

§ *Spanish State Papers* (Simancas Archives), 1, 15.



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it having been customary to act in this manner under King Edward also.”\*

“Yesterday,” writes de Feria, on February 29, “the Commons decided that the supreme ecclesiastical power was attached to the Crown of England.” “The Queen,” he adds contemptuously, “is wrapped up in the idea of getting popular, but she has no party but the heretics. It is a wretched state of things for a ruler.”†

There was still strong hope in England that by a Royal Catholic marriage the evil coming upon the land might be averted. The eyes of many turned to Philip. He was personally unpopular, but he was a Catholic; he had already helped to restore religion; and he was the most powerful sovereign in Europe. An alliance with him, from the point of view of the majority, was to be prayed for. Philip, forced by Elizabeth into a somewhat undignified position, was considering the matter, ready to agree to the marriage for political reasons. “His Majesty,” writes de Feria to the Spanish ministers, “must be informed of the character of the Queen. She is acute, depending upon the favour of the common people, detested by the Catholics, known to every one.”‡

Elizabeth, however, had not the slightest intention of marrying Philip, and shifted her ground dexterously, taking her stand on a different argument every time de Feria approached her on the subject. About the middle of March, having previously announced (1) that she had no desire to marry; (2) that Philip had married her half-sister; (3) that it was “not by any means so clear” that the Queen of Scots would succeed her (to avoid which catastrophe the Spanish marriage had been urged); (4) that the people did not wish her to marry a foreigner; and (5) that, judging by previous experience, Philip would never remain any length of time in England;§ she told de Feria “that she could not marry your Majesty

\* *Ven. Cal.*, vii, 27 February 20, 1559.

† *Spanish State Papers* (Simancas Archives), i, 16.

‡ *Spanish State Papers* (Simancas Archives), i, 17. February 29, 1559.

§ *Spanish State Papers* (Simancas Archives), i, 17. February 29, 1559.

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as she was a heretic." The ambassador, startled at this unusual candour, goes on to say: "These heretics, and the devil that prompts them . . . no doubt . . . have persuaded her that your Majesty wishes to marry her for religious objects alone"\*—a supposition most deeply unjust to Philip, the true son of his renowned father, Charles V, who had never been known to further religious, at the expense of political interest.

"All the Bishops here," continues de Feria, "are determined to die for the Faith, and your Majesty would be surprised to see how firm and steadfast they have been, and are. If I had money and authority from your Majesty I would willingly rather give it to them than pay the pensions of these renegades who have sold their God, and the honour of their country. I am sure that religion will not fall, because the Catholic party is two-thirds larger than the other, but I could wish the work were done by your Majesty's hands, and that God should not be delivered over to the enemy. I humbly beg your Majesty to forgive me for departing thus from my story, but I am so distressed at what is happening here that I cannot help saying what I do. Three or four Spaniards have arrived here from Geneva, full of false doctrine. It would be well to have some precaution taken on the coast of Flanders to prevent such wild rabble coming over, at least Spaniards, as the heretics greatly congratulate themselves upon their coming. . . . I have decided . . . to try and seize them, their wickedness being proved, and throw them into the river. I must do it so dexterously and secretly as to give no ground of complaint to the Queen or her people."†

This delightfully naïve plot was not, as far as is known, put into execution. But Cardinal Pole's mournful prophecy was about to be fulfilled: "*If the present generation transmit their opinions to their children, England will be forever lost to the Church.*" The Cardinal Legate, himself an Englishman, understood as the Spaniard did not.

It is significant that Melancthon, in a letter to Elizabeth some three weeks before the date of de Feria's despatch (March 1, 1559), advises her to "assist the [Protestant] Church, and . . . establish its doctrine and

\* *Ibid.* 18. March 19, 1559.

† *Spanish State Papers* (Simancas Archives), 1, 20. March 19, 1559.

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rites in a definite form, lest afterwards dissensions should arise." He points out how easy it will be for her to do this and how her example may even influence other nations. He suggests the calling of a Synod "for the settling all doubtful questions," and concludes, with the touch of unintentioned humour rarely absent from letters of this type, by commending to the Queen its bearer, "the Reverend William Barlow, as being a learned man, *one who rightly worships God, and loves ecclesiastical concord.*"\*

The next definite step is perhaps that taken by Pope Paul IV, when, on March 27, he sent a message by Cardinal Trani to Sir Edward Carne, English Ambassador at Rome, to forbid him to depart "herehence," the Queen and her realm "being revolted from his obedience and this see, as he was informed."† Carne complained bitterly to Elizabeth. The government of the Hospital of the English nation was assigned to him for his maintenance, and he was forbidden to leave Rome under pain of excommunication.‡

On Easter Day (March 26, 1556) "her Majesty appeared in Chapel, where Mass was sung in English, according to the use of her brother, King Edward, and the Communion was received in both kinds (*sub utrâque specie*), kneeling, *facendoli il sacerdote la credenza del corpo et sangue prima*, nor did (the chaplain) wear anything but the mere surplice (*la semplice cotta*), having divested himself of the vestments (*li paramenti*) in which he had sung mass."

"These accursed preachers... from Germany," continues Il Schifanoja, "have persuaded certain rogues forcibly to enter St Mary-le-Bow (*de Arcubus*) in the middle of Cheapside, and force the shrine of the Most Holy Sacrament, breaking the Tabernacle, and throwing the most precious consecrated body of Jesus Christ to the ground. They also destroyed the altar, and the images, with the pall and church linen, breaking everything into a thousand pieces. This happened this very night, which is the third after Easter."§

In the same letter Il Schifanoja says: "I do not believe the report that the Queen, seeing the opposition to her title, *Supremum caput Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, has determined no longer to accept it."

\* *State Papers* (Foreign Series), 372. March 1, 1559.

† *State Papers* (Foreign Series,) 474 (3).

‡ *Ibid.*, 492. April 3, 1559.

§ *Ven. Cal.*, VII, 51.

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This question, indeed, was being feverishly discussed in Parliament, and had just been committed "for reconsideration" to "four good and Catholic bishops and to four of their Protestants." The discussion, which took place in the choir of Westminster Abbey, was begun on March 31, the numbers of Catholics and Protestants being slightly increased. At the last moment it was announced that the dispute would be held in writing, for which the Catholics were unprepared. Dr Cole, Dean of St Paul's, protested against this. "As soon as he had finished speaking one of the heretics rose, and kneeling down with his back to the altar on which was the sacrament, he prayed that God would inspire and enlighten those present to understand the truth!" The Catholics were refused permission to discuss the first point, while the Protestants "took out a book and read very diffusely all they had prepared and devised thereon." With infinite difficulty an adjournment of three days, till the following Monday, April 3, was granted, when the Catholics appeared with their written answer to the "first point," only to be told that this having been already "discussed" at the first sitting, it would be necessary to take the "second point" to-day. Four times Dr Harpsfield, Archdeacon of St Paul's, arose with the paper in his hand, and was refused a hearing. A stormy scene followed, which was terminated by the Abbot of Westminster, who declared that though the bishops were right, and an injury was being done them, yet to obey the Queen's commands it would be advisable to discuss the Second Article. Foiled, the heretical party insisted on the Bishops beginning the discussion themselves, before the Second Point had even been read. At this the Bishops of Winchester and Lincoln rose in wrath, and said that it was a shame that Catholics should be forced to raise questions which were none of their making; though they would gladly reply to any objections, and explain any doctrine. A spirited discussion followed, a German Protestant who had informed Bishop Baine that they [the heretics] were "the guardians of the churches" being utterly routed, amidst, we cannot but

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think, the smiles of the Catholic party, by that exceedingly witty prelate.\* The above is de Feria's account, and Jewel, writing to Peter Martyr on April 6, says: "At last, when a great part of the time had been taken up in altercation and the bishops would on no account yield, the assembly broke up without any disputation at all."†

The real result, however, was the sequestration of the Bishopricks of Lincoln and Winchester, and the threatened imprisonment in the Tower of all the disputant prelates, with the exception of the Abbot of Westminster. "The Catholics are disturbed to see the violence and injustice with which this business is being treated." The two Bishops in the Tower "are very steadfast, and determined to die, if necessary."

The Royal Supremacy had not been advanced by the disputation. "The effect," writes de Feria, "has been a good one." The Earl of Sussex, Lord-Deputy of Ireland, "a great heretic," warned the Council that he would not be answerable for the consequences if any change in religion was made in that country; and Wales, through the Earl of Pembroke, sent a characteristic message to the effect that any heretical preacher sent there would not come back!

Nor was the unanimity of the Protestants by any means complete, even as to Elizabeth's English Book of Common Prayer. It was too Catholic for many. "A portion of the mark [of the Beast] are those dregs of papistry," writes John Knox from Dieppe to a lady in Geneva, "which are left in your great book of England, any jot of which I will never counsel any man to use. One iota, I say, of these diabolical inventions, viz. crossing in baptism, kneeling at the Lord's Table, mummulling and singing of the

\* See *Spanish State Papers* (Simancas Archives) 1, 23, for full account.

† Zurich Archives (Parker Society). The names of the disputants given by Jewel are: (*Protestant*): himself, Scory, Cox, Whitehead, Sandys, Grindal, Horn, Aylmer, and Gheast. (*Catholic*): Bishops White (Winchester), Watson (Lincoln), Baine (Coventry), Scot (Chester), Oglethorpe (Carlisle), Dean Cole (St Paul's), Archdeacons Chedsey and Harpsfield, and the Abbot of Westminster. Official lists vary slightly.

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*Litany, a fulgure et tempestate, a subitanea et improvisa morte.* The whole order of the book appeareth rather to be devised for the upholding of massing-priests than for any good instruction which the simple people can thereof receive.”\*

However, by April 11, the title of “Supreme Head of the Church” passed through the two Houses, “but her Majesty is expected for some reason not to accept it.”† “Cecil went yesterday (April 10) to the Lower House and told them from the Queen that she thanked them greatly for their goodwill in offering her the title of Supreme Head of the Church, which, out of humility she was unwilling to accept, and asked them to devise some other form with regard to the supremacy or primacy,” writes de Feria to Philip.‡

Elizabeth, however, had not the slightest intention of losing, for the sake of “humility” or anything else, the position which she purposed to gain. “The news is,” writes de Feria again, on April 18, “that the Queen, having sent to the Parliament to say that she did not wish to take the title of ‘Head of the Church,’ and asking them to think of some other style, they have agreed that she shall be called ‘Governess of the Church,’ as it appears to them,” he adds ironically, “that it is different if put in this way.”§

Even de Feria, in his almost daily interviews with Elizabeth, found his manly straightforwardness and great diplomatic gifts powerless against her strategy. Ten days after his last letter he saw the Queen again (April 28), when she said “three or four very bad things. One was that she wished the Augustanean || confession to be maintained in her realm, whereat I was much surprised, and

\* *Foreign State Papers*, 504. April 6, 1559.

† Il Schifanoja, *Ven. Cal.*, vii, 58.

‡ *Spanish State Papers* (Simancas Archives), 1, 24.

§ *Ibid.* 27.

|| The Confession of Augusburg, presented to the Emperor Charles V, 1530. The matter was supplied by Luther, and the document drawn up by Melancthon. Cardinal Pole had protested strongly against this “Confession.”

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found fault with it all I could. . . . She then told me that it would not be the Augustanean confession, but something else like it, and that she differed very little from us, as she believed *that God was in the sacrament of the Eucharist*, and only dissented from three or four things in the Mass. After this she told me she did not wish to argue about religious matters. I told her neither did I, but desired to know what religion it was that she wanted to maintain.”\* Elizabeth, as usual, evaded, and a long conversation followed in which de Feria spoke as strongly as was prudent, and possible, about the harm she was doing, reminding her of Philip’s good offices with the Pope on her behalf. “I assured her . . . that I saw the ruin of her and her realm, and was grieved thereat.” “It is very troublesome to negotiate with this woman, as she is naturally changeable, and those around her are so blind . . . that they do not at all understand the state of affairs.” Matters were complicated by the question of Elizabeth’s marriage, and the claims of the numerous suitors for her hand.

“Parliament,” writes Il Schifanoja on May 2, “will rise this week, the two Houses having enacted that all the convents and monasteries of friars, monks, nuns, and Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem are to be suppressed as heretofore, and all these religious to be expelled.”† The session ended on May 8. “The Queen having confirmed,” says de Feria, “what had been adopted . . . she now remains governess of the Anglican Church. The Bishops and others . . . are as firm as on the first day. . . . It is a great pity to see what is going on here. From Easter they . . . begin to say the service everywhere in English, and they have already commenced to do so in the Queen’s chapel. They tell me that everything is worse even than in the time of King Edward. Lord Howard . . . spoke . . . in Parliament . . . to the effect that it was right the Queen’s wish should be complied with, as they were all her subjects, and she could very well be Head of the Church, as King Henry and King Edward had been. . . . In short . . . this country . . . has fallen into the hands of a woman who is a daughter of the devil, and the greatest scoundrels and heretics in the land. She is losing the regard of the people and the nobles. . . . I am much surprised to see the

\* *Spanish State Papers* (Simancas Archives), I, 29.

† *Ven. Cal.*, VII, 68.

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harmony and understanding that exist among the godly, who up to the present have shown no sign of wavering, and this makes me think that if there is to be a struggle it will be more hellish than ever.”\*

On May 24, de Feria left England for Brussels, Bishop Quadra of Aquila remaining as Spanish ambassador. The Bishop had already written several admirably descriptive letters to Philip and the Duke of Alva. Speaking, on May 10, of Elizabeth's acceptance of the title of "Governor" of the Church, he adds, "this is said to have been done on the ground that she may marry, and her husband might then take the title (of Head). It is only a question of words, as 'governor' and 'head,' after all, mean the same thing."†

On May 9, the Blessed Sacrament was taken away from the Queen's private chapel "and some sort of Mass was performed in English." "Religion here now," says the ambassador-bishop, "is simply a question of policy."‡ "With regard to religion," says Il Schifanoja, on May 30, "they live in all respects in the Lutheran fashion in all the churches of London, except St Paul's, which still keeps firm in its former state until . . . June 24." On Whitsunday "Mr Grindal§ preached at the Cross . . . [and] proclaimed the restoring of the book of King Edward, whereat the Lords and people made (or at least pretended) a wonderful rejoicing. . . . On Trinity Sunday, Mr Horn preached an excellent sermon at the Cross against Antichrist's vicar."||

At the end of May the Council summoned Bonner, Bishop of London, to resign. The Queen desired to appoint Mr Grindal. "A very good pension for life" was offered the Bishop, "to which he intrepidly replied that he would never (resign) and preferred death." He was answered: "consider well your case, and how you

\* *Spanish State Papers* (Simancas Archives), I, 31.

† *Ibid.*, 32.

‡ *Ibid.*, 32.

§ Future Bishop of London and Archbishop of Canterbury.

|| From a private letter. *State Papers* (Foreign Series), May 28, 1559 (781).



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will live." He rejoined: "It is true nothing else remains to me, but I hope in God, who will not fail me, and in my friends . . . as I shall be able to gain my livelihood by teaching children, which profession I did not disdain to exercise although I was a bishop; and should I not find anyone willing to accept my teaching, I am Doctor in the Laws and will resume the study of what I have long forgotten, and will thus gain my bread; and should this not succeed, I know how to labour with my hands in gardens and orchards, as in planting, grafting, sowing, etc., as well as any gardener in this kingdom; and should this also be insufficient I desire no other grace, favour, or privilege than what [her Majesty] grants to the mendicants who go through London from door to door, begging, that I may do the like if necessary." "The poor bishop," adds Il Schifanoja, "has taken sanctuary in Westminster Abbey."\*

On the last Sunday in May there was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament at Canterbury, at which three thousand people assisted,† the last which ever started from the Cathedral. The new law against the bishops was just being put into force, and the Council had deprived the Bishop and Dean of London, "casting them out of their church, changing the services, and doing away with the Holy Sacrament, which was done last Sunday, the 11th instant."‡ A difficulty had arisen about the deprivations, as lawyers urged that the Bishops could not be deprived for disobeying a law "whose adoption and promulgation they had always resisted," and the Council was divided on the question. "Notwithstanding all this, the Queen and her partizans are more steadfast than ever, and more determined to carry out this undertaking. The number and constancy of the Catholics, however, frighten them, because they see that they have not been able to gain over a single man of them, either

\**Ven. Cal.*, vii, 78.

†*Spanish State Papers* (Simancas Archives), i, 35. It was Sunday in the octave of Corpus Christi.

‡*Ibid.*, 36.

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with promises, threats, or by any other means. They have offered the Archbishop of York all his revenue, and will not administer the oath to him on condition that he consents to the appointment of a heretic vicar-general, but neither he, nor others to whom similar offers have been made, have consented.”\*

Amid the gathering gloom and awe of the deepening tragedy, there flashes here and there a spark of inextinguishable humour. “There has arrived here from Geneva”—that happy hunting-ground of heretics—“a physician of Toledo, a great heretic,” writes the Bishop of Aquila. “I do not know what sort of man he is, only that he has come here to live, and was . . . to-day . . . to speak to the Queen. He says he has come to know God!”

Il Schifanoja, in his last letter, June 27, 1559, gives the final news about the deprivations.

Six or eight Bishops have been deprived, not only of their bishoprics, but of all their other revenues. . . . Thus they will continue depriving . . . not only the bishops . . . but the . . . other prelates who will not consent to their abuses nor take the oath, the form of which is enclosed . . . and I think I never saw the like. Yesterday these good reverend fathers underwent their deprivation, and received orders where they are to dwell . . . they being humble, abject, and habited like simple and poor priests—a sight which would have grieved you. But . . . *Ibant gaudentes a conspectu concilii*, being followed by a wonderful concourse of the common people, . . . but the Bishops tolerated everything patiently for the love of Christ . . . . Not one turncoat [has] yet been found.†

He adds that the Abbot and his monks have been turned out of Westminster. “We have no longer Masses anywhere, except in the houses of the French and Spanish ambassadors. All the Friars and monks have . . . gone away, although the Carthusians do not choose to depart till they are compelled to do so by force, which will soon,” he adds significantly, “be used.”

“The Queen,” says the Bishop of Aquila, writing next day, “has heresy so implanted in her very bones that it is certainly to be feared that the devil may make her his instrument for doing great evil.”‡ On July 1 he writes to

\**Ibid.*

† *Ven. Cal.*, VII, 82.

‡ *Spanish State Papers* (Simancas Archives), I, 40.

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say that in the North they have refused the oath, and the new church service, and also in the Winchester diocese, "and all is in confusion." Among the gallant band of bishops there had not been, as Il Schifanoja says, "*one turncoat*." Now, a second Judas was to arise.

"I understand," writes the Spanish ambassador, "that the Bishop of Llandaff"\* who is a greedy old man with but little learning, is wavering, and it is feared he may take the oath, as he is wearing a bishop's garb again, lately I . . . sent to visit him and console him, . . . but he has given way, notwithstanding. The rest of them are firm, each in the place appointed for him."†

The conclusion of the whole matter can perhaps best be summed up in the words of the Bishop of Aquila, in his letter to Philip, July 27, 1559.

I have lost all hope in the affairs of this woman. She is convinced of the soundness of her unstable power, and will only see her error when she is irretrievably lost. In religious matters she has been saturated ever since she was born in a bitter hatred to our Faith, and her one object is to destroy it. If your Majesty were to give her life and all in it, as you did once before, she would never be more friendly than she is now, and she would, if she had the power, sow heresy broadcast in all your Majesty's dominions to-day, and set them ablaze without compunction. Besides this, her language (learnt from Italian heretic friars who brought her up) is so shifty that it is the most difficult thing in the world to negotiate with her. With her all is falsehood and vanity.‡

\* Kitchin.

† *Spanish State Papers* (Simancas Archives), 1, 46.

‡ *Ibid*, 1, 53.

# SOME MALAYAN SUPERSTITIONS

THE Malay Peninsula, up to the year 1874—when the British Government, very properly shocked by the naughtiness of its people, initiated an age of peace by a series of tiresome little wars—was one immense forest, stretching in an unbroken expanse from the shores of the Straits of Malacca on the west, and of the China Sea on the east, to the summits of the long chain of mountains which forms a sort of backbone from north to south. The only highways were the innumerable beautiful, but shallow rivers, and a network of slender footpaths. The entire population lived on the banks of the streams, and nicked out of the forest little plots of land which they cultivated indolently. The material, social, moral and intellectual conditions then prevailing had endured unchanging through the centuries.

The earliest occupants of the Peninsula, of whom we have any record, were Negrits—small, soot-black creatures, with prognathous features and crisp woolly hair—similar to the race which inhabits the Andaman Islands. These people, with few exceptions, had never progressed beyond the stage of the primitive, nomadic hunter; lived in rough, temporary lean-to huts; subsisted upon roots, game and fish; and roamed at large through the forest, in small family groups, seeking hungrily for food.

Somewhat more advanced than the Negrits were the Sâkai,—a race of fair, slender men, with abundant wavy hair,—closely allied ethnologically to many of the hill-tribes of the *Hinterland* of Indo China. They, too, were jungle-dwellers, who relied greatly upon roots and game and fish for their sustenance; but they had learned to build huts of a semi-permanent character, and to cultivate crops of rice and maize and tapioca, in clearings burned out of the forest. Also, they lived in small village communities, and not, like the Negrits, in single families.

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Next, and often confounded with the "tamer" Sâkai, were tribes of jungle-dwelling Malays. These had escaped conversion to Muhammadanism, and were descended from the first men of their race who, in pre-historic times, surged northward from the islands of the Archipelago to invade the shores of the Peninsula.

Lastly, there were the dominant Malays themselves, the off-spring of a second wave of their people, who came from Sumatra and who absorbed and subsequently converted to Muhammadanism many of the original Malayan inhabitants.

The Negrits, the Sâkai and the pagan Malays are to this day, as are the majority of jungle-dwellers, believers in a rude form of pantheism, which regards most localities and many inanimate objects as being inhabited by, or as being under the special protection of certain tutelary spirits. Similar beliefs prevailed among the more civilized Malays who later dominated the Peninsula; nor have these been eradicated by the other religious influences which have been brought to bear upon these people in the course of their history.

In order to understand something of the mental attitude of the average Malay towards things supernatural, it is necessary to remember that his beliefs are a sort of conglomerate formed by the imposition, one upon the other, of several successive *strata* of religions. The natural instinctive pantheism of the man who lives in close touch with Nature, in lands where she is most lavish and her handicraft most beautiful, is, so to speak, the bed-rock; but this is overlaid by fragments of Hindu mythology; while the Malay himself is fully persuaded that he is a Muhammadan.

For a period lasting some seven hundred years from the beginning of the sixth century of our era, the great Khmer empire, with its capital at Angkor, overshadowed all other kingdoms in south-eastern Asia, and the Brahmanistical atmosphere which it exhaled was breathed by the people of the Peninsula. The magic practices of the Malays, the titles by which the Spirits are addressed in their invoca-

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tions, and the jargon used by their medicine-men owe much to Hinduism. They have been comparatively little affected by the Muhammadanism which the natives of the Peninsula to-day profess.

Their conversion to the Faith of Muhammad was effected by the trader-missionaries from Arabia and the Persian Gulf who—during the long period when the rise of the Muhammadan power in the middle East, and its inveterate enmity with the Christians of Europe, completely excluded the latter from Asia—swarmed over all the countries of the eastern world. These men were inspired by an intense pride in their religion, and this, coupled with an insolent contempt for the unbeliever, wrought miracles of proselytism in many lands. When they encountered a formulated religious system, such as the Hinduism of India, the Buddhism of Burma and Ceylon, or the Christianity of south-western Europe, their success was only partial; but in localities where they had to contend only against the primitive superstitions of semi-civilized peoples—as was the case in the Sudan, on the northern and eastern littorals of Africa, in the Maldives and in the Malay Peninsula and Archipelago—they carried all before them.

This conversion, however—in so far, at any rate, as the Malays are concerned—was and is mainly superficial.

The Muhammadan Malay of to-day attaches immense importance to the dietary laws of the Prophet; obeys scrupulously his ordinances anent fasting throughout Ramathân; and respects (though he usually neglects) his injunctions to recite prayers daily at each of the five appointed hours. In common with all true believers in the religion which, above all others, is based, not on humility, but on pride, he holds in deep disdain all other faiths and the benighted creatures who sinfully adhere to them; but his own conduct is not notably influenced by the precepts of his Prophet, and as an ethical system Muhammadanism can hardly be said to exist for him. It is necessary to bear these facts in mind, for otherwise it were difficult to understand how it comes to pass that

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the Malays, who are professed Muhammadans and who are inordinately proud of their religion, concurrently hold beliefs which are an abomination in the sight of Islam, and are addicted to practices which are forbidden to all orthodox Muslîm.

From the cradle to the grave, the average Malay lives and moves in a world peopled by supernatural beings, in whose reality he believes with a simplicity and intensity of conviction that in Europe is reserved for the use of the religious enthusiast.

Before the new-born child—whose arrival has been aided by charms and incantations, which are a strange jumble of pantheistical, Hindu and Muhammadan invocations—is laid in the hammock slung for its reception, the evil spirits have first to be expelled. To this end, by the beating of drums and the chanting of words, the meaning of which is obscure even to those who utter them, and who have learned them by rote from older generations of hereditary traffickers with the unseen, a spirit has been lured into the body of a magician, who may chance to be either a man or a woman. Apparently possessed, with flowing hair and staring eyes, this witch or wizard has stalked around the hammock, muttering words hardly audible to those present, and then has stood swinging the cradle while a black cat has three successive times been placed in it, and caused to leap out of it by the discomfort of its motion. Next a worn casting-net, which has been dipped in *těpong tâwar*—the “holy water” of Malayan magic—is suspended above the hammock; and then, and not till then, is the infant laid to rest in it.

These precautions are taken in order to evict, and thereafter to exclude from the cradle, the evil spirit which bears a peculiar hatred to babies, and is ever on the watch to enter into possession of their defenceless bodies. She makes her presence known by the spasmodic twitching of the tiny hands and feet—causes, in fact, infantile convulsions—and it is curious to note that the first signs

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which the medicine-men show of approaching demoniacal possession are invariably similar contractions of the muscles of their extremities.

This spirit is called the *Pěn-anggal*—a substantive derived from the verb *tanggal*, “to undo”—which may be translated The Undone One; and she is supposed to be the wraith of a woman who has died in child-birth. She consists, men say, of a ghastly face, contorted with pain and anger, with masses of black, wildly floating hair; a nude bust, and a comet’s tail of blood-stained streamers. The rest of her body is missing. Through a child she has greatly suffered, and the vindictive hatred of infancy which is ascribed to her is logical enough. The still-born babe, meanwhile, has been transformed, so far as its spirit is concerned, into a little white animal—the *Mâtiânak*—which is occasionally to be seen haunting the grave in which the infant’s body has been laid. This spirit is supposed to be peculiarly liable to capture by dealers in the occult, who possess knowledge of the requisite incantations and ritual. By them, at certain phases of the moon, and after due preparation, the corpse of the baby is exhumed, and by charms is restored to life. Presently it is laughing and crowing as the witch or wizard dandles it; and at the psychological moment the tip of its tongue must be bitten off and swallowed. Then, with haste, the body must be reinterred, in spite of the little creature’s cries and wails; and thereafter its spirit becomes the familiar of the magician.

It is now called variously a *Pôlong* or *Pëlèsit*, and it begins rapidly, by all accounts, to develop certain inconvenient qualities. It has an insatiable appetite, and can only temporarily be satisfied with milk and eggs. Soon it demands to be allowed to enter into the body of some man or woman, that it may feast thereon at its leisure; and if this be too long denied to it, the Frankenstein who has brought this monster into existence runs a serious risk of being himself devoured by it.

Knowing by tradition the origin of the familiar spirit, and every detail of the process whereby it is to be domes-



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ticated—holding these beliefs, too, not with the shadowy faith of Europe, but with the unquestioning acceptance of the supernatural which is part of the mental habit of the Oriental peasant—the average Malay sees in every protracted illness fresh and conclusive evidence of the truth of his superstition. Moreover, since his Muhammadism is only skin-deep, whereas his natural paganism is ingrained in every atom of his being, it is with magic, forbidden of the Prophet, that he seeks to rout the enemy.

At once a medicine-man is called in—a *Pâwang*, he is locally termed—who is usually a descendant of a long line of wizards. He is accompanied by a troop of men and women—drum-beaters and chanters of incantations—who are likewise the hereditary preservers of a tradition far more ancient than Muhammadanism. They come after dark, and among them they contrive to give the sick man as noisy and distracted a night as the perverse ingenuity of man, the clamour of discordant song, the throbbing of drums, and the exhaustion of all air within the hut, can combine to provide.

The singers of the old-world invocation to spirits unrecognized by Muslim theology embrace the great goat-skin drums (*rěbâna*), shaped like gigantic tambourines, thump them with the flat of their fingers and the base of their palms, drawing from them a pulsing, rhythmical cadence, indescribably restless and exciting, what time their voices rise and fall in clamorous entreaty.

The medicine-man, nude to the waist, with a wisp of white rag confining his elf-locks, sits cross-legged on a mat in the centre of the hut, surrounded by the musicians. Near him is a brazier, giving off heavy fumes of incense. The heat and the closeness of the atmosphere are appalling.

The wizard holds in each hand bunches of herbs dipped in *těpong tâwar*. His head is bowed upon his breast. His lips mutter ceaselessly, though no audible sound comes from them.

Then, after a period of waiting, which may be short,

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or may last for an hour or more, suddenly a spasmodic contraction of the muscles of his feet and hands becomes visible. Very gradually this is transformed into a sort of tremor, which affects a larger and larger area, and which resembles nothing more closely than the effect of a breath of cool air playing upon the surface of red-hot metal. It seems to pass upward, downward and inward from his extremities, to meet at last in the centre of his body, when he flings himself about on the mat, lashing out with arms and legs, in strong convulsions.

He is now possessed, and when the first paroxysm has subsided he will occasionally give evidence of his supernatural condition by burying his hands or feet in the glowing embers of the brazier, or by subjecting himself, with apparent immunity from injury, to other similar experiences of a painful nature.

About this time it often happens that individuals among the spectators become similarly affected, rolling on the floor and foaming at the mouth, with wails and outcry—much as at a revivalist meeting, onlookers fall victims to the prevailing religious enthusiasm.

The presence of the spirit within the body of the magician having been tested and proved to the satisfaction of the audience, it is usual next to interrogate him as to the cause of the sickness from which the patient, on whose behalf the *séance* has been held, is suffering. More frequently still the invalid is himself worked by the medicine-man and his assistants into an hypnotic condition, in which he is questioned by the wizard. In either case the replies elicited are invariably the same, and the illness is declared to be due to the presence of a familiar spirit in the body of the sufferer. Speaking in strange, far-away accents the magician or his victim describe the reputed owner of the familiar, by paraphrases which leave no doubt as to his or her identity; and occasionally the sick man will even declare himself—or rather the demon by which he is possessed—to be the “child” of So-and-So, naming the nearest individual who is popularly believed to be possessed of a *pôlong*.

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As this is the information which every soul in the hut has been expecting, ever since the arrival of the wizard, it is greeted with general satisfaction. It is felt by each man present to prove triumphantly the soundness of the local superstition, and incidentally to confirm his belief in his own acumen.

The rest of the night is spent in noisy efforts to dislodge the intruder, which not infrequently result in a notable rise in the temperature of the sick man. Then, in the good old days, the reputed owner of the familiar was apt to die in circumstances of great suddenness and discomfort. That white men—who prate so eternally of justice and are by way of attaching so much weight to evidence—should call this *murder* and punish it as such, while they utterly disregard the conclusive proofs of the wizard's guilt, with which an entire population is ready and willing to supply them, is one of the many things which render the common-sense of the British repugnant and incomprehensible to the common-sense of the Malay.

Another superstition of the Malays which, time and again, has been confirmed by an abundance of circumstantial evidence, of a kind which even the incredulity of the European finds it difficult to explain or brush aside, is that of the were-tiger. The fear inspired in the human mind by the presence of beasts of prey, intense though it be, can hardly be held altogether to account for the universality of this myth, which has been evolved, apparently in many instances, independently—by the Esquimaux of the Arctic Circle, the Red Indians of North America, the peasantry of Europe, and most of the peoples of Asia. Among the Malays it is accepted as a truth more completely and conclusively proven than is the guilt of half the criminals whose ill-fortune decrees that, to use the local idiom, they should “get gaol,” as other people “get” fever or dysentery.

In a district called Ulu Slim, in the native State of Pêrak, in the year 1884, a girl who had been married to a

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man from Korinchi in Sumatra, claimed to have seen her husband change before her very eyes from a tiger into a human being. Alone and at night she fled through the jungle to the house of her parents—an extraordinary act for any Malay woman to accomplish, seeing that few men of that race would dare to attempt it; while her husband, though he was fond of her, had married her very recently, and had paid a handsome dowry for her, made no effort to refute her story or to recover his bride. Shortly afterwards a tiger was wounded by a spring-gun which had been set over its kill of the night before,—a buffalo which belonged to Pēnghûlu Mat Saleh, the headman of the village. The Pēnghûlu with a small posse of followers, tracked the limping beast by its blood-trail into the fenced compound of the Korinchi man, but were denied access to him by one of his sons, who declared that his father was suffering from a severe bout of fever. High words were exchanged, and the young man and his brother assumed a truculent demeanour and threatened bloodshed if the headman and his followers did not forthwith depart; which they proceeded to do, in spite of their anger, since they had a wholesome understanding of the white men's dislike for breaches of the peace. As they descended the stair-ladder which led from the doorway of the house to the ground, one of them called the Pēnghûlu's attention to a red patch by which the earth was discoloured, at a place just under the spot where the invalid might be supposed to be lying in the interior room. It might, the headman stated, have been caused by the over-setting of a spittoon into which many betel-chewers had expectorated,—or it might have resulted from the washing with water of a wound which had bled freely. The headman had to trudge many miles to lay his information, and it was not until two days and three nights of rain had elapsed that the compound was visited by a European. It was then found to be deserted, the Korinchi man and his sons having absconded secretly and by night, carrying as much of their portable property as possible with them, but abandoning their new and hand-

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some house and their standing crops. This was very remarkable, for the Korinchi people are a thrifty race who love their possessions passionately; and at first it was fancied that the simple villagers of Ulu Slim had quietly murdered these strangers, trumping up a cock-and-bull story to conceal their crime. The Korinchi men, however, turned up shortly afterwards in another district of the Peninsula quite unharmed,—except that the father of the family limped slightly with one leg.

I have known men hanged in the East, and in England too, on evidence by no means so conclusive.

I could cite many other instances of a similar character; but for the present purpose the above will suffice. I have little doubt that the belief in the were-wolf, which was current in Europe till the last of the wolves was exterminated, was buttressed up by histories no whit less circumstantial or convincing.

Some of the legendary traditions of the Malays are interesting, not only for themselves, but because they present curious parallels to myths with which the study of the beliefs of Greece and Rome have made us familiar. One of these, for instance, is the legend of the supernatural being Sang Kělēmbai, whose story seems to suggest a confused version of the history of Prometheus and of that of Medusa.

Sang Kělēmbai turned to stone, not those who beheld his awful countenance, but all things to which he spoke. The banks and beds of the rivers of the Malay Peninsula are studded with great granite boulders, in the rugged outlines of which a fanciful imagination may detect a likeness to some living creature, or to some common, inanimate object. Each of these has its distinctive name, such as the elephant stone (*bātu gâjah*), the rice-pot stone (*bātu prîuk*) and the like; and to the inquiry put to him as to how these things came to be petrified, the Malay will reply simply: *Těgor Sang Kělēmbai*—it was addressed by Sang Kělēmbai.

Like Prometheus, Sang Kělēmbai brought to men the

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gift of fire; and he also inadvertently instructed them in the useful art of cooking food and how to make and use a casting net. Human beings, by their cunning, filched his secrets from him; and, aided by a fortunate combination of circumstances, in the end inspired him with such fear that he fled panic-stricken from the earth.

The fame of Sang Kělēmbai and the evidences of his powers are widespread throughout the Malay Peninsula; but it is at a spot on the right bank of the Těmběling river—one of the main confluent which, after their junction, combine to form the Pahang—that he came into contact with mankind. This place is in the very centre of the long flight of rapids, by which the valley of the Těmběling is divided into two sections, and the bed of the stream and the rugged banks that confine it are heaped fantastically with immense granite boulders. Here it was that Sang Kělēmbai fashioned the first casting-net, and here he cooked the fish which he caught, kindling for the purpose the first fire. His rice-pot and the tripod upon which it stood, both in a state of petrification, are shown to the curious even to this day, as also are the weights of his gigantic casting-net—a number of stones ranged by chance in a roughly circular form. The net itself he destroyed with fire, lest men should surprise his secret method of catching fish; but human beings stole the smouldering embers, and observing the form of the ashes, were able to imitate the net.

Meanwhile Sang Kělēmbai had had some curious experiences. Tradition tells nothing concerning his origin, who he was, nor whence he came; but he was a magician of marked limitations and a craven spirit. His daughter died of eating a mango, which proved poisonous to her, though to human beings it is among the most wholesome of fruits; and he himself, misled by false conclusions drawn from his observation of mankind, was filled with fears which ultimately drove him to quit the earth.

Roaming through a bamboo-brake, he saw a waist-cloth dangling from the topmost branches of one of the tallest

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canes. The owner of the garment had pulled the bamboo down, had hung his cloth upon it, and then, releasing it, had suffered it to spring erect once more; but this simple explanation did not occur to Sang Kělēmbai. "How monstrous," he exclaimed, "must be this race of beings who use the tree-tops for their clothes-horses!"

A little further on he found an aged man asleep in a hammock slung between two trunks. The old fellow's head was glassy with baldness; his jaws were toothless. Sang Kělēmbai, looking on him, conceived that he was a new-born babe. "How can I hope to withstand a people whose infants are the size of full-grown folk?"

Then he called together certain monsters of the forest—the dragon, the fiery rhinoceros, the lion, the tiger and the elephant—announced to them his intention of departing forthwith from the dangerous proximity of mankind, and invited them to accompany him. The first three consented to go with him, and they never since have been seen on earth—or, at any rate, not in the Malay Peninsula; but the tiger and the elephant demurred, declaring that they felt themselves equal to the task of coping with man. Sang Kělēmbai warned them—the tiger that he would be the life-long foe of men, and in the end would always be worsted in the struggle; the elephant, that he would by men be reduced to slavery; both prophecies which have come true, but they turned deaf ears to him, and are still suffering for their obstinacy.

All of which reads like a fairy-tale; but to the Malays of the Těmběling valley, who have the evidences of these happenings before their very eyes, the story of Sang Kělēmbai has more historical value and authority than has that of Hang Tûah, the great Laksamâna, who fought against the Portuguese in the defence of Malacca in 1511.

The superstitions connected with the jungle are almost as numerous as the trees which compose it, and, in com-

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mon with every great forest which has impressed itself upon the imagination of man by the might of its gloom, its majesty and its mystery, the woodlands of Malaya possess their Spectre Huntsman. He was, in the beginning, tradition tells, a prince whose wife during the period of her pregnancy passionately desired to eat of the meat of a stag which, in defiance of the laws of sex, must itself be big with young. The prince, finding her inconsolable, and fearing for her life, set forth to seek for the impossible creature whereof the flesh would alone have the power to satisfy her craving; and hunting through the forest, to the great disturbance of its peace, he had the ill fortune to offend some of the jungle demons. They forthwith cursed him, and doomed him for ever to hunt vainly, without pause or rest, with the back of his head fixed to the nape of his neck, in such a manner that his gaze is directed upward, so that he can no longer follow a track nor see the beasts that rustle through the underwood around him. The flycatchers, which abound in the meadow lands by the banks of rivers, are said to be variously his hounds and his casting-net; and when they fly in flocks by night—upside-down, as it is supposed, and with their feet in the air—offerings are made to them, and entreaties shouted to them through the darkness that they will lead the Spectre far from human dwellings.

It is impossible even to conjecture the origin of beliefs such as this; yet Malays are to be met with, not infrequently, who certainly believe themselves to have seen this demon.

The foregoing will suffice to supply the reader with a few more or less typical examples of the superstitious beliefs and practices of the Malays, but they can convey no just idea of the extent to which these things enter into the daily life of the people.

The superstitions connected with their weapons, with hunting, with fishing, with planting, with procuring *gëtab* and other jungle-produce, with starting upon a



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journey, with luck or ill-luck in trading, etc., would each fill more pages than are allotted to this article; and a knowledge of these things was, a very few years ago, a matter of considerable importance to any man who lived alone among them, and on whose *prestige* much depended. If by his carelessness, his ignorance or his neglect, he committed acts, or omitted observances upon which, in the eyes of his followers, his good or his evil fortune might hang, their belief in him and in his wisdom were like to be rudely shaken. No man, in such a position, for example, could cut his nails after sun-down. To do so would be to invite the entry into his body of malevolent spirits, and the consequences might well prove deplorable to him and to those connected with him. No Malay would suffer another to sleep during the twilight hour, for this is a period at which the mind must be on the alert to resist the encroachment of wandering demons. This belief, it is probable, had its rise in the fact that the sudden fall of temperature, which occurs at sunset in the Malay Peninsula, is likely to cause a chill to one who does not take the precaution of drawing his garments more closely around him; but such an explanation would be scouted as an absurdity by the average Malay. To him supernatural causation is always as plausible and as probable as any which Europeans would describe as natural. Few Malays would willingly pronounce their own names, being convinced that this is an ill-omened act, since it is calculated to invite the notice of the powers of evil to the individual. It is therefore more mannerly to ask a bystander to supply the required information; and if the enquirer omit this formality, the Malay addressed will usually himself appeal to some third party, requesting him to answer the awkward question. Similarly, when in the jungle, Malays are often loath to speak of a tiger, except by a paraphrase—such as “He of the hairy face,” or “The striped one”—since it is thought that the attention of the creature may be attracted by the sound of his name. Inversely, when charms are being recited with a view to insuring the success of a search for *gētab*

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or other jungle-produce, the name of the object is never pronounced, lest the spirits watching over it should be put upon their guard. The Sâkai carry this reluctance to mention proper names still further, and on occasion, among the wilder tribes, no use whatever is made of them except as direct vocatives; and I have known a small boy whisper the names of his relatives to the inquiring stranger, with a furtive gusto that proved him to be revelling in a delightful consciousness of mischief and wrongdoing. But here again, as Mr Edward Clodd has shown in his book *Tom, Tit, Tot*, the superstitions connected with the use of names alone suffice to fill a volume.

Taboo, which plays so important a part in the practices and beliefs of the Polynesians, has a force hardly less great among the Malays. The word used by them is *pantang*, which may be roughly translated "forbidden"; and the traveller in the Peninsula is constantly finding evidences of the restrictions which in that name are imposed. From time to time he will notice a string hung with leaves suspended across the doorway of a hut, or the approach to a native compound, and this is a sign that the place in question is *pantang*—i.e. forbidden to strangers—for a period of days. It means that the house contains a man who is suffering from some illness which is being treated magically by the local medicine-man, who has ordained the exclusion of all strangers for a space, as a necessary condition if his spells are to work satisfactorily. Similarly, if the crops show signs of failure or disease, they are medicined by charms and invocations, and the fields are for a time declared to be *pantang*. If the *pantang* is inadvertently broken by an intruding stranger, the latter becomes liable, according to Malay custom, for all fees paid to the medicine-man.

When a woman is pregnant, she and her husband are hedged about by restrictions. He is forbidden, for instance, to sit in the doorway of his hut—which is the usual seat of the master of the house during the hours of

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daylight—lest the birth should be difficult. He must not kill or maim any living creature; while she must be careful not to decry or miscall anyone, or to allude to any infirmity of body or mind, lest the same should be reproduced in her offspring. If an eclipse of the moon chance to occur during the months of her pregnancy, she is made to sit in the fire-place of the hut, with the basket-work rest, upon which the hot rice-pot is ordinarily set, upon her head as a cap, and with the long wooden rice-spoon stuck like a knife in her girdle, until the shadow has passed; but I have never heard any Malay give a plausible explanation of the meaning of these observances. During the whole period of her pregnancy she is never allowed to close her eyes between sun-rise and sun-set, lest evil spirits should enter into possession of the child.

When the Malay goes upon the war-path, he for a space deems many articles of ordinary diet *pantang*, recites charms daily, and takes other precautions with a view to rendering himself invulnerable, or at least to averting bullet and knife-blade from himself. He also believes that his courage is to be increased by supernatural means, and when an enemy is killed, the young warriors, though giving evidences of intense aversion, swallow the blood of their foeman, or even eat a small piece of the flesh cut from near the region of the dead man's heart, in order to augment their valour. This, it is probable, is a survival from an age when the Malays were addicted to cannibal practices in time of war, as were the Maoris of New Zealand up to the middle of last century. Malay warriors also have an intense belief in the virtue of certain objects to avert bullets from those who carry them. The most common of these are a piece of Malacca cane which has about it some malformation; but even more valued are the *gulîga*—stones which are supposed to have been extracted from the head of a snake or from the bodies of porcupines or other animals. On the other hand, there are some objects which are confidently believed to attract bullets, and no Malay, for instance,

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will carry a rifle which has a knot in the wood of its stock. Similarly a *kris* which, when measured in certain conventional ways, gives results which are regarded as unsatisfactory, will at once be discarded when danger is afoot, no matter how beautiful it may be; and a knife-blade, the watering of which shows like a crack springing from the base, is valueless, because that mark indicates that the weapon will "turn traitor" to its owner in the moment of necessity—usually by causing him to forget that he is armed.

It would be possible almost indefinitely to multiply instances of similar inconsequent notions; but I have said enough, perhaps, to show how large a place the belief in magic and the supernatural causation of good and of ill fortune fills in the mind of the average Malay, and how materially his conduct is regulated by such considerations. Most of this, of course, is hateful to Muhammadan orthodoxy, but not the least curious feature of Malayan magic is the manner in which shreds of Muhammadan prayer and invocation are woven into charms and spells which are of purely pagan origin. Instances of the same sort may be cited as occurring nearer at home; as, for example, the pleasant custom of kissing maidens under the mistletoe during the winter solstice—a purified survival of certain Druidical observances—which we have now learned to associate with the rejoicings that celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Our Lord—an event which occurred, according to the original tradition, on March 23.

The explanations which the Malays offer to account for certain natural phenomena are curious and interesting.

The rise and fall of the tides, for instance, are explained in the following manner.

At the bottom of the sea there is said to be an enormous hole, which is called *Pûsat Tâsek*—a term meaning literally the Navel of the Lake—beside which grows a supernatural tree called the Pauh Janggi, in the branches

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of which the *Bûrong Gêrôda*—the Griffin of Hindu mythology—nests and roosts. In this hole there lives a gigantic crab, which fills with its bulk the whole of the orifice. Twice daily, however, it emerges and goes in search of its food; whereupon the waters pour into the hole and the tide is seen to ebb. When the monster returns, the tide rises, since the rivers empty themselves into the sea, and the hole no longer serves as an outlet.

The rainbow is said to be a spirit called *Plangi*, which stoops out of the skies to drink of the waters of the earth. It is also supposed to be greatly attracted by precious metals; and the present writer remembers an occasion when the inopportune appearance of this demon served him a very ill turn. In April, 1897, I chanced to be travelling by a little known route from one part of the State of Pahang to another, and the men who had accompanied me across the hills, which divided two river systems, were unused to difficult navigation, and were unacquainted with the rapid-beset stream down which we had presently to raft. The result was a series of hair-erecting experiences, culminating late one afternoon in the total destruction of the leading raft—a fragile structure of bamboos fastened together, side by side—upon which I happened to be seated. We had to swim for our lives, and my belt, to which were attached pouches containing a gold watch, some money and other valuables, sank in a pool not twenty yards from the sand-bank on to which we scrambled. Hardly had we got ashore than I set my men to work to dive, in the hopes of recovering my property; but a heavy tropical downpour presently caused us to desist. It lasted for about a quarter of an hour, and then the sun came out once more; and forthwith a rainbow appeared, cleaving downward through the banks of forest, its end touching the water, apparently, in the very centre of the pool. Never before or since have I seen a rainbow at such close quarters, and at the moment the beauty and the strangeness of the effect delighted me. It was less pleasing, however, to discover, a moment

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after it had vanished, that all chance of recovering my lost valuables had vanished too. My Malays, to please me, and with a certain air of pitying my ignorance, made a courteous pretence to dive in search of them; but, to a man they were convinced that the *Plangi* had possessed himself of the gold and silver, and their efforts were of the most perfunctory and half-hearted description.

The stone implements which are found scattered broadcast over the Malay Peninsula, are believed by the Malays to be thunderbolts—a superstition which is shared by many native races in all parts of the world. By some Malays it is regarded as lucky to possess one of these stones—much as the hanging up of a horseshoe is supposed in England to bring good fortune; but generally they are valued only as serviceable whet-stones.

Eclipses of the moon are supposed by the Malays—as, indeed, by the natives of the East generally—to be caused by a dragon which from time to time attempts to swallow the moon. When an eclipse occurs the natives rush out into the open air, shouting, beating drums, clanging iron vessels together and doing all they can to raise a mighty tumult, the object of which is to frighten the dragon away and cause him to abandon his prey. During the whole period occupied by an eclipse these efforts are not relaxed, and the earnestness and persistence of the noise-mongers leaves no doubt as to the reality of their conviction that the continued existence of the moon depends largely on their exertions.

In a book entitled *Malay Magic* (Macmillan. 1899) Messrs Skeat and Blagden have collected together a comprehensive account of most of the superstitious beliefs, observances and practices of the Malays, and have made some attempt to trace the origin from which many of them have sprung. The subject, however, is far more vast than even a study of that portly volume would lead the reader to suppose; and the sources from which Malay

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superstitions draw their inspiration are often very obscure. Even the material history of the Malays of the Peninsula affords more matter for conjecture than does that of any other well-known Asiatic race. It tells of a civilization that attained to a state of society very closely resembling that which prevailed in England in feudal times, without becoming possessed of a literature, without building any enduring monuments, without leaving behind it any authentic record of its progress; yet, though numerically inferior to its neighbours upon the mainland of Asia, the Malayan people contrived to resist invasion and subjection, maintained its identity intact, and in certain arts—notably those of the gold- and silver-smith, the dyer, the weaver, the ship-builder and the navigator—achieved a considerable eminence. The intellectual history of the Malays, however, presents to the student of anthropology problems even more tangled than those which the questions of its origin and its advancement offer for solution. The race may, in some sort, be regarded as a missing link between the people of Polynesia and the nations of the Asiatic continent. Its intercourse with the former must, at some remote period of its history, have been frequent and intimate; among the latter it is no more than an intruder; yet by both, its beliefs in spiritual and supernatural things have been moulded and influenced.

This is the fact that lends to an examination of Malayan superstitions a somewhat special interest. By Messrs Skeat and Blagden an immense array of data has been placed on record, and additions to this are being made periodically, by the Government of the Federated Malay States, in a series of brochures issued by them under the editorship of Mr Wilkinson, a Malay scholar of high repute. The task of analysis and comparison, however, still remains to be attempted, and its successful accomplishment will call for very wide knowledge, and for unusual insight into the workings of primitive minds.

The simple nature-worship of the original Malays

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probably had much in common with, affected, and was affected by, the superstitions of the Polynesians. It has certainly borrowed much from the Sâkai of the Malay Peninsula, and, it may be, even from the Negrits. It was subjected for many centuries to the influence of the Brahmanism of Kambodia, which differed from the Brahmanism of India in that it filtered to Malaya through half the peoples who live between the Ganges and the China Sea. It has been moulded in some degree by constant intercourse with the inhabitants of Siam and southern China; and finally it has been overlaid by a veneer of Muhammadanism. The result is a sort of patchwork of beliefs, superstitions, legends and magical observances to which it would be difficult to find a counterpart in any other land; the assortment of which into its component parts still awaits the attention of a scholar of the type of the author of *The Golden Bough*.

HUGH CLIFFORD



## ROMANCE:

JUST a hundred years ago\* a Frenchwoman of Swiss descent and Northern sympathies, the brilliant daughter of the ineffectual Necker, informed her untravelled countrymen that "the name romantic had been lately brought into use in Germany, to denote that kind of poetry which began with the songs of the troubadours and sprang from chivalry and the Christian faith." The Germans it was, I think, who first spun theories about Romance, in support of their great rebellion against the French taste (as it was then called) in literature. Their rallying-cry, by good fortune, was a word which its ancestry apparently predestined to merge a local impulse in a general movement of European cultivation. Etymologists tell us that the Roman world—Romania—wrote Latin but talked *romanicè*. After the Empire crumbled *romanz* in Gaul was the vernacular, distinguished alike from the instrument of clerks and the speech of the invaders; and when the vernacular aspired to artistic composition, the name was given to anything written in it, but especially to any fabulous narrative in verse or, later on, in prose. No other word could recall so well an age when one language expressed the soul of Western Christendom, or better serve to contrast our art with that of the ancients, since it designates, in many languages, a characteristic literary form. The genuine treasure of Old French indeed was hardly yet suspected when those ineluctable categories of classic and romantic were invented; but the fame of the troubadours and the Crusaders—l'épée et la guitare—as well as a flavour of more recent fiction, lingered in the vague associations of a popular epithet indifferently applied, in the eighteenth century, to legends and chimeras and ruins, to the wildness of a landscape, to strange adventures, to an amiable extravagance of sentiment or conduct. Such, at any rate, was the fascination

\*Mme de Staël's work, *De l'Allemagne*, was printed in 1810, but its publication was frustrated by the Imperial censorship, and it first appeared in London three years later.

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of the word, that it speedily attracted in several countries all the friends of a widespread, multiform and incoherent revolution, and gave them leave to represent it as a return to the steady tradition of Christian art, unwisely broken by a long interregnum of common-sense and borrowed paganism.

What is really the relation between the essential spirit of medieval poetry and that of the imaginative revival which changed, or seemed to change, the current of our literature a hundred years ago? Is it as close as it appeared to the uninstructed enthusiasm of our great-grandfathers, who had but sparse or blurred impressions of the first, and could not foresee the race which Romanticism, their nursing, was to run? Is it even as close as some still hold, who have witnessed the ebbing of that flood, and have access to a vast literature laboriously disinterred by two or three generations of scholars? The question is surely not idle, though it would need a great many pages to examine, and a familiarity with a hundred typical masterpieces to which I have no sort of pretension. That the two periods have common elements wanting to others I should not care to dispute: but it is a virtual identity of attitude and inspiration that is often assumed or implied in a favourite view of modern literature which links two distant ages together in opposition to a third. I cannot do more than suggest a doubt of its justice in the course of some remarks which have occurred to me while reading a brief, but most valuable, contribution to the subject of Romance—the address recently delivered before the University of Edinburgh by its Lord Rector, Mr George Wyndham.\*

This discourse has all the charm and all the solidity which might have been expected from the humanism of its author; it is learned, lucid and in some respects audacious; but nothing is more striking than its concrete character. It ignores potential Romance—the theme of innumerable rhapsodies—and is concerned only with Romance articulate and actual. Mr Wyndham's aim was to determine the

\* *The Springs of Romance in the Literature of Europe*. Macmillan, 1910.

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time and place at which the romantic spirit first affected our literature, as a first step towards conjecturing its causes and defining its essence. He discovers "the advent of Romance" in the first epic poem of Christendom, which is also one of the earliest monuments of the French language. The historical foundation of *The Song of Roland* is the surprise of Charlemagne's rear-guard by Basque mountaineers during the return of his army from Spain: among the slain were three captains of rank, and one was Roland (Rutlandus), Earl of the Breton Marches. Some local touches in the full-grown poem indicate that the ambush of Roncesvalles was first sung within living memory of the real event; legend transformed it, representing the assailants as Saracens, Roland as the Emperor's nephew and chief of the twelve peers, explaining the defeat by the treachery of a Christian knight, and incorporating in the received account, as time went on, all sorts of later and irrelevant tradition; but the stages through which the story passed are mere conjecture. The one firm fact that matters is a generous poem.

The most complete version of *The Song of Roland* is preserved at Oxford in a manuscript of the twelfth century. Other versions, less primitive and in all respects inferior, are useful because they give some notion of passages omitted, by the negligence of a scribe, in the Bodleian text. In this form, the composition of the poem is assigned to the latter part of the eleventh century. With Fr. Michel (who disinterred it) and Léon Gautier, the indefatigable vulgariser of the masterpiece and himself a Norman, Mr Wyndham believes that *The Song of Roland* was made by a Norman, and probably in England.

It is written by a Norman; because the author discovered, in the legendary feats of Roland, a parallel to the historic conquests of his race. But he found it difficult to harmonize the two. So Normandy, although conquered, in his song is still "la franche"—the free (l. 2324). Duke Richard is one of Charlemagne's twelve peers, and his Normans are picked from all nations for the highest praise . . . The reference to England, on the other hand, is in the scornful tone of one who had himself followed

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William to Hastings and Westminster, because the song was written after, and not before, the conquest of England.

This assumption has an important bearing upon Mr Wyndham's general theory of the conditions which made Romance possible, though it could not be called necessary, to that theory. What is to be said for the Norman authorship he has put forward with great force and clearness; and I should hardly dare to challenge his judgement on this question if the hypothesis—long a matter of scholarly discussion—had not been of late years rejected, largely upon technical grounds, by some of the most famous *romanistes* in Europe. I doubt if much significance is to be attached to the epithet *franche* applied to Normandy: it may mean "noble" quite as well as "free," and its place at the end of the line makes me suspect that it was rather imposed by the assonance than chosen to conciliate legend with local or racial pride. "Rikarz li vielz" commands the fifth column of Charlemagne's Army; but he does not play a very prominent part in council nor in battle: the poet merely mentions that he is slain, among other great barons, by Baligant. The Norman contingent is indeed highly praised in three lines which Mr Wyndham turns admirably into English:

Handsome their weapons and their coursers strong;  
Never for death will they admit the wrong;  
No other nation can endure so long.

(Another reading of the third, by the way, adopted by certain editors would run: "There are no people under heaven so mighty in the field.") But others are praised in much the same terms:

Ja pur murir cil n'ierent recreant  
answers the

Ja pur murir ne guerpiront bataille,  
applied to the followers of "Hermans le dus de Trace" seven lines before. As for the reference to England, which occurs in a long catalogue of legendary conquests:

And England which he kept for his own room,

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as Mr Wyndham literally translates it, I should hesitate to take it as evidence of the poet's contempt for a people conquered by his own. Even so, he might well have been something else than a Norman; for Duke William's invading army and the reinforcements that reached England after Hastings included Bretons, Picards, Flemings and French of France, and even Southerners, as well as Normans.

The scholars who reject the theory of a Norman authorship are not content with rebutting these and other striking arguments.\* They say that the poem, in all likelihood, was not composed in the Norman form of Northern French (the Bodleian copy was of course made by an Anglo-Norman), because that dialect would involve a number of false assonances—the rarest thing in early French poetry. And, apart from questions of language, it is maintained that the general conception of the poem points rather to the Duchy of France as the region in which *The Song of Roland* received its definitive form, after passing perhaps through several others. It pits the national monarchy against the pagans. "Dolce France," "Terre Maior" are expressions, frequently recurring, which imply an ideal of unity more natural to a poet writing in the Royal Demesne than to any follower of a disaffected vassal. The Barons of France, in the narrower sense, supply the largest contingent to the Christian host. And if Roland is the hero of the poem, Charlemagne was the hero of the cycle to which apparently it belongs. It is true that of this cycle nothing else survives in a form so primitive; the fragment of *Gormund et Isembart* is as old, but belongs to a different cycle, and the poem on the Emperor's journey to the East, which is probably still older, is rather a burlesque than an epic; but the sudden opening and ending of our masterpiece can hardly be explained unless we consider it as an episode detached

\*Much has been made of the part assigned to St Michael in the poem. But the Archangel Gabriel's is still more essential; and though St Michael's Mount is in Normandy, St Michael du Péril was invoked throughout Northern France in the Middle Ages.

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from a vast epical series dealing with the reign of Charlemagne; and later works which we possess—Norse and Franco-Italian as well as French—give us the key to many passages in which the poet seems to be alluding to other episodes as if they had been sung of before and were well known to his audience. Perhaps the best solution of the problem of authorship is that which Gaston Paris proposed. *The Song of Roland*, he thought, is based upon a poem originally made in that part of France in which its hero's name and prowess were best remembered—the Marches of Brittany or the French-speaking or “ Gallo ” part of the province itself. This original poem was re-handled, perhaps, in Anjou, where doubtless the personage of Geoffrey was added; in a still later shape it was recited by Taillefer before the Norman army at Hastings; and finally the same material received “ a more broadly national and royal ” development at the hands of a “ Frenchman of France,” who finished it a little before the First Crusade, in the reign of Philip the First.

But what, it will be asked, has all this to do with Romance? *The Song of Roland* is “ the first obvious piece of Romance ” in Christian literature, says Mr Wyndham quite justly. Romance first appears at some time between the Norman Conquest and the First Crusade; but where? He believes that it was in England; I have given some reasons for scepticism on this point; but I am in hearty agreement with him when he speaks of the immense effect of the Norman Conquest, and the carrying of the French language into Britain, upon the development of romantic poetry in the following generations. It does not seem to me, however, that the story told in *The Song of Roland* need have waited until the Battle of Hastings to become romantic, though most likely three or four lines which we read now in the poem would not have been written but for that tremendous event.

Mr Wyndham has gone, I feel, to the root of the matter in postulating the intervention of a disturbing element in the life of the Roman provinces—the contact of different races and civilizations—as a fundamental condition

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of the romantic spirit. It is only when he fastens upon a particular series of occurrences and urges that *The Song of Roland* would have been very different if any one of them were wanting, that I venture with some diffidence to demur. It is quite certain that:

The placid province of Latin Gaul was modified by the juxtaposition of Bretons, the absorption of France, the expulsion of Arabs, the absorption of Normans and the conquest of England, before *The Song of Roland* appears.

But are all these facts really significant? If there had been no Bretons in Armorica, for instance, Roland could not have been "prefect of the Marches": but what trace of Cymric influence is to be found in the poem? It is safe to say, at any rate, that the break-up of the Roman Empire and the infiltration of barbarians and their conversion made Romance possible. And if it is asked why no work of literature which deserves to be called specifically romantic appears before the last years of the eleventh century, here is one obvious answer to the question: the *langue d'oïl*, as we meet with it in the ninth and tenth centuries, had not yet reached that stage in its rapid progress towards maturity at which it could carry a splendid work of imagination down the ages. Latin was till then the one medium for any man who knew how to hold a pen;\* and this, I submit, accounts well enough for the loss of earlier forms of the same heroic narrative, in which romantic elements may or may not have been present.

They are forgotten; but we have *The Song of Roland*; and if Romance means anything, this first Christian masterpiece is romantic. What strain of emotion to which we give the name is wanting here? The sweet smell of noble sacrifice pervades it, and the atmosphere of marvel; we hear the joyous clash of steel on steel; there is the vision of home in a far land, and Aude's pathetic figure, and eternal hope in the blessing of Turpin; there is the

\*The Hague fragment is not particularly romantic. I do not know Du Méril's collection of popular Latin poetry before the eleventh century; but I should hesitate to deny a romantic strain in some of the earlier mystic poets exemplified in M. de Gourmont's Latin Anthology.

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imperative sense of honour—how different from the civic pride and the friendless stoicism of the ancients!—which supposes a deathless cause and snatches glory from disaster; there is the love of comrades which melts us when Oliver, blinded with blood, mistakes his friend for a Saracen and smites his helm and Roland tenderly upbraids him; there is suspense when his Oliphant sounds faintly, and strangeness in the names of the Saracens and their false gods, and sharp distress when Roland bids his sword, his faithful Durandal, farewell; and exultation at the end when the traitor Ganelon gets his meed. And yet, because I began by saying something of the modern contrast between romantic and classic, let me add that this romantic poem also anticipates the peculiar excellence—and deficiency—of French art in the seventeenth century. The poet spares metaphor; he cares much for character, little for landscape; he has one tone throughout, and it is clear and sober, never turgid or elegaic. The story has a quiet, inexorable march, and the composition is really skilful. Some critic has said that *The Song of Roland* is like a French classical tragedy. Indeed, its heroism is Cornelian, and its economy and natural expression may remind us of Racine.

Mr Wyndham suggests that the poem received some later touches in the twelfth century, which was transcribed into the Oxford copy; and perhaps he is right. There is the mention of Butentrot, a valley in Cappadocia, just east of Heraclea, where Tancred parted from Baldwin in the First Crusade: how should a poet writing before the end of the eleventh century have heard of this place? It is mentioned in two manuscripts of the (later) rhymed version of *The Song of Roland*, and the name of Judas is connected with it, and in these Butentrot is certainly a reminiscence of the Crusaders, for the historian, Albert of Aix, tells us that Tancred made his way through the valley of Butentrot “per portam quae vocatur Judas.” There is also Roland’s recital of conquests.

The conquests include Brittany, Poitou, Maine, Aquitaine, and, you will be surprised to hear, Scotland, Wales, Ireland and England . . . Looking to literature, excepting *The Song of Roland*,



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no other poem about Charlemagne—and there are many—attributes to him any one of these conquests. Looking to history, no king ever led all these nations in war, or accepted homage from their sovereigns, except Henry of Anjou, who became Henry II of England, and married Eleanor of Poitou and Aquitaine. . . . The singular ascription of such conquests to Charlemagne, and the army-list of his forces, would have lacked all approach to likelihood except to audiences familiar with the short-lived climax of Henry's political career.

The inference—that these lines were added by a contemporary of our first Plantagenet king—seems only reasonable. On the other hand, though no poem we have relates the conquests mentioned, it is too much to say that not one of them is elsewhere ascribed to Charlemagne. The conquest of Brittany is mentioned in the poem called *Le Couronnement de Louis* as well as by Philip Mousket, the riming chronicler of Tournai; the same *Couronnement* asserts that Charlemagne “took” Normandy and Poitou; and his conquest of England was apparently a common tradition, for Caroe of England (?) is described as his vassal in *Aspremont*, and Canute is his subject in *Renaud*; and there are other allusions besides these.

Mr Wyndham is particularly instructive when, passing over the somewhat later efflorescence of national or feudal epic in *langue d'oïl* to which almost every province of Northern France contributed, he turns to the poetry of adventure, love and travel, the romances of Troy and Alexander and the Arthurian cycle, and connects this wonderful development with the names of King Henry and Queen Eleanor. His account of the part played by these sovereigns, magnificent patrons of the poets, in promoting that general movement of artistic expansion which enriched the imaginations of Northern trouvère and Southern troubadour with Byzantine lore, the magic of the Orient and the legends of Celtic peoples, is singularly attractive and substantial. No doubt it is possible to exaggerate their influence. Yet we may say confidently that the romantic literature of the twelfth century would have been less various and less prolific if Eleanor—the granddaughter of

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the earliest troubadour, as Mr Wyndham reminds us—had not carried a train of courtly lyrists with her to the camp of the Crusaders, borne to Louis of France two daughters who inherited her love of poetry and became the Countesses of Champagne and of Blois, and brought Poitou and Aquitaine as a dowry to her second husband, Henry of Anjou, soon to be King of England and Duke of Normandy. And it is even more likely that if Henry and Eleanor had not married, so much French poetry, romantic or didactic, would not have been made in England, whether by Anglo-Norman or by Continental poets. Mr Wyndham goes farther still:

They married (1152) five years after St Bernard launched the Second Crusade from Vézelay, at the moment when Geoffrey of Monmouth published the *History of the Kings of Britain*. Their marriage united the influences attracted by those two events from the East and West. It is when they married, and where they married, that most of the Springs of Romance commingle in the literature of Europe. Nor were the results of that commingling accidental. They were produced by design; and the designers were largely the poets of Henry's and Eleanor's cosmopolitan court . . . The design was literary; but it was also political. Henry, an upstart and a stranger to his Normans, Bretons, Poitavians, Gascons, Saxons and Welshmen, found it convenient to exploit the imaginary achievements of Arthurian knights. None could be jealous of shadows, and the less, since all were assured a common descent from the defenders of Troy, and shown a common foe in the assailants of Jerusalem . . . His work, akin as it is to the work of contemporary sovereigns, affords the most salient example of a vast attempt at unification prosecuted throughout the politics and literature of Europe.

I am not competent to discuss this ingenious and seductive theory, which concerns medieval history as much as medieval art; but it deserves to be fully examined.

If a few quotations suffice to show how fruitful and stimulating is Mr Wyndham's inquiry into the origin of Romance, it is not so easy to do justice to his thought when we come to his definition: the risks of paraphrase are not slight. Romance, he thinks, is bound up with mythologies which have grown strange through time or

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which strike us as distant and foreign. Alien mythologies confronted the Greeks and the Romans, but "the classic world aimed at unity by exclusion," and "to the Greeks the Barbarian was unintelligible; to the Romans, ungovernable." The romantic ages, on the contrary, "aimed at unity by comprehension."

Guided by this profound distinction, we may, perhaps, say that Romance results from welcoming the strange, and especially from welcoming the symbols, perforce fantastic, in which foreign lands and far-away ages had sought to express their "intimations of immortality" and doubtful wonder at "that perpetual revolution which we see in all things that never remain the same."

Here is an illuminating phrase which sets one thinking, and which in its spirituality perhaps transcends the object. "Welcoming the strange" recalls the Terentian adage; but Romance overleaps humanity. It welcomes much besides man: "with delight when that is possible, and when it is not, with courage." In romantic literature, animals have their place, and impressions of scenery, and allegory, and even fantastic symbols by which men have tried to explain the awful and the inscrutable; for the romantic attitude is "a recognition of ignored realities," and depends upon "a sense of universal affinity," annulling the disabilities of distance but keeping all the charm of the unfamiliar.

Mr Wyndham's conception of Romance, expressed with rare felicity, is searching and also definite. It sheds a new light upon some obscure impulses, and it is justified by many illustrious works. Whether indeed it could be applied with any rigour to the characteristic poetry of all the "romantic" centuries, I am not so certain. Mr Wyndham says of Romance that it is "a power which produced great changes in Europe from 1100 to 1550, and reproduced them from 1800 until now"; and he adds that "the unromantic interval shrinks to the relative proportions of an episode in our Western civilization." I dare not urge that the interval was better filled. But would the later Middle Ages, with their burgess-satire and faded chivalry, stand his test? Was there not a moment

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in the seventeenth century when both English and French poets “welcomed the strange”? But especially I feel that in the system we call the romantic revival other attitudes—the egoistic, the ecstatic, the insurgent—are commoner and more significant; and the eighteenth century bequeathed them. The *Ancient Mariner* is of the essence of romance; but what of *Lara* and *Le Lac*? And as for our own day, if we “welcome the strange” and “turn, with a kindly curiosity, to other nations and ages,” it may well be in part because we are grown dissatisfied with the philosophy of our own time and people; but is it not rather in the spirit of a weary dilettantism and a futile archæology, than in the enthusiastic and confident spirit of the splendid dawn of Christian literature, which Mr Wyndham has praised with so much distinction in his wise and eloquent discourse?

F. Y. ECCLES.

# THE DEMOCRACY AND THE POLITICAL CRISIS\*

THE General Elections will be over before these lines come before our readers. But whatever their result the crisis in the history of English democracy which gave them birth will not be over. And it has brought to the front questions which must call for urgent and general attention whatever the state of political parties may be.

Mr Balfour struck a true note in his speech on False Democracy on Thursday, November 24. He denounced the demagogue who appeals to passion and not to reason as a traitor to true democracy. And the Chancellor of the Exchequer had certainly given him an effective illustration for his theme. Still, Mr Balfour, being a practical politician, elected by the popular vote, is not in a position to speak with fullness and with absolute frankness on the subject he raised. He would not be wise were he to say what might be so interpreted by his political enemies as seriously to anger his masters and lose him his situation. The reviewer is not trammelled by any such practical deterrent. He may draw corollaries from Mr Balfour's speech which the speaker himself would not endorse. He may pass criticisms on the conditions of modern political warfare which would be in one who is actually fighting, and has to make the best of those conditions, both useless and unwise. Mr Balfour, then, in his speech struck at the root of the difficulties in the present political situation, but he did not say all that is to be said on the theme he selected. In point of fact, the difficulties attaching to the form of democratic government which prevails in England, and the requirements of mob oratory honeycomb the situation. They vitally affect its every feature. We have at

\*The DUBLIN REVIEW published in April, 1910, an article in favour of Mr Asquith's Parliament Bill, in accordance with its custom that a hearing should be given to both sides. The editor does not personally concur with the views therein expressed, and takes the opportunity of now placing his own opinions before his readers.

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every turn, and in both the great political parties, a contest of the popular cry and the prejudices of the many with the reason of the educated classes. The former is so great a power that it cannot for the most part be directly opposed. The true democrat who appeals to reason cannot afford entirely to neglect the arts whereby crowds are won. Often the best that reason can do is to break the power of popular passion by partially yielding to it. This general fact has been apparent in every stage of the series of events which have led up to the existing situation.

1. The Lords rejected the Budget on the ground that it was not a genuine financial measure (with which custom would not warrant their interference) but an attack on the property of a certain class. That class was unjustly penalized with little corresponding advantage to the Exchequer. The motives actuating the measure were partisan and political and not the financial needs of the kingdom. The Government appealed to the country and were returned with a majority clearly against the Budget, thereby justifying the action of the House of Lords in the eyes of men who reasoned. But the hue and cry against the Lords had been raised with such success by vulgar appeals to envy and class prejudice that it was quite impossible for the Lords even to consider this weighty argument in favour of rejecting the Bill a second time. They might quite fairly have argued, "Though the Commons have passed the Budget a second time because the Irish opponents of the measure have been induced to vote for it by the prospect of Home Rule, yet notoriously they *are* its opponents. The will of the people represented by the majority returned to the House of Commons is not, as it was in the last Parliament, in favour of the Budget. It is against it. Our duty is not to be a party to a bargain between the Government and the Nationalists, but to reject a measure in our judgement so unjust that only a clear mandate of the people in its favour could warrant us in passing it." This position could have been defended with great effect in debate. The Lords would have been acting according to the spirit of the Constitu-

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tion had such an argument been urged and acted on. But the popular cry against the House of Lords which the demagogues had succeeded in arousing put it outside the sphere of practical politics. That cry had been aroused by the crudest appeal to the passions of the ignorant and uneducated. "See this rich idler with £20,000 a year: see that hard-working labourer with 20s. a week"—such is the summary of scores of posters which influenced popular passion and won large numbers of votes. The false democracy denounced by Mr Balfour triumphed. The Lords were compelled to yield.

2. Then forthwith the Prime Minister raised his protest against a fundamental principle of the Constitution—namely, the power resting with the Lords of absolutely throwing out a measure passed by the Commons and referring it to the electorate. He proposed his "suspensive veto"—the substitution of a power of delay only. He declared that he would not take office again until he had secured guarantees from the Sovereign that he would create enough peers to give the Liberals a majority in the Lords and to pass his measure, and thereby to alter the British Constitution. Though, unlike some of his colleagues, he has refrained from vulgar abuse, nevertheless, his arguments were such as appealed to popular passion. They were of the kind which Mr Balfour justly denounces as characteristic of false democracy. To the unreasoning crowd it was effective enough to depict the unfairness of a state of things in which, whenever the majority of the people's elected representatives were Liberals, the Government had all its measures thrown out by that House of Lords, which, nevertheless, passed all the measures of the Government when the Unionists were in office. This is the statement of the case suited to the mind of a mob. The real questions for those who reasoned carefully on the subject were: (a) Did the Lords exercise their power of throwing out the measures of a Liberal Government indiscriminately, too frequently, and without judgement? or without regard to the general opinion in the country? (b) Was the stringency of their cri-

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ticism on Radical and revolutionary proposals greater than was demanded by the very object of a Second Chamber—namely, to check legislation which savours of revolutionary radicalism?

This second question touches the root of the matter, and naturally Mr Asquith ignored it in his appeals to popular passion. No one expects an Upper House to be as friendly to a Radical Government as to a Conservative Government. It is intended to be a Conservative force in the Constitution. It is intended to create difficulties for an unprincipled demagogue and revolutionist if he attains to power. Mr Asquith's indignant protests are to a large extent only a testimony that the Lords have done the work which belongs to them in virtue of the nature of the Constitution. Nevertheless, once again the appeal to passion against the House of Lords—the weapon of false democracy—had its effect on the people, and many an election was lost by the Conservatives in consequence.

3. Then came Lord Rosebery's proposals for the Reform of the House of Lords. Here again the agency of the forces of false democracy was apparent. Without denying that the House of Lords is susceptible of improvement on democratic lines, it may be contended with at least some show of reason that no case had been made out on rational grounds for the urgent necessity of any reform of the Upper House at all. The debates in the House of Lords are as good as or better than the debates in the Commons. The present writer doubts if either House has heard for many a long year a speech so able in its construction, so statesmanlike in its mastery of a singularly difficult and complex situation, as that in which Lord Lansdowne protested against the action of the Government in refusing to consider any amendments from the Lords to the proposed Parliament Bill and moved the adjournment of the House. And for actual oratorical power no member of the Lower House equals Lord Rosebery. A dozen other names could be given of speakers of the first rank in the Upper House. Again, the judgement shown by the Upper House at critical moments has been, on the whole, excel-



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lent. In short, those peers who actually carry on the business of the Upper House are very well equipped for their work. The House of Lords has all the weight and stability of an historic institution on its side. To tamper with the Constitution is always dangerous. A certain improvement in the *personnel* of the Lords, a certain sifting of the chaff, is (it may be argued) a very small gain to set off against the diminution of security and stability caused by unnecessary change in the British Constitution, in deference to the popular cry. It is somewhat like surrendering to the demands of men on strike. Still, the false democracy had raised so dangerous an outcry that reforms on the lines suggested by Lord Rosebery, and afterwards by Lord Lansdowne, or something like them, may well be considered a practical necessity. It was not wise even to argue the matter out, though the above arguments have real weight for educated minds. The demagogues might easily work their dupes into a frenzy. And an angry mob is a monster which must be appeased by sacrifice.

4. Let us name another instance which, like that of Lord Lansdowne's proposed reforms, concerns the action of the Unionist party itself. In presence of a Constitutional crisis which all moderate men felt to be alarming, it seemed to many desirable to make the election turn entirely on the Constitutional question, as the election of 1886 turned on Home Rule for Ireland. Strong Tariff Reformers, as well as Free Traders, urged, in the pages of the *Spectator* and elsewhere, that for the moment proposals which at the last elections lost many votes for the Unionist candidates, in the North especially, should be set aside to ensure the defeat of the revolutionists at the polls. The proposal was made by many able men in the very interests of Tariff Reform. But it was too rational to prevail in the existing system. It did not take account of the prejudices of the many, which are a dominant factor in the situation. Tariff Reform has been the chief war-cry, now for five years and more, in the local Unionist associations. The leaders could not risk the outcry which

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zealots and mob orators would raise at even a temporary postponement of Tariff Reform being announced on the Unionist programme. The most that could be done was done. The most unpopular proposals were minimised by those who were best able to bring the zealots to heel, as their orthodoxy as Tariff Reformers was unimpeachable. A promise was made that the price of food should not be raised. Mr Bonar Law undertook that a 2s. duty on foreign wheat should not be exceeded without the mandate of a further General Election. Mr Chamberlain advised Tariff Reformers to turn their attention to Colonial Preference, and pointed out that the election was primarily an Irish election. Then Mr Balfour, by a tactical move of extraordinary dexterity, accepted Mr Asquith's challenge that Tariff Reform should not be enacted without being submitted to a Referendum—realizing by his acquiescence in the proposal the very hope expressed by Lord Cromer on behalf of Unionist Free Traders. Yet he was only taking seriously the extremest Tariff Reformers who confidently maintained that the majority of voters were in favour of their programme. The prejudices of the militant zealots for Tariff Reform had to be respected. Reason might temper their excesses. But it could not directly oppose them. Only by very skilful manipulation of the fixed prejudices of the many, in all the parties concerned, could the desirable end of concentration on behalf of the Constitution be attained.

And even on the eve of the elections, it was both comic and tragic to hear the discussions in town and village as to the prospects on either side. In some quarters the Radicals were hopeful of winning votes because the people believed that the House of Lords was to blame for an unpopular General Election, damaging to the interests of trade. The fact that that House had protested vigorously against the Election as uncalled for did not matter. That was a consideration which appealed only to reason and to reasoners. The crowd in this or that village street simply said, "It is all that House of Lords." "The election is necessary because the Lords prevent Mr Asquith's Govern-

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ment from helping the people as they want to." "We have got to have an election in order to get rid of their obstruction." In other quarters Unionists were hopeful, not because of any interest on the part of the electors in the stability of the Constitution, but, again, because the election was unpopular and, in the localities I speak of, it was Mr Asquith, and not the House of Lords, who was held responsible for the unpopular event.

Such are the drawbacks of the democracy under which we are living. I do not deny its nobler elements, or its noble parentage in a revolt against injustice and oppression. Still, such are the drawbacks in a mixed system. And they are serious ones.

These drawbacks may be diminished by the political education which is proper to true democracy, or they may be increased by the methods of false democracy. The true democrat, if he has of necessity to respect the prejudices of the half-educated, does his best to diminish them, and to develop the rational motives influencing the average voter. The false democrat does the reverse. If the influence of unscrupulous demagogues has its way our ruler will gradually become a many-headed monster whom we shall have to flatter, to deceive, to wheedle, to coax, to bribe, to appease with human sacrifice. Even as things are if canvassers were to record the arguments by which they have actually succeeded in gaining votes, it would be an amazing illustration of the prevalence of the false democracy stigmatised by Mr Balfour. Motives of self-interest, some of them warranted, more of them based on the false hopes held out by demagogues, constitute, perhaps, the main arguments which actually determine the votes of half the electorate in many constituencies. Truly we have need of all that Mr Balfour's true democrats can do to regulate the blind forces which are working out our destiny!

Granted that the prevalence of a False Democracy is the root of evils that threaten us, we are met by this difficulty in discussing it—if (it may be said) the people are

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in fact our masters, surely it is the act of a mere theorist to protest against the existing system and criticize it. It is like criticizing the human body on account of its limitations. We use it and make the best of it. We walk or run instead of complaining that we have not wings to fly. And so, too, it behoves us to make the best of the existing Democracy, rather than uselessly to abuse it.

This is certainly an argument against a merely unpractical protest. But the analogy supplies the answer from its incompleteness. Our Democracy in England is the outcome of a movement which had many able advocates. It has developed accidentally in a direction which these men would now deprecate. They designed a man. They would shrink from features which belong rather to a monster. They designed the rule of wise representatives of the people, actuated by the most unselfish motives, not of the stupid, selfish being whom the methods of false Democracy would endow with power to be utilized by its flatterers. The parallel is not to the healthy human body, but to a body which disease threatens to disfigure and to render incapable of doing its work. It may then be worth while to ask if the disease has progressed too far to be practically susceptible of cure.

Only a pessimist would hold that it had. Nevertheless the remedy is not entirely an easy one to apply. For it consists not only, in general, in the improved political education of the people by the appeal to their reason—the method of true democracy—but also, in particular, in reasoning with them on a matter which touches their *amour propre*. Yet I have before now persuaded a man of hasty temper to make it a rule before answering a letter which called for calm judgement that he should “sleep on it” and postpone his reply to the morrow. A famous novelist used to pay his servant to pull him out of bed at six every morning, knowing that his own will at that hour would be most perversely sluggish. If individual men accept or even demand such self-denying ordinances to prevent the evil consequences of their own probable failings, why should not a large class of the community do the same? To the

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pessimist who doubts the existence in the electorate of sufficient common-sense to make such an appeal effectual, I should quote the saying, "Begin by thinking men better than they are and you will end by finding them better than you think them." The true democrat should at least do his very best to put to the average voter the difficulties of the situation and their remedies. He has to bring home to the people the importance, in their own interests, that they should accept constitutional checks which should prevent evil effects following on their own hasty impulses; and that they should, formally or informally, delegate some of their powers to sincere well-wishers who are better able than they to judge of the probable effect on their welfare of actual legislation. With the community, as with the individuals above referred to, the appeal is against momentary inclination on behalf of permanent self-interest.

I will here select only a few of the grounds on which the appeal may be recommended. It may be pointed out that the men who prepared the ground for the English democracy—the pioneers of the Reform Bill of 1832—pictured a democracy very different from what has emerged from the confused fight of party politics during eighty years. No writer was more representative of the Radical party of the twenties, whose organ was the *London and Westminster Review*, than James Mill. I have on a former occasion in this REVIEW\* given an account of the ideal which he set before himself in his fight against aristocratic privilege. Education was to fit the people to choose wise representatives of their interests in Parliament. These representatives were to be allowed a liberal discretion by their less educated constituents. Free discussion in Parliament was to issue practically in the government of the nation by the representatives of its greatest wisdom, whose main object was the national welfare. Such was also Bentham's ideal of democratic government. What has been realized is something very different from this rather

\*See the article on "John Stuart Mill and the Mandate of the People" in the DUBLIN REVIEW for July, 1910.

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Utopian conception. The masses who are, to say the least, not always the best judges of what is to their own interest, are called on to decide on the proposed measures, and not merely to select the men. The demagogues who would represent them in Parliament have, in order to secure election, to think not mainly of the people's ultimate welfare, but of a programme which will appeal at the moment to the masses—that is to say, to men who often have not the knowledge or width of view to enable them to judge of the real effects of what is proposed. The people, instead of being educated and led by political chiefs of greater intelligence than themselves, are flattered by leaders who pander to their prejudices. The son of James Mill—the yet more famous John Stuart Mill—who lived to witness the gradual falsification of his father's ideal in the actual working out of the English democracy, became as time went on far less democratic. He came to oppose the ballot because the danger of a self-interested vote which neglected the public welfare appeared to him to be so greatly increased by the absence of the pressure of public criticism on the average voter. He dwelt (in words cited in the article to which I have above referred) on the danger to England which he foresaw from “a class of base adventurers in the character of professed politicians” who, if the people became the dominant power, “would be constantly addressing them with all possible instigations to think their own crude notions better than the theories and refinements of thinking people.” He declined when elected to Parliament to take his programme from his constituents. His intense devotion to the popular cause made him the avowed enemy of those arts of the demagogue which have now become so serious a danger.

This, then, is the first point which may be urged. Some change, in the methods of our democracy would seem to be demanded in order to make it at all true to the ideal of those to whose efforts its existence is primarily due.

A yet more practical argument may be drawn from the

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American Constitution. America is the country which has most emphatically abolished aristocratic privilege. But its Constitution was framed by practical men. They saw two things—the necessity of wise guidance for the many, and the danger of giving a too decisive power to an ill-considered vote. First, like James Mill and his friends, they looked to discussion among the educated representatives of the people rather than to the often crude impressions of the electors themselves as the best security for legislation which should really benefit the people. Secondly, they foresaw the probability, even among the more educated—among the elected representatives themselves—of hasty impulses, of ill-informed or inaccurate views, of waves of feeling which might not truly represent the deliberate judgment of the nation. The first condition has been secured by the two legislative assemblies in every State, and by the great power and influence of the Senate. The most critical discussion is among the representatives of the people in the Parliament of each State rather than among the voters themselves. And the great influence of the Senate—representing a more educated class of voters than the Lower House—is well known. The second condition is secured by elaborate safeguards against a hasty change in the Constitution. What *is* a change in the Constitution is decided by the expert lawyers of the High Court, and no such change can be effected except by such a distinct and general popular desire to that effect that it can stand the test imposed by the 5th Article of the American Constitution. How that test works in practice has been recently described by an able writer\* as follows:

Before an amendment of the Constitution can be carried—that is, before any fundamental change can be introduced in the methods of the Federal Government—it must have obtained the support of some sixty-nine separate and independent Legislative Chambers, and also have been previously ratified by a two-thirds majority in each House of the Federal Legislature. By the Fifth Article of the Constitution an amendment voted for by two-thirds of the Senate and by two-thirds of the House of

\* In the *Tablet* of November 26, 1910.

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Representatives has still to be ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States of the Union. There are forty-six States, of which three-fourths would be thirty-four; and as in every State there are two Houses, the ratification needed would be the concurrent approval of nearly seventy Chambers. As a matter of fact, amendments are almost impossible. From 1804 there was no change in the Constitution of this Conservative Republic for sixty years, and it may be safely said that the three amendments, the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and the Fifteenth, which were passed soon after the close of the war, would never have been ratified except for the temporary helplessness and practical disfranchisement of the Southern States.

The further safeguards provided by the American Constitution against hasty legislation are also enumerated by the same writer :

Apart altogether from changes affecting the Constitution, the country is protected from rash innovations to an extent which is altogether unknown in these islands. Thus, while the legislative veto of the English King is a reminiscence, and allowed to survive on the understanding that it is never used, the veto of the President of the United States is an effective instrument, and frequently used to delay or forbid hasty legislation. With us the House of Lords is incapable of permanently resisting a majority in the Commons, but in America the Senate completely overshadows the House of Representatives. The riper age of the Senators, the longer term of their office, the extensive patronage they enjoy, and, above all, the manner of their election by the State Legislatures, combine to make the Senate of the United States the most powerful body in the Republic. The Senate stands for the principle of historic equality. It asserts the equal sovereignty of unequal States—the equal sovereignty of Rhode Island and Pennsylvania, of Montana and New York. The great historic fact of the original political equality of the thirteen States is still affirmed in the election of the Senate, which is now undoubtedly the most powerful Second Chamber in the world.

But we should form a very imperfect idea of the truly Conservative character of the American system of government if we confined our view to the prerogatives of the President and the Senate, and to the checks upon Constitutional changes. In almost every instance in which the British and American peoples have drifted farther apart in their ways of making or administering



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laws, it is the latter who have stood steadily by the old principles, and the former who have drifted into innovation. Take the familiar distinction our fathers loved between the Executive and Legislative powers. In America it holds good to-day; while in England it is forgotten as a matter of theory, and, as a matter of practice, we find that the Legislature has usurped most of the functions of the Executive, and that the Executive has taken for itself all initiation in legislation. In America the great Executive officers, the Ministers of State, are answerable to the President alone. In no sense are they the creatures of Parliament, and they have neither seat nor right of speech in either Chamber. Indeed, according to the Constitution, "no person holding any office under the United States can be a member of either House during his continuance of office." On the other hand, legislation originates with Parliament, and not, as in England, with the Ministers. All Bills are referred to the Standing Committees of the House of Representatives, and, if "reported" on, come in due course before the Chamber. With us, on the other hand, Parliament has no longer any legislative initiative. The Executive officers of the State, that is, the members of the Cabinet, decide upon the legislation to be attempted during the session, and no important measure originating straight out of the bosom of Parliament has any chance of success. . . . In this time of change and revolution, when the old Constitution of the realm seems likely to be cast into the melting-pot, surely we shall do well to consider carefully the example of the United States, and, if possible, to profit by her example.

Let it be added that while we have in the American Constitution the provisions of able thinkers made beforehand in the interests of the American people themselves, a century and a quarter ago, we can now point to subsequent experience which has witnessed to their practicability and their wisdom. "The success," writes Sir Henry Maine in his book on *Popular Government*, "of such American institutions as have succeeded appears to me to have arisen rather from skilfully applying the curb to popular impulses than from giving them the rein. While the British Constitution has been insensibly transforming itself into a popular government surrounded on all sides by difficulties, the American Federal Constitution has proved that nearly a century ago expedients were dis-

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covered by which some of the difficulties may be greatly mitigated, and some altogether overcome."

Here, then, are two arguments which may be urged on the intelligent voter. The first should bring home to him that democracy, as it was planned for England by able men (but not carried into effect), was very different from the omnipotence of the parliamentary majority of the hour which the confused struggle of practical politics has brought about. The second should convince him that democratic government as planned and carried out in the land *par excellence* of democracy, America, and as tested by its success during more than a century, is equally different from the false democracy into which the English nation has been drifting.

If an illustration is needed pointing the contrast between America and England in startling colours, we have it in the situation before the electorate in the beginning of December, 1910—a situation not likely to be very substantially modified when these lines are read in January, 1911. Two fundamental changes in the British Constitution were, in effect, placed before the country for ratification—the abolition of the power of the House of Lords to reject a measure passed by the Commons, and the granting of Home Rule for Ireland. It was proposed to abolish the vote of the Upper House in deference to a majority to be secured, if necessary, by the votes of the Irish Nationalists. These men would, it was expected, give their vote for one Constitutional revolution avowedly in order to sweep away the existing check on the adoption of the other fundamental change in the Constitution. In place of recognizing with the Mills the dangers attaching to a popular vote even on the part of English electors alone, lest it be given without due knowledge of probable consequences, or with the Americans lest it be given hastily, owing to a temporary wave of feeling, and be not really representative of the deliberate judgement of the people, we were to sweep away the one already existing curb on such impulses which remains to us. The influence of the House of Lords is

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already greatly attenuated. It exercises its power of rejection only in extreme cases. But even this remnant of Constitutional wisdom was to be abolished. While the American President's veto is a powerful reality, the English King's has gone. It existed under George III. It is dead under George V. While the American Senate is immensely powerful, the House of Lords already dares do no more than refer a measure back to the popular vote for its ultimate decision. But this remaining safeguard was to be swept away at the bidding of the representatives of voters who openly avow their hostility to the English Constitution. The Irish Nationalist voters are represented quite out of proportion to their numbers. But this consideration again is not allowed to discount the weight of the Nationalist vote in Parliament. The voice of one wholly indifferent to the welfare of England, is to count for much more than the voice of a friend, in revolutionising the Constitution of the country.

To ask what can practically be done to mitigate the developments of false democracy in England is to ask not entirely an easy question. The evil has already gone far. And violent cures are apt to be fatal. To adopt the American system would obviously be impossible. Conditions in England have drifted too far away from those prevailing in a country which took the British Constitution of the eighteenth century largely as a model. The party system has by now practically destroyed real deliberation in the House of Commons, as Lord Hugh Cecil pointed out a year ago in the pages of this REVIEW. It no longer contains a "persuadable section" whose vote can be influenced by discussion. Deliberation survives only in the private debates of the Cabinet and in the informal conversations among voters throughout the country under the influence of platform oratory. It survives also in some limited degree in the House of Lords, where the party system is less rigidly operative than in the Commons, and where men of independent views are still to be found. To achieve genuine discussion in the all-powerful House of Commons, which shall have a critical effect on the fate of

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measures before the country, however desirable in the abstract, is held by the best judges to be at present impracticable. We cannot now realize the ideal of James Mill and Bentham. But we may improve the machinery which actually does the work of deliberation. The most that can be done at the moment, even if the warnings of true democrats as to existing dangers make men willing to do all that may be practicable, is to secure and strengthen the one remaining check on hasty change—the Upper House; to develop the political education of the people in order that popular verdicts may be arrived at under the influence of discussions among educated men, and so far as is possible to secure that these judgements shall be well-informed and deliberate, and shall be passed on individual measures. The policy of the demagogue of mixing jam with his powders, of framing a revolutionary measure, winning the approval of indifferent voters by the appended bribe—pensions for the old, licensing bills for the Nonconformist teetotallers and the like—can be to some extent defeated by practicable changes in our method of legislation. The Referendum would at least secure a vote on a specified issue. There would be one vote on the powders, another on the jam. It would thereby far more frequently call into exercise the political judgement of the electorate apart from the bias of personal interest. The Referendum would also at once cancel the over-representation of Ireland. And possibly if the electorate came to be convinced of the dangers attaching to the decisive power, in the case of momentous changes, of a decisive vote by a bare majority, it might be arranged that in the case of changes affecting the Constitution a majority of two-thirds or three-fourths of those actually voting should be required. A bare majority of all those entitled to vote would probably, if the system involved as many abstentions as are recorded at the existing general elections, be a safeguard almost equally efficacious.

As the present party system may easily issue in the mechanical obedience of the party in power to a revolutionary demagogue like Mr Lloyd George, the Referendum,

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decided even by a bare majority of those actually voting, would probably prove a comparatively conservative force. But what a significant comment is this on the present party system in England. No one worth arguing with seriously maintains that the opinion of the majority of voters is likely to issue at any moment in a reliable verdict on complicated issues needing expert judgement. The A B C of political philosophy would call for some check on their hasty decisions where the issues have not been fully understood by the electors, especially when proposed measures mean revolutionary change. Yet, as things are, the common-sense of the electorate is likely to revolt from extremes from which individual Radical leaders will not shrink, and which their followers in the House of Commons will carry out. And the Referendum is likely to be more valuable and weighty as time goes on. The habit it would introduce of deciding on individual measures instead of looking through a mixed programme, and singling out some palpable personal advantage of little real importance to the general good, as the determining factor in the vote to be given, must gradually develop political education. And one of the mistakes of our past will thus be set right—namely that the franchise has been enlarged without adequate regard to the political education of its recipients. Again, the Referendum could be utilized to meet the element of justice contained in Mr Asquith's complaint that the Lords pass all the measures of a Conservative Government while they reject bills passed in the Commons by a Liberal majority. It might be provided that on the demand of a certain proportion of members of the lower House, there should be an appeal from the decision of the Lords to that of the people. Such a provision would preserve the principles of the existing Constitution intact, and remove even the most superficial justification that could be alleged for the revolutionary proposal of advising the King to create five hundred Liberal peers. Again, while Mr Asquith's own suggestion of a suspensive veto for the Lords, of a power of delay only, would under the party system be useless in defeating the measures of a

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party which has a large majority in the House of Commons, it would have great value if followed by an appeal to the people. It often takes time to make the electorate understand important issues. A delay of two years may easily work a complete change in the popular vote. Thus where a proposed measure would fundamentally change the British Constitution, a combination of the wisdom of the Liberal and Conservative leaders might prove the wisest course. The Lords might be given the power of delaying the measure for two years with an ultimate appeal to the Referendum. If the principle of the Referendum were adopted with some safeguard against revolutionary changes being carried out on the hasty decision of a bare majority, a real curb would be imposed by our Constitution on the unprincipled and revolutionary demagogue who, as things now are, may be for a time almost omnipotent. We should regain some of the spirit with which the Americans inspired their Constitution, when making more purely democratic for their own country the English system of the later eighteenth century. To take over the actual form of the American Constitution would, as I have already said, be obviously impracticable.

These are, however, but rough suggestions on an important question of practical politics, needing careful statement and discussion, which we have not space to devote to it at the end of the present article. It is likely to receive great attention later on from practical politicians, and this will afford us an opportunity for its further consideration. If the true democrat can in the first instance bring home to many voters some of the existing dangers into which we have drifted, and even suggest in general terms the direction of the remedy, he will have done something. Once the bulk of voters are brought so far as to recognize these dangers, they will be in a far better position for considering in detail such antidotes as may be suggested. But to bring a man to consider the necessity of taking unpleasant remedies you may first have to convince him that if he does not take them his health or even his life may be in danger.

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It would be tragic, yet not inconceivable, that national disaster should be brought about simply by the skilful use on the part of demagogues of an ambiguous phrase. The supremacy of the "will of the people" and of a "mandate of the people" in a democracy is, if rightly understood, unquestionable. But it has to be rightly understood and to be taken co-ordinately with the other fundamental principle of democracy—that the benefit of the people is the true object of democratic legislation. The people counted by heads do not always—especially in a moment of excitement and under the influence of mob-orators—vote either with an accurate perception of what is for their true interests or as the mature judgement of the nation would eventually approve. This all-important fact is what led Burke to separate with such earnestness the "will of the people" from the vote of one class which, though numerically stronger, should break away from its natural leaders among the more educated classes, and act in opposition to them. The postulate to which the true English democrat will cling until it is clearly disproved is that if due precautions are taken against the undue influence of the demagogues, who would remove the less educated classes from the natural influence of the more educated, and against the finality of a hasty and ill-informed vote, a mandate of the people can be obtained from their vote which will represent on the whole the consistent and permanent desire of the bulk of the nation. This is, at all events, the aim of the true democrat in any reforms of the existing system which he may advocate.

WILFRID WARD

## SOME RECENT BOOKS

¶ *Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.*

IT was a very striking proof of the power of Louis XIV that he could take as his wife "the elderly widow of a not very respectable playwright." He had not even to announce that Madame de Maintenon was his wife, and she herself never said so. The king let the fact be suspected, and his strange court instantly accepted the position. That the most fascinating monarch of his day loved the "widow Scarron," who was nearly fifty years old when he married her, is undoubted: indeed, he loved her more than she loved him. As the governess of his illegitimate children by that strangely wicked and heartless woman, Madame de Montespan, he had learnt to know and appreciate her.

The king's mistress made a fine foil to the woman who had passed scathless, beautiful, serene and devoted as the unguarded wife of the frivolous crippled poet. Louis XIV had never known before united in one person so much virtue, charm, intellect and, above all, so much discretion. He gained in her what he wanted, absolute personal devotion, a slave who knew no leisure, a skilful peacemaker, one who made no claim and to *him* no complaint. He gained what no despot can secure, a noble soul that served his soul with spiritual intensity, and he had faith enough to be grateful for this help also. Is it not a proof that he judged her rightly that she never said she was his wife? "She carried her secret to the grave. This also was very extraordinary, and moreover very grand." These are the concluding words of Lady Blennerhassett's fascinating book, *Louis XIV and Madame de Maintenon* (George Allen and Sons. 15s.).

The life of Madame de Maintenon does appear both extraordinary and grand now that the load of calumny is lifted from her memory. But while Lady Blennerhassett convinces us that historical research has amply vindicated her character, it is still easy to see why even excellent



# Madame de Maintenon

people might have found her unattractive. It is very unattractive to see anybody bent on managing other people. In this case it was a duty to use conscious influence for the highest ends and from the highest motives. But still there was the managing note. Every one on whom she could rely exhorted her to influence the king, while the king depended on her influence in his family, in his court and in the Church. And she knew much of the awful misery in the country which she could only relieve through her influence on the iron wilfulness of her almighty husband. Even Fénelon, who told her that her self-esteem "would take all upon itself," could not give her spiritual advice without betraying that "the real object of his preoccupation was the king." It was distinctly his opinion that the king needed governing, and that she ought to govern him. Thus it was from the best guides that she got this insistence on the managing note. It is small blame to her if, with such counsel, she came to think it her duty to manage the Church as well as the king. It is surprising that she did not do more harm and that she did much good under circumstances of extreme difficulty.

To understand these circumstances rightly, much had to be set forth as to persons and events. Lady Blennerhassett shows a characteristic massiveness of treatment in dealing with both. It is often surprising to watch her freedom of movement among the shackles of so many facts marshalled into their places in the general scheme. There is simplicity in this strength. She seems to say, "Now I will tell you just how it all happened." But while the vivid and convincing chronicle moves on, she keeps the main outline of the character she vindicates drawn as clearly as if she had not to deal with a vast crowd of men and women. All the time she is thinking without spoiling the current of her narrative. To complete her portrait of Madame de Maintenon we feel the want of the delicate feminine perceptions and suspicions of St Beuve exercised upon the fuller knowledge and the masculine breadth of Lady Blennerhassett's picture. Would he not, if he could read this book, take a kindlier view of what he called "that cautious and

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self-glorious nature"? He spoke cruelly of her, but he was under the influence of her enemy, the "slanderer of genius," St Simon, and he quotes as Madame de Maintenon's own words passages that were interpolated into her letters by la Beaumelle, who forged many of those he edited, while he cooked others.

Above all, St Beuve ought not to have used against her Fénelon's severe criticism when it was administered for her spiritual good at her own special request. He ought to have recognized that such a sentence as the following could only have been written to a singularly noble woman: "You are over-fond of the esteem of good people, of their approbation, of the pleasure of showing your moderation in prosperity; you are proud of your inward worth, not of your station. Your idol is yourself, and you have not yet crucified it."

Madame de Maintenon's faults are to very romantic minds less unsympathetic than some of her virtues. In a life stranger than a fairy tale she was not romantic, and she would be to some people more winning, if reason and the sense of duty had not apparently ruled her heart quite so easily. Certainly it was no effort to her to love duty better than she loved Louis XIV. And it is this that might lay her open to a cheap sneer at the spiritual finishing governess. But if Louis XIV knew her first in the service of the Montespan, it was not the best moment for her to learn to love him. For thirty years this woman of good will gave him all she had to give, but she was never blinded by his glamour, and it is certainly to his credit that he liked her none the less in consequence. When he was dying he was deeply troubled that he had not provided for her, and he asked (surely a little late) what was to become of her. "I am a nobody," she answered; "don't think of me." When she herself died there was question of a fine epitaph; but the friends who knew her wishes best desired to write on her tombstone: "Ci-gît Madame de Maintenon, Institutrice."

S.

# Gathered Leaves

**I**N her short memoir of Mary Coleridge, Miss Sichel has attempted that most difficult of all things, to crystallize into words a mind so rare and delicate that words seem materials all too concrete for its portraying. *Gathered Leaves from the Prose of Mary Coleridge* (Constable & Co. 7s. 6d.), to which she prefixes her short memoir, is a volume of fragments—but very complete fragments, many of them. Admirers of Mary Coleridge's work—of her novels and her poems—may be few, but they are whole-hearted. Her message is too fleeting and elusive to be apprehended by all. Miss Sichel tells us "She could not take her writing seriously. She was too humble and too humorous to do so." Must we take this as the explanation of the lack of coherence which mars the strong originality of her stories, and their atmosphere of high subtle romance. These were the outlet of the artist in her. Her poems express much more, and so do her letters. But for all her exquisite, most individual, expression of herself one feels, through her letters of warm overflowing friendship, through the words of loving intimacy of her biographer, through even her poems—the outcry of her inmost heart—that there was still a deep reserve that never could find a human outlet. It may have been in this that the poignancy of her personality lay. The letters given in Miss Sichel's volume illustrate so much of what she tells us of her friend that we feel her account must be true and faithful.

One or two illuminating little passages stick in the memory:

To Mary her friend's doings were a romance; no one believed in them as she did. In them she lived vicariously. Through them she gained experience, and she enlarged it by her own imagination.

She could not be conventional; she never tried to comfort; she knew that what is called "getting over" a loss is the worst part of it.

And again:

"It has been wonderful; solitude is so exciting," was her comment on a time of loneliness which her friends had dreaded for her.

B. K.

## Some Recent Books

PROBABLY every lover of Italy has a private anthology, printed only on the pages of memory, of the poems which seem most fitly to interpret "Earth's woman country." For that reason the published selection is apt to be critically scanned, the reader missing, perhaps, some treasured little-known verse, or growing impatient over the inclusion of work by some famous poet on whom the spell of Italy has not fallen. In this "Little Breviary for Travellers" (*Skies Italian*. Methuen. 5s. net) Miss Ruth Shepard Phelps has produced a very attractive volume, which will probably fulfil its chosen purpose and be a gracious companion to many wanderers among the Umbrian hills and across the Roman Campagna. She has gleaned from familiar fields enough; we have looked in vain for the joy of a poem hitherto unknown, which should flash on us some new vision of Italy's significance. But at least it is pleasant to have gathered up here the sweet stray utterances of many singers which otherwise it might take long to seek and find. Place is given to some American writers: Helen Hunt Jackson, George Edward Woodberry and others, who are not too well known on this side of the sea, yet whose response to the mystic beauty of Italian earth and sky is singularly vibrant and true. It may be noted in passing that it is not always the great poets who have the power to wake for us the magic of reminiscence or express the poignant present joy of Italy. Wordsworth, for instance, may write of Venice or Vallombrosa, but he remains incorrigibly English and self-consciously Wordsworthian; while Tennyson's *Daisy* gives but a panorama of outward loveliness, curiously cold. Where the masters fail us, a "minor poet"—Mary Robinson in one of her Tuscan *rispetti*—will breathe on us the very air and fragrance of the South, with all its sense of far-off sorrows. So we turn, perhaps, from the pomp of Byron to find Rome in Arthur Symonds' suggestive, fragmentary lines.

We pause on the brink of quotations, which would lead us beyond the limits of our space, and, turning the pages of the little volume, are inclined to unsay our ungrateful comment on the great poets, realizing how voiceless Italy

# Cecil Rhodes

would be for us without Shelley and Robert Browning, and the passionate singer of *Casa Guidi Windows*. These are fully represented, but we miss Swinburne's reverberant cadences.

It is rather difficult to grasp the exact plan of Miss Phelps' collection. An occasional translation is admitted, with tantalizing effect, and some omissions are decidedly perplexing. How could the Editor borrow no spark from the white fire of Mrs Hamilton King's *Disciples* while making for such a piece of early-Victorian rhetoric as Anna Jameson's *Farewell to the South*?

We must not quarrel with the dainty little volume, however, remembering that the ideal anthology is compiled by each one of us for that one alone. Who would really be content that another should choose the poem to be read or remembered under the cypress shadow of the Palace of the Caesars or the showering almond blossoms of Girgenti?

IT is a common controversy whether the lives of the great should be written while their contemporaries are alive, or after they are dead. By the last method you gain in perspective, by the first you lose the effect of personality. There can be little doubt in the case of Rhodes. Rhodes was a simple if tremendously forcible and direct personality, and there were few lights and shades in the character to fade in the minds of men. Yet he has undoubtedly exercised an immense influence on the destinies of his country. What this is it is difficult to judge to-day, for his public life lasted scarcely ten years, and his public reputation will rest mainly upon one achievement—the incorporation of Rhodesia in the Empire, and its corollaries, the hemming in of the Boer Republics, and the ultimate destruction of the republican ideal. And what the effect of that deed is to be on South Africa and the Empire, who can say? Moreover, in the case of a man who was at the centre of every acute controversy of his time, who was one of the great actors in a drama which led to war, the whole truth is essential to a judgement of his character and his deeds. Yet Rhodes was a young man—but forty-nine—

## Some Recent Books

when he died. His public career only commenced in 1885, and most of his chief allies or opponents are still the leading figures of our time. In such circumstances the whole truth cannot be told. Indeed, Sir Lewis Michell in his recently published biography (Arnold. 2 vols. 30s. net) does not pretend to do so. His is an official biography—almost a chronological account of Rhodes's life and actions—temperate, judicious, accurate; but never criticising the hero, nor discussing his policy, nor quoting the case of his enemies.

There is no doubt that Rhodes was fortunate in his opportunities. South Africa, when he arrived in it as a consumptive youth, was sunk in that fatalist contentment which is to be found whenever man is face to face with untamed Nature. Within a few months of Rhodes's arrival, the glamour of untold wealth flickered over the Continent and drew to it the adventurers of all the world. Among them Rhodes was in his true element. To the end of his days his soul was that of the pioneer. Like his fellows he could see visions, though he had also imagination to value wealth only as the means to nobler ends. Like them he had courage, not only to bear physical hardships and sudden danger, but the higher courage to pursue steadfastly through life an unselfish end, even when abused by friend as well as foe. Like them he had the gift of energy without which no man can take the first place in the world of affairs.

Yet Rhodes was also a great man. It is difficult enough to define where true greatness lies. It probably rests less in a careful wisdom than people think. It consists chiefly, perhaps, in stability of fundamental purpose, in imagination and in force. Rhodes was not always wise, but he had the other qualities in high degree. He had the insight to see, even in his Kimberley days, that the only solution of the South African problem was federation under the British flag. He realized that the continued existence of two flags in South Africa, representing as they did two different and hostile national ideals, was bound to lead to endless evils, and with characteristic sagacity he made up his mind that the best solution was a federation of the Republics with the Colonies, at first controlling railways and customs only, but

# Cecil Rhodes

leading ultimately, as mutual knowledge and understanding increased, to a voluntary political union under the Union Jack. But Rhodes was no mere thinker. During the whole of his life, through good and evil repute, his astonishing energy devoted every moment of the day to some constructive enterprise, was directed steadily to the federation of South Africa.

Rhodes decided that as a first step he had to destroy the hope, cherished by the more ardent spirits in the Transvaal, of building up a great and powerful Republic, which, expanding first towards the unoccupied North, would grow steadily more powerful until it would eventually absorb the rest of Africa to the South. For he knew that so long as Kruger had that prospect before him he would listen to no proposal for union with Cape Colony and the Empire. By Rhodes's initiative alone, were Rhodesia and Bechuanaland incorporated in the Empire before Kruger could take them. Kruger understood the position well enough. Years before the Raid he said, "Rhodes is putting a ring fence round me, and that is why I must fight him." But just when Rhodes had succeeded, the discovery of the Rand gold mines upset his calculations by giving to Kruger the sinews of war. But Rhodes was not defeated. He turned to the Dutch themselves, for he believed to the end that he could persuade them that he was right and Kruger wrong. He made the famous alliance with the Bond, hoping that a real understanding with the Dutch of Cape Colony would lead ultimately to his gaining the confidence of the Dutch to the North and achieving peacefully his aim of including South Africa in a Federation under the British flag. For a time all went well. But later wilder counsels prevailed. How or why we are not precisely told, though obviously they were mainly caused by the treatment of the Uitlanders on the Rand. The Raid destroyed all hope of Rhodes's original plan. Rhodes disappeared for a time from public life, and the country drifted steadily into war. Fate did not give him time to recover his grasp on the helm of State, and after six years of strenuous activity in Rhodesia and Kimberley he died of heart failure—almost his last public utterance being

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an appeal to his favourite Buluwayan settlers to prepare for that Federation for which he had worked so long, and whose dawn he was not to see.

Sir Lewis Michell's life, slight, inadequate and official as it necessarily is, is well worth reading. It throws up in relief the chief events in Rhodes's career, it disposes for ever of the charge that he was influenced by "stock jobbing" motives, it shows his marvellous insight into the native mind and the hold which his directness and courage gave him upon the respect and affection of the native peoples; it records how he came to create the educational trust which is the second great monument to his name, it even occasionally reveals the man himself. The second book, entitled *Cecil Rhodes, his Life by his Secretary* (John Lane, 7s. 6d. net), is a collection of rather tawdry gossip by an admirer, ardent in his devotion, but with a singular inability to grasp the greatness of Rhodes's character. It is not without interest to those who know South Africa and its personalities, but it is no guide to Rhodes's character. People who love to read of the peculiarities and eccentricities of those in high positions will find in Mr Jourdan's book some food to suit their taste.

P.H.K.

IT is interesting to notice how, in the wave of mysticism, true and false, that is sweeping over the religiously-minded at the present day, the Old English spiritual writers are once more coming to their own, and that not only amongst Catholics. Richard Rolle, of Hampole, has been lately re-introduced to England in two or three volumes, of which the most recent has been Dr Burton's little book, published by the Catholic Truth Society. And yet here is one more, edited by an Anglican student—Miss Geraldine Hodgson—under Rolle's own title, *The Form of Perfect Living* (Thomas Baker, pp. 192). The book includes several other pieces, as well as the one named in the title, most of which have never been published before in accessible or devotional form; and the work of modernizing, so far as is necessary, has been done in excellent taste. Especially interesting is "Our Daily Work (A Mirror of Discipline)," in which a description is given of



# Clayhanger

the solitary's day—the hours and methods in which he prays, eats, works and lies down to rest. And, above all, there is the characteristic air of English devotion—deliberate, sensible, liturgical, and even humorous; and yet for all that alight with ardour and passion, centreing round that which was the very heart of English devotion in Catholic days, the Sacred Humanity of Jesus Christ, with all its corollaries. Richard Rolle has not the holy curiosity of Mother Julian, or the persistent rigour of Hilton; but his deep and simple personal devotion to Jesus and Mary stands out all the more from that very fact. The book is printed with the dignity and clearness which always characterize this particular house of publishers. B.

WE heartily welcome a second edition of the *Edition de luxe* of Cardinal Newman's *Dream of Gerontius* (Longman's). Besides the *facsimile* of the fair copy of the Cardinal's work, there are some specially interesting pages in which portions of the rough copy are reproduced. These pages show us some of the changes made in the original draft. For example, we see in the well-known lines beginning "Farewell, but not for ever," that "dearest friend" and afterwards "loving friend," stood in the first draft for "brother dear." In the Cardinal's fair copy it is interesting to note that the words of the devils are always written across the page, at right angles to the rest of the text. This, we may conjecture, was designed as a way of conveying the sense of discord naturally associated with the utterances of evil spirits. Mr Edward Bellasis has edited the work ably and carefully. To it is prefixed the Cardinal's biographical sketch of Father Joseph Gordon of the Oratory, who died in 1853, and to whose memory the *Dream* was originally dedicated. The *Dream of Gerontius* was written in the January and February of 1865. W. W.

WE give a warm welcome to Mr Arnold Bennett's *Clayhanger* (Methuen. 6s.). Here we have him once more in his best vein. Faithful minute analysis of character, motive and circumstance, kindly recognition of the thorn-

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ness of human relations, and of the inextricable mixture of nobility and meanness in the human heart, are focussed upon the character of Edwin Clayhanger, the printer's son.

As in the *Old Wives' Tale*, the narrative is minute and unsparing in detail, and yet not one triviality is out of place. We love Clayhanger, though his creator spares no pains to show us how his actions were always feeble, though his impulses were generous. We look forward keenly to the two sequels promised at the end of the present volume, in which the plain story will be retold, first from the point of view of the old father, and then from that of the strange woman loved and wooed by Edwin Clayhanger.

One of the early chapters describing the childhood of old Clayhanger, the father, in the days of child labour in the Potteries before the Factory Acts, is wonderful in vividness and intensity. And we cannot pass over without comment the grimly humorous description of the state of Clayhanger's intellect on completing his education, its irony is so painfully true.

C. B.

**I**N this volume (*Theories of Knowledge: Absolutism, Pragmatism, Realism*. By Leslie J. Walker, S.J. "Stonyhurst Philosophical Series." London: Longmans, Green and Co. 9s.) Father Walker sets out to investigate the answers generally given to the problems included under the rather vague head, Theory of Knowledge. The problem, in his view, is three-fold. First, a psychological analysis of cognition is required; secondly, a discussion of the metaphysical conditions of knowledge; thirdly, an estimate of its "epistemological value." These three questions give the three main divisions of the book their titles. To this threefold problem there are, he says, "three solutions, each of them characteristic of a distinctive line in modern philosophic thought, which especially claim the attention of a philosopher of to-day," viz., Absolutism, connected with Apriorism; Pragmatism, connected with the philosophy of Pure Experience; and Realism. Father Walker comes forward as the champion of Realism—"the philosophy," as he says, "of common-

# Theories of Knowledge

sense"—to reveal the strength of its solution of the problem by means of an exposition of the weakness of the two rival solutions. Between them, he says, these three "seem to exhaust all possible answers," from which it follows that he is construing each term in the widest possible sense. In fact, the writers chiefly referred to under the two former heads are as follows: under Absolutism, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, T. H. Green, F. H. Bradley (detailed criticism chiefly dealing with the last two mentioned); under Pragmatism, in addition to the English and American authors who accept the name of Pragmatist, the French Pluralists; and among German writers Simmel, Mach, and Avenarius. Considering, then, the enormous range of the discussion and the magnitude of the problems involved, one cannot complain of excessive length in a volume of 700 not very closely printed pages.

It is, of course, not to be expected that in a summary work of this kind a writer should be able to do equal justice to every side of his theme; but it is rather surprising to find, upon an analysis of the volume, that the comparatively tentative and ephemeral productions of "Pragmatism" receive half as much attention again as the whole of "Absolutist" literature put together. The attraction of contemporary controversy is no doubt some excuse for inserting an elaborate critique of an occasional article in a philosophical periodical; but when we notice, in addition, the almost entire eclipse of Descartes, Leibnitz, Spinoza, and other famous names, the title of the volume begins to seem misleading. The reader soon discovers, in fact, that Father Walker's chief interest is in the modern Pragmatic movement, and that the rather perfunctory criticisms of English idealists are more a device for easing the approach to the writer's own semi-scholastic realism, than a free philosophical inquiry. The result for the reader is an inevitable feeling of disappointment, and a suspicion that Father Walker would have done better to confine himself to the Pragmatic part of his inquiry, and postpone the more ambitious programme of *Theories of Knowledge* to a later date.

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Father Walker states his problem with such an appearance of confidence that the reader is at once inclined to suspect that the statement conceals all manner of hidden assumptions. There are three questions and three only, three views and three only. It is the aim of a theory of knowledge to reveal the nature of the subject-object relation. From this fact the three parts of the inquiry follow. We investigate, first, the subject, the "mental activities by which knowledge is acquired" and their influence upon one another. The second, or metaphysical, part of the inquiry, which discusses the conditions of knowledge, asks "what precisely is to be understood by subject and object, and how far knowledge is due to the activity of the one, how far to that of the other." It therefore has two parts, *Ex Parte Objecti* and *Ex Parte Subjecti*. The third part of the inquiry bears the mysterious title, "the epistemological value of cognition." In this phrase the adjective explains itself. The first question was psychological, the second metaphysical, with the third we pass into the sphere of epistemology. "The primary question for the epistemologist," we read, "is to determine how far human cognition is valid and objective." In other words, if our interpretation is correct, it is not the value of knowledge, but the question what is the value of knowledge, which is alleged to be epistemological. But is the question, even as amended, a legitimate part of the theory of knowledge? In any case there is one question which seems to be omitted in this statement of the problem, namely, the question, What is knowledge? And, if there is any distinction between psychology and philosophy, the first question should not be a psychological one. The question of "mental activities" for a theory of knowledge is the question, What is a sense-content as compared with a thought-content, and how do both or either contribute to the desired issue of both, knowledge? Either that is not a psychological question, or psychology is another name for philosophy.

In making these very dogmatic criticisms we may seem to be making criticisms which are purely verbal.

# Theories of Knowledge

But stringent verbal criticism is particularly necessary in abstract discussions like those of philosophy, where words are so apt to mislead. In this volume the power of words is only too apparent. One tendency of Absolutism is stigmatized as "Pantheism"; but the meaning and the vice of Pantheism are never expounded. Again, the Absolutist view of truth as represented by Mr Joachim, is "sceptical" in tendency: but why is it more sceptical to say that human knowledge is necessarily incomplete than to say that human goodness is necessarily imperfect? Equally, in either case, we are able none the less to recognize a good man and a good argument when we meet one. And in Father Walker's detailed arguments inaccuracies of expression are frequent. For instance, the "psychologist's fallacy" is said to be "the fallacy of reading into psychological states *before analysis* all that the psychologist finds in them when that analysis is complete." The italicized words "before analysis" are grammatically dubious and *κατὰ σύνεσιν* obscure; and "psychological" apparently stands for psychical. What, again, are we to make of the following sentence? "The data of our experience are simply the beliefs of the plain man before he begins to philosophize . . . beliefs and processes which, I allow, are not what they were when the man was a child, and which may be illusory and false, but beliefs and processes which, provided we make no assumption as to their objective validity, are certainly obvious to all and disputed by none, and so may be taken as data for a theory of knowledge." A theory of knowledge constructed on these well-guarded "data" would not at first sight command confidence. But the meaning of "datum" as applied to philosophical inquiry and of its apparent synonym, the curious phrase, "introspective fact," is just one of the notions which require further examination.

If we have little to say of the merits, considerable in their way, of this book as a contribution to current philosophical controversy, it is because we feel that Father Walker could, with a little more trouble, have shown to far greater advantage his easy and vigorous style and wide acquaintance with the literature of the subject.

## Some Recent Books

IT is usual to ascribe the obscurity of Mr Henry James's novels to his style, yet much of this obscurity cannot be accounted for by any subtlety or singularity in the use of words, even by his strange personal passion for adverbs or his preference for sentences that keep the mind painfully strained not to lose any clue to the maze. There is too often the obscurity that arises from indecision in the author's view of the characters and actions he describes. Where there is question of a crime, or of a great moral crisis, there descends upon his exquisite subtleties of imagination a moral fog, that cannot be detected as a reserve of judgement but seems rather a confused "moral relation between the novelist and his subject," to use a phrase of Tolstoy's. Whereas, if Mr James is treating the lesser matters of the law, the character drawing becomes sharp and clear and the style is comparatively lucid. *The Finer Grain* (Methuen and Co. 6s.) is made up of five stories, two of which show us the author as clearly knowing his own mind, while the others leave us in puzzled admiration, in mystified exasperation.

In "The Velvet Glove" and "Crapy Cornelia," Mr James is insisting on the finer shades of Society morals, not Society etiquette, but the right or wrong action of character in Society as such. And whatever else is nebulous with this author, it is quite clear that he can tell us what it is and what it is not to be a "real lady," as servants rightly express it. "The Velvet Glove" is a wonderful picture of a woman in a great position who degrades herself to a sickening degree from a childish ambition to shine as an author. There is something that recalls Sargent in the gorgeous painting of externals, while a thin little soul crawls slimily over the whole picture. Then, in "Crapy Cornelia" there is the old maid, "a third and quite superfluous person"—small, black, insignificant, but a "real lady." And the fact that "Crapy Cornelia" has been in the room dries up the intention of the hero of the story to propose to the polished and prosperous Mrs Worthington. It is impossible to speak of *The Finer Grain* without quoting the admirable way in which Mr James deals

## St Clare

with Mrs Worthington, and without feeling that if he were as certain of his own moral relation to the other creatures of his imagination he would no longer be caviare to the general. Probably he does not wish to reach those who are not of the finer grain of mankind, but may not such shrinking also come from the lack of a clear moral relation between himself and the general life? But space must be left to watch him deal with Mrs Worthington:

. . . . There she was again with the innocent egotism, the gilded and overflowing anarchism, really, of her doubtless quite unwitting but none the less rabid modern note. Her grace of ease was perfect, but it was all grace of ease, not a single shred of it grace of uncertainty or of difficulty—which meant, when you came to see, that, for its happy working, not a grain of provision was left by it to mere manners. This was clearly going to be the music of the future—that if people were but rich enough and furnished enough and fed enough, exercised and sanitated and manicured, and generally advised and advertised and made “knowing” enough, *avertis* enough, as the term appeared to be nowadays in Paris, all they had to do for civility was to take the amused ironic view of those who might be less initiated. In *his* time . . . the best manners had been the best kindness, and the best kindness had mostly been some art of not insisting on one’s luxurious differences, of concealing, rather, for common humanity, if not for common decency, a part at least of the intensity or the ferocity with which one might be “in the know.”

TWO new Lives of St Clare in an English dress, neatly got up and fully illustrated, will add valuably to our store of pious reading. Pathetic interest attaches itself to Mrs Balfour’s *Life and Legend of the Lady Saint Clare*, with an Introduction by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. (Longmans, Green and Co. 4s. 6d. net). Her husband, Reginald Balfour, had meant to write a life of St Clare, and we might have had from his gifted pen a work, at once popular and devotional, worthy to rank beside Francis Thompson’s *Life of St Ignatius*. Alas! it was not to be. As a memorial of his unfulfilled intention his widow gives us this translation of Brother Francis Du

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Puis' version of Celano's Life of St Clare. This Life is most probably, though not of absolute certainty, by Thomas of Celano, and Du Puis apparently worked on a purer copy than that of the Bollandists. Mrs Balfour's rendering is good and, whilst retaining the peculiar fragrance of Du Puis' style, leaves behind no unpalatable savour of translation. It would have gained in usefulness by an Index.

Father Paschal Robinson's book (*The Life of Saint Clare*. T. Fisher Unwin) is another translation of Celano from the earliest MSS, prefaced by a scholarly Introduction. Father Robinson has added a large body of Notes and an Index. Note 162 contains a misprint of Alexander III for Alexander IV, evidently a mere slip as the Pope alluded to is rightly named elsewhere. Rainaldo, Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, Protector of the Order and friend of St Clare, ascended the Papal throne as Alexander IV, canonized St Clare and commissioned Brother Thomas to write her Life. The Life of St Clare is complementary to the Life of St Francis, of whose spirit she had most deeply drunk, and in upholding the integrity of his Rule was the bravest of his disciples.

P. H.

THOSE concerned in the production of *The Round Table* are fortunate in not having to create their clientèle. It is the outcome of a growing want, and the number of those who know each other's need of such an organ is already sufficient to float it. Therefore the brief introductory memorandum can afford to be almost haughtily independent of "advertisement or display." *The Round Table* (2s. 6d. Arden Press) is a Quarterly Review concerned only with Imperial affairs; it is also a co-operative undertaking produced by residents in all parts of the Empire. Each great division of the British Dominions will provide its own correspondent. "There will be no censorship of opinion. But it is an essential condition laid upon every writer that he should neither misrepresent facts nor persons, nor subserve the interest of any party in the locality where he resides."



# Hereditary Characters

Thus *The Round Table* is clearly not the fad of a few theorists or the plaything of a millionaire. The first number, dated November 15, makes admirable reading, very statesmanlike in tone; whilst the literary qualities of some of the articles are remarkable. Especially is this the case in the very impressive one on "Anglo-German Rivalry." Again, "India and the English" is fine work. "The Constitutional Crisis" is less vigorous, but "The Revival of Home Rule" is very interesting. "Affairs in Canada" comprise "Tariff Reform," "Imperial Cooperation" and "Parties and the Navy." Last, but not least in importance, "South African Politics" are very clearly, if rather drily, set forth, with evidence of much local knowledge. Will not Australia be found in the next conference of *The Round Table*? W.

IN the shifting condition of biological theories it is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that a constant stream of what are sometimes called, without any offensive meaning, "works of vulgarization" should issue from the press. If all were as sane, as well-informed and as agreeably set forth as that of Mr Walker (*Hereditary Characters and their Modes of Transmission*. London. Edward Arnold. 1910. 8s. net) certainly we should have nothing to grumble at nor any other attitude of mind than that of welcome for them.

From the numerous points which are dealt with in this book three may be selected to exhibit the shifting nature of scientific theory as above alluded to. It is well known that but a few years ago the view was widely held that the chromatin of the sex-cells was the bearer of the hereditary characteristics (Nägelí's idioplasm). Now, as Mr Walker points out, it seems quite likely that the linin (another constituent of the cell) may be its really permanent constituent and that chromatin may be no more than a mere secretion or excretion of the linin. If this be so, the whole theory of those who see in the chromatin the transmitter of hereditary characters naturally falls to the ground.

The theory of mutations put forward by de Vries

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some years ago receives careful attention at Mr Walker's hands and further illustrates the point to which we have been alluding. The essential feature of de Vries' theory is that minute modifications, so much relied upon by Darwin as the producers of variation, have little or no share in that process but constantly fluctuate around a mean, the real things which count being sudden and considerable changes or "mutations." This thesis was mainly supported by his observations on *Oenothera lamarckiana*, the evening primrose. Boulanger's observations on the same form—which, by the way, suffers from the doubt that exists as to whether it is really a wild species and not an artificial cross—published in the *Journal of Botany*, seem to point to quite different conclusions to those reached by de Vries. Many other difficulties exist in connexion with this theory, and Mr Walker goes so far as to say that "we are then driven to the conclusion that, whatever the results of mutations may be, they are not usually the ground-work of evolution." Others having shown, with great apparent force, that minute variations cannot lay claim to this position, the intelligent observer seems to be entitled to ask what then is "the ground-work of evolution" and to conclude that so far, at least, science has no very certain reply to make to that enquiry.

Lastly, we may call attention to the author's very careful and impartial summary of the Mendelian controversy, as to which, again, no certain reply can as yet be given. Mr Walker's book contains many very interesting examples illustrating the views which he puts forward, and will well repay the reader.

B.C.A.W.

**T**O some people the chief pleasure in reading descriptions of historical scenes lies in the sense of change, the difference in dress, in manners and customs, all that makes them most remote from the world of to-day. To these Father Benson's play, *The Cost of a Crown* (Longmans, Green and Co. 2s. 6d.), will be of great interest, for it calls up a very vivid picture of life in an age removed from our own by several centuries, and follows accurately

# The Cost of a Crown

all the historical details that have been preserved of the scenes it portrays. But to a second class of readers the play will appeal still more powerfully, to those who seek chiefly for the many bonds, the unity underlying variety, which brings the men and women of other ages so near those of to-day, which draws Englishman to Englishman, Catholic to Catholic, with a profound sense of oneness of aim and purpose which outward circumstances can do little to alter. It is the story of one of our English martyrs, John Bost, told in three acts. Act I shows his reception at the College of Rheims among his fellow-students, most of whom, were, like himself, to live and die

In lonely constancy  
To meet a world's reviling; theirs to be  
Fruit of the rack and chains and shameful gallows' tree.

In Act II Bost is seen at his work of ministry in England and is betrayed by the traitor Egglesfield, and in Act III we see his trial and death as:

... tormented sore,  
Judged by injustice, prison and chains he bore  
Till, looking upwards to his heavenly crown,  
Passing from death, his holy life laid down,  
And, 'mid the thrones where scar-decked martyrs shine,  
He reigns with Lawrence and with Valentine.

Told, though the story must be, with many gaps, in the compass of a short play, the whole spirit of the times and the play of thought and feeling among the characters are so finely rendered as to stir the imagination to a keen realization of them. And with the same inspiration as in *By What Authority* does the author rouse our enthusiasm at the thought of the double unity that joins English Catholics with this "warrior band of the great White Throne," and moves us to a fuller understanding of all that was lost and won for the Church of to-day in those past times:

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When England, careless of her peace . . .  
Like some self-maddened woman, swoll'n with pride,  
Dashed from her lap her sons, and from her side  
Those that but sought to serve her—yea, denied  
Her own and very life that God had given  
To nourish her on earth and guide her steps to heaven.

THOSE who find life dreary and not worth living will do well to read Clara Novello's *Reminiscences* (Arnold. 10s. 6d. net). They will not learn how to become famous musicians, but they will receive an admirable lesson on how to live till ninety without growing old. Doubtless this prima donna was more kindly treated by Fate than have been many great artistes, but she would have made her life bright and cheerful under any circumstances. It is her unspoilt gaiety and frank outspokenness that make her memoirs such delightful reading. Not that material is lacking. In the course of her long life she was intimate with many famous men and women. We see Charles Lamb catching the five-year-old Clara as she falls out of a piano where she has been hiding, and insisting that she is not to be sent to bed on the evenings when he comes. Another time, however, he stops her singing with a "Clara, don't make that d——d noise!" She draws us vivid pictures of Lablache, Chopin, Paganini; Dickens and Florence Nightingale. Perhaps the choicest story is that of her reducing Prince Albert to quite unseemly mirth by telling him of a new version of "God save the Queen," written for her by an elderly German, in which occurs the line, "Oh, beauteous name that doth combine both Vig and Tory" (Victoria!).

Clara Novello's leading characteristic was certainly her goodness of heart, and her respect and consideration for her public were admirable. She started early on what seems to have been rather her specialité—the filling, at the last moment, of the place of the soprano who was not forthcoming. At "half-past seven," as she calls it, in the Catholic chapel at York, on Easter Sunday, she sang without any rehearsing, "Haydn's 2nd—or Jo-

# Clara Novello's Reminiscences

seph II's—Mass, Mozart's *Agnus Dei*, and other show solos." In the same way her first public appearance was made at the age of thirteen, as leading soprano in a benefit concert at Windsor. Of her simple composure in public—the result, probably, of entire absence of self-consciousness—we are told that "a conductor who would not take the accompaniment to one of her songs according to her wishes, finally remarked sarcastically, 'Since my time does not suit you, perhaps you had better give it yourself to the orchestra,' to which Clara answered simply, 'Well, perhaps it will be the best way,' and rolling up her music to serve as a baton, proceeded to conduct her own accompaniment, to the infinite amusement and approbation of the orchestra, and equal discomfiture of the conductor, who had no resource but to acquiesce." She could be good-humouredly sarcastic herself. Annoyed at the discontinuance of the Easter "funzioni" at S. Giovanni, she asked an old priest whom she met in that church, when Palestrina's *Miserere* would be sung. He answered sourly, "Since 1870 there is no *Miserere*," whereupon, "looking innocently inquiring," Clara said, "Indeed, is it always *Te Deum* since?"

Her great grievance was the displacing of "singers" by "screamers." When she was young music "oiled her soul." What was later imposed on her "turned her into a Barbary hen, ruffling all her feathers up the wrong way." Of Wagner she says, "My sisters left for Bayreuth, to receive there a three days' dose of 'Parsifal,' etc. . . as a substitute for music. I don't envy them. Louis of Bavaria's end shows what sort of a madman it was that proclaimed Wagner a musician—also the effects of Wagnerism." She then mentions an opera by Puccini, "a beginner who has imitated Wagner; a sequence of intricate harmonies without a trace of melody or inspiration, which might never end . . . and never begin." Only a part of Clara Novello's life was spent on the stage. At the age of twenty-five she married Count Gigliucci, who took an active part in the unification of Italy, and it was only

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during the years—from 1849 to 1860—while her husband's estates were confiscated, that she again sang in public. Like him, though a fervent Catholic, she was an ardent opponent of the Temporal Power, and her language on this subject, as well as on some abuses with which she credits the Church, is unnecessarily violent, and need not be taken too seriously.

Clara's style is in keeping with her character—simple, bright, *insouciant*, with, in places, a quaint and not unpleasant foreign ring about it, and she takes quite a child-like delight in a number of very elementary puns. The reminiscences were not written for publication, but solely for her own family, so there is not much plan or system about the complete work, which, however, is well put together by her daughter, Contessa Vera Gigliucci, who fills in many of the gaps. There is also an introductory memoir by Mr Arthur D. Coleridge, which, though often wandering rather far afield, contains much that is amusing and interesting.

E.S.H.

**A** *FOURTH Form Boy*, A Day School Story (by R. P. Garrold, S.J. MacDonald and Evans. 1910. 5s. pp. 416), is in every way an unusual book. Mr Garrold seems not to need to "look back and regretfully wonder, What we were like at our work and our play." His sympathy is such that these things are still level with him, or in him. His boys do not just think or speak or feel like boys—they *are* boys. Mr Eden Phillpotts, a master of boy dialect, can yet achieve no more than a *tour de force*, probably just because his sympathy is not complete; but Mr Garrold's work is no mere *tour de force*. In his book is the romance, too, of boyhood; and a glamour cast over a scene far less promising than that, say, chosen by Mr Vachell in *The Hill*; and a pathos so intimate (though the tale is optimistic and gay) that it awakens in us the exquisite memory of Mr Graham's *Dream Days* and *Golden Age*. There is little plot, yet the scenes are not *décousues*; the incidents grow naturally one from the other, and the movement is brisk all through; for it is the "half dozen

# Vera of the Strong Heart

selves " contained in every boy at his most complex age which Mr Garrold takes for his material, and which are responsible for this unity and this diversity. The American edition has already appeared, and we wish Mr Garrold's book all possible success across the Atlantic. But we see he has changed its title, and here and there its phraseology, to suit his new public. We implore him to do this no more. Doubtless another gifted author has set the standard for boys' stories in America; but Mr Garrold must not copy Fr Finn, any more than we should dream of anglicizing Fr Finn's books for England. If we are to have America, we want it *à l'américaine*, and America will be content with Liverpool and London *au naturel*. M.

**I**N *Vera of the Strong Heart*, by Marian Mole (Melrose, 6s.), which won the second prize in a large first-novel competition, there are commonplaces very fatiguing to the hardened novel reader. For instance, there is a melodramatic dissipated Earl, whose deserted wife is always on her knees; their twin boys are confused at birth, and one of the children presently maims the other for life. Dark fate broods over the great house, and its master, justly paralysed, has second sight and forebodes evil. The twins find a watery grave after they have lived long enough to display their inherited vices. But it is worth while to put up with these trying elements in the story in order to know Vera herself. It is very rare in life or in fiction to meet with a nature with affections very wide, deep and strong, and rare, too, is the talent that can portray it in a convincing way. There are also various fine passages about the twin brothers, and the last chapters dealing with them are of great truth and beauty, though the tragic end is hardly justifiable from an artistic standpoint. Marian Mole certainly has the quality of intensity in her work.

Less intensity, but more culture and better taste and judgement mark what appears to be another first novel by an anonymous writer. *Martha Vine* (Herbert and Daniel, 6s.) is very truthful in intention and execution, and there is a fine instinct for psychology in the analysis of the love

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story. The effect of the delicacy of Martha's feelings is somewhat marred by a certain recklessness in her actions. It is, perhaps, old fashioned to regret that she should make her way rather often to her lover's lonely cottage. But that she takes refuge with him when she is afraid of him is a very true paradox which only a woman could do justice to. There were strong grounds for fearing that this book, too, would conclude in a watery grave, and there seemed fresh reason to wish for a penalty for reckless murders on the part of young authors. This one, however, lets us off with the fright; but why give so much unnecessary alarm? S.

Owing to an inadvertence, *England before the Norman Conquest*, published by Messrs Methuen, was described in our last number as being a volume of the *Political History of England*. The latter series is published by Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.

## CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS, 1910

THE output of the Catholic Truth Society during 1910 has been at least equal in extent and variety to that of previous years; the latter quality has indeed from the first been a notable feature of the Society's publications, providing as they do for very various requirements and for different classes of readers.

In the first place must be put the volumes of pamphlets on *The History of Religions*, to the contents of which we referred in our notice of last year's books. The series has now been completed, and the four volumes have been issued at the price of six shillings. Although, as was inevitable when so many writers were concerned in the production of the series, somewhat unequal in value, it may be said that the standard attained throughout is high, and the Society is to be congratulated on having obtained the services of so competent a body of men. The Editor, the Rev. C. C. Martindale, whose own contributions,—including that on *The Greek Testament*, which is far more comprehensive than its title denotes—show his competency for his task, has arranged for a fifth volume, in which will be included certain subjects the omission of which has been pointed out; one of these, *Spiritualism*, has already been treated by the Rev. R. H.



# C.T.S. Publications

Benson. Mr Martindale has also written an important pamphlet on *The Virgin Birth*—the first of a series of studies in history and dogma.

In another direction, the half-crown volume of *Simple Catechetical Lessons* by Dom Lambert Nolle, of Erdington Abbey, has already been welcomed as a valuable help in the important work of instructing the young. Arranged on a somewhat novel plan, it can hardly fail to implant a sound foundation of religious knowledge in those who go through the prescribed course. Another half-crown volume—a companion to that on *The Roman Breviary* published last year and translated like it from the French of Dom Jules Baudot, O.S.B.—is that on *The Lectionary*, for which Father Ambrose Cator, of the Brompton Oratory, is responsible. A volume of short tales entitled *A Sheaf of Stories* by Joseph Carmichael, and another by Miss Alice Dease, called *Chinese Lanterns*, represent the lighter side of the Society's output: the latter, however, has also a more serious aspect, for the stories are of the Catholic missions in China and incidentally show the urgent need of those missions for increased support.

The formation in 1909 of the Catholic Social Guild, and the growing recognition by Catholics of the importance of social as allied to religious work, has given an impetus to publications in this direction, based on the teaching of Leo XIII and the present Pope. Three penny pamphlets, edited by Monsignor Parkinson, are devoted to the Encyclicals dealing with social questions, issued by these Supreme Pastors; these with others undertaken in connection with the Guild form a shilling volume of *Catholic Social Guild Pamphlets*. *The Catholic Social Year-book* was an attempt, which we are glad to say has proved successful, to provide for English Catholics something analogous to the *Guide Sociale* which is so invaluable a help to their French co-religionists; cheap (sixpence), well got-up, and comprehensive, it obtained a large sale; its successor for 1911 is on the eve of publication. A second series of collected pamphlets on *Catholicism and Socialism* has been issued in a shilling volume.

The most important of the shilling collected volumes is however that entitled *A Brace of Bigots*, in which Father Joseph Keating and Mr Britten, deal trenchantly and exhaustively with a number of the calumnies and misrepresentations, which have been published by Dr Horton and Mr Joseph Hocking. This volume is of special importance, in that it supplies by anticipation an antidote to the book by the authors just named, entitled *Shall Rome Reconquer England?* which has been extensively advertised, and is having a large circulation. On similar lines is the volume containing a fourth series of *Some Protestant Fictions Exposed*.

On the spiritual side, the publications for the year have included two shilling volumes, long out of print, by the Italian Barnabite Quadrupani, entitled *The Christian Instructed* and *The Christian Consoled*. The simplicity and sweetness of these little books ensured for them a wide publicity some fifty years since, and their popularity is likely to be re-ensured by these pretty reprints. Miss Emily Hickey has done a good turn to those who prefer the prayers of the Church to any other by her little collection of *Prayers from the Divine Liturgy*.

# Catholic Truth Society

Another reprint, also likely to be useful as removing misapprehensions and dispelling prejudices is that of the *Three Lectures on Conventual Life* delivered by Archbishop Ullathorne more than forty years ago, and—the reflection is a sad one!—as much needed now in certain directions as they were at the time of their delivery. These, which appear in a neat fourpenny volume, are also issued separately at a penny each—which leads us to the consideration of the penny pamphlets, the provision of which the Catholic Truth Society has always regarded as its special work. It would be impossible to notice them in detail, but an enumeration of the titles of some will give some idea of their variety.

The increased provision and circulation of rationalist literature has necessitated a corresponding activity on behalf of the Society. Two numbers of a new series—"Reason *v.* Religion" entitled—*What is the Good of God?* and *What is the Good of Religion?* are attempts to meet in a simple straightforward way the kind of attack to which working men are specially liable. Mr A. E. Proctor contributes pamphlets on *The Materialism of To-day*, *Science and the Evolution of Man*, and *Why I believe in God*. Father Gerard deals destructively with *Professor Haeckel and his Philosophy*, while fully recognizing Haeckel's position in the science with which he is familiar: and Dr Windle vindicates *The Intellectual Claims of the Catholic Church*. Misrepresentation in matters of History is represented by Father Thurston's essay on *St Charles Borromeo and the Papal Eulogy*, Mr Belloc's account of *The Ferrer Case*, and Father Joseph Keating's *The Church, the Press, and Portugal*. The more vulgar kind of Protestant calumny is met by Father Sydney Smith's account of *The Escaped Nun from East Bergholt* who had a brief notoriety on Protestant platforms, and by Mr Britten's amusing account of *The Holy Donkey*, a recent Protestant asset, and "*A True Story of a Nun*." A recent volume by an Anglican clergyman, the Rev. Percy Dearmer, has been met by Dr Fortescue in a brilliant essay entitled *An Anglican on Religion*; the same author has contributed a pamphlet in which *The Branch Theory* is once more and very conclusively shown to be untenable.

Among devotional works may be named *The Stations of the Cross*, by Cardinal Newman, and *Meditations on the Cross and Passion* by St Francis de Sales, now first translated. Mrs Philip Gibbs's paper, read at Leeds, on *Catholics and Social Work*, Miss Hernaman's *Catholic Social Action in France*, Father Plater's *Social Work in Catholic Schools*, and Mr Britten's *Boys' Clubs*, represent another aspect of things Catholic; education finds place in an important presentment of the case between *The Board of Education and Catholic Secondary Schools*; there are numerous stories by Mr Garrold and others; Mr. C. L. Jones contributes *A Catholic Guide to Westminster Abbey*. We have not attempted to give a complete enumeration of the publications of the Society during the past year; some are omitted which ought to have been included did space permit—Mr A. B. Purdie's sixpenny guide, *A Pilgrim-Walk in Canterbury*, is one of these. But enough has been said to show that the Society is achieving a work the importance of which cannot be overestimated and which entitles it to the continued and increased support of all who are zealous for the spread of the Faith in England.

# LORD ACTON AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Lectures on the French Revolution. By John Emerich Edward Dalberg-Acton, First Baron Acton, Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Edited by John Neville Figgis and Reginald Vere Lawrence. London. 1910.

I HAVE undertaken to write some pages for this REVIEW about Lord Acton's Lectures on the French Revolution. I confess that I rather shrink from the task to which I am addressing myself. As Lord Acton himself observes, "People have not yet ceased to dispute about the real origin and nature of the event: it was the deficit; it was the famine; it was the Austrian Committee; it was the Diamond Necklace and the humiliating memories of the Seven Years' War; it was the pride of nobles or the intolerance of priests; it was philosophy; it was freemasonry; it was Mr Pitt; it was the incurable vanity and violence of the national character; it was the issue of that struggle between classes that constitutes the unity of the history of France."\* Such are some—by no means all—of the interpretations of this great convulsion, which have been put forward and plausibly defended. What is Lord Acton's interpretation? it will be asked. Well, Lord Acton was too wise to suppose that such a question could be answered in half-a-dozen words; that a simple formula would suffice for the explanation of so vast an upheaval. But in his first page he indicates, not obscurely, that for him it means, primarily and principally, the death of privilege. The ancient Monarchy deprived of power those whose labour enriched the country, and denied them its best rewards. "The excluded majority perceived that their disabilities rested on no foundation of right and justice, and were unsupported by reasons of State. They proposed that the prizes in the Government, the Army, and the Church, should be given to merit among the active and necessary portions of the people, and that no privilege,

\* P. 345.

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injurious to them, should be reserved for the unprofitable minority. Being nearly a hundred to one, they deemed that they were virtually the substance of the nation; and they claimed to govern themselves *with a power proportioned to their numbers*. They demanded that the State should be reformed; that the ruler should be their agent, not their master. That is the French Revolution.”\* Unquestionably this is a true, though, of course, not a complete view; and the truest part of it—truer, if I may venture to say so, than Lord Acton himself appears to have recognized in this book of his†—is contained in the words which I have put in italics. I shall have to return to them hereafter.

The French Revolution, then, whatever else it was and was not, was, first and foremost, the abolition of privileges; many antiquated, few—very few—defensible; privileges which, in practice, meant the oppression of the masses. But this involved more than the removal of actual grievances. It meant the establishment of a new order of things. “The France of history,” as Lord Acton pithily puts it, “vanished on August 4; and the France of the new Democracy took its place.”‡ The extinction of feudalism, on that night of delirious iconoclasm, led to an exposition of rights. “When those that were exclusive and unequal were abandoned, it was necessary to define and insist on those that were equal and the property of all. After destroying, the French had to rebuild, and to base their new structure upon principles unknown to the law, unfamiliar to the people, absolutely opposed to the lessons of their history, and to all the experience of the ages in which France had been so great.”§ And so the famous Declaration of 1789—“The Declaration of the Rights of the Man and the Citizen”—was drawn up. The Assembly which had abolished the past at the beginning

\* P. 1.

† At p. 14, however, Lord Acton speaks of it as a weighty opinion that “the parting of the ways in the Revolution was on the day when the French resolved to institute a single undivided Chamber.”

‡ P. 100.

§ P. 107.

# French Revolution

of the month, attempted, at the end, to regulate the future. The Declaration of Rights may be called the Magna Charta of the Revolution. Like our own Magna Charta, it is more talked about than read. And yet its importance cannot easily be exaggerated. "This single sheet of print," says Lord Acton, "outweighs libraries, and is stronger than all the armies of Napoleon." It will not be amiss, therefore, to give here a translation of it.

The representatives of the French people, constituted in National Assembly, considering that ignorance, forgetfulness, or contempt of the rights of man, are the sole causes of public misfortunes and of the corruption of governments, have resolved to set forth, in a solemn Declaration, the natural inalienable and sacred rights of man; that this Declaration being constantly present to all the members of the body social, may unceasingly recall to them their rights and their duties; that the acts of the legislative power, and those of the executive power, being capable of being every moment compared with the end of every political institution, may be more respected; that the claims of the citizens, being founded, in future, on simple and incontestable principles, may always tend to the maintenance of the Constitution, and the general happiness.

For these reasons, the National Assembly recognizes and declares in the presence and under the auspices of the Supreme Being, the following rights of the Man and the Citizen:

I. Men are born and continue free and equal in rights. Social distinctions can be founded only on common utility.

II. The end of every political association is the preservation of the natural and imprescriptible rights of man. These rights are liberty, security, and resistance to oppression.

III. The principle of all sovereignty resides essentially in the nation; no body, no individual, can exercise authority which does not expressly emanate from it.

IV. Liberty consists in the power of doing whatever does not injure another.

V. The law ought to prohibit only actions hurtful to society. What is not prohibited by the law should not be hindered, and no one can be constrained to do what it does not order.

VI. The law is the expression of the general will. All citizens have a right to concur, either personally or by their representatives, in its formation. It should be the same for all, whether it protects or

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punishes. All citizens being equal in its eyes, are equally eligible to all honours, places, and public employments, according to their capacity, and without other distinction than that of their virtues and talents.

VII. No man can be accused, arrested, or held in confinement, except in cases determined by the law and according to the forms it has prescribed. All who solicit, promote, execute, or cause to be executed, arbitrary orders, ought to be punished; but every citizen summoned or apprehended by virtue of the law ought immediately to obey; he renders himself culpable by resistance.

VIII. The law ought to impose no other penalties than such as are absolutely and evidently necessary; and no one ought to be punished but in virtue of a law established and promulgated before the offence, and legally applied.

IX. Every man being presumed innocent till he has been found guilty, whenever his detention becomes indispensable, all rigour towards him, beyond what is necessary to secure his person, ought to be severely repressed by the law.

X. No man ought to be molested on account of his opinions, not even on account of his religious opinions, provided their manifestation does not disturb the public order established by the law.

XI. The unrestrained communication of thoughts and opinions is one of the most precious rights of man. Every citizen, therefore, may speak, write, and print freely, provided he is responsible for the abuse of this liberty in cases determined by the law.

XII. A public force being necessary to give security to the rights of the Man and the Citizen, that force is instituted for the advantage of all, and not for the particular benefit of the persons to whom it is entrusted.

XIII. A common contribution is indispensable for the support of the public force, and for the expenses of government; it ought to be assessed equally among all the citizens, according to their means.

XIV. All citizens have the right, either themselves or their representatives, to determine the necessity of the public contribution, freely to consent to it, to supervise its employment, to determine its apportionment, assessment, collection and duration.

XV. The community has a right to demand of every public agent an account of his administration.

XVI. Every community in which the guarantee of rights is not assured, nor the separation of powers determined, has no constitution.

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XVII. All property being an inviolable and sacred right, no one can be deprived of it, save where the public necessity evidently requires it, and on condition of a just and previous indemnity.

This is the Declaration of the Rights of the Man and the Citizen, still venerated in France as the sacred foundation upon which the political edifice in that country rests. Lord Acton has pointed out—and with reason—that for it the merit may be claimed of insisting with energy on primitive rights anterior to the State, as the triumphant proclamation of the doctrine that human obligations are not all assignable to contract, or to interest, or to force. He, as reasonably, criticises it for failing to indicate that liberty is the goal and not the starting point, a faculty to be acquired, not a capital to be invested, depending upon the union of innumerable conditions which embrace the entire life of man. He adds: “Therefore it is justly arraigned by those who say that it is defective, and that its defects have been a peril and a snare.”\* And here his criticism ends. It is excellent, as far as it goes. But, unfortunately, it goes a very little way. I shall attempt to supplement it.† I think then we may agree with Taine who, in the second volume of his great work,‡ does not hesitate to say that every article of the Declaration is a poignard directed against society, it being necessary merely to push the handle in order to drive the blade home. Does not its preamble invite men and citizens to judge for them-

\* P. 107.

† The Declaration of Rights is admirably discussed, from the Catholic point of view, in the Abbé Godard’s *Les Principes de ’89 et la Doctrine Catholique*. The history of this book is curious. The first edition was put on the Index. Then the author, with calm wisdom, betook himself to Rome, and, by a singular favour of the Holy See, was allowed to correct his work in accordance with the criticisms of the Roman theologians charged to examine it. A new edition, so corrected, was published with the approbation of the Abbé’s diocesan, and with the assurance “qu’il a été autorisé par les théologiens romains, chargés de l’examiner.” It is, therefore, of much authority.

‡ P. 275. The whole of this Chapter—L’Assemblée Constituante et son Œuvre—is worthy of the most careful study.

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selves the acts of their rulers, and insert resistance to oppression among the natural, inalienable, and sacred rights of humanity? I am very far from denying that there is a natural right of resistance to oppression; the limited and conditional right carefully stated and vindicated by our great Catholic publicists.\* But that is a very different thing from the nude proposition, in Art. VII of the Declaration, which has been construed as the proclamation of "the sacred right of insurrection," and not without reason. A similar objection may be taken to the proposition that the community has a right to demand of every public agent an account of his administration. We know, as a matter of fact, that in this loose and unguarded language was found a justification for some of the most atrocious deeds of the Revolutionary mob. Robespierre indeed has formulated it: "When the sovereign people, resuming the power which it has delegated, exercises its inalienable right, there is nothing for us to do but to bow before it." It was the application to the mob of the maxim of Pagan Cæsarism; but "*populus legibus solutus*" is a worse and far more deadly doctrine than "*princeps legibus solutus*;" the single tyrant may possibly listen to the remonstrances of reason, to the pleadings of pity; the many-headed tyrant strikes and does not hear. It is no wonder that Burke, who, like most wise and good men, sympathized with the Revolution in its initial stages, confessed that the Declaration of Rights had opened his eyes. I have elsewhere spoken of it as "the most curious medley of truisms and sophisms, fragments of philosophy and of criminal procedure, literary commonplaces and oratorical bravuras which the world has ever seen."† Certainly no document is conceivable which would be less fitted to serve as the foundation of the public order. It is a foundation of quicksand.

\* As, for example, by Suarez: "Si rex justam suam potestatem in tyrannidem verteret, illa in manifestam civitatis perniciem abutendo, posset populus naturali potestate ad se defendendum uti, hoc enim nunquam se primavit."—*Defensio Fidei Catholicæ*, lib. iii, c. 3.

† *Chapters in European History*, vol. ii, p. 203.



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But the *πρῶτον ψεῦδος*, the elemental lie, of the Declaration, is the nude assertion of equality on which it rests, a doctrine which, Gouverneur Morris truly observed, was as effective as the trumpets of Jericho—far more effective, indeed, for it overthrew the existing social order, first of France, and then of Continental Europe. All went down before it. To begin with, the Church. The National Assembly, which had been made supreme by the accession of the clergy, and had been led at first by political ecclesiastics, by Sieyès, Talleyrand, Cicé, La Luzerne, very soon alienated the priesthood throughout France, by the *Constitution Civile*. No doubt that ill-starred measure was originally directed first against the Crown, which, by means of its enormous ecclesiastical patronage, wielded an immense influence over the spirituality, and, next, against the episcopate, which was almost entirely aristocratic. Moreover, it sought to bind the hardworked and underpaid parish priests to the Revolution by a promise of a substantial amelioration of their condition. The ecclesiastical legislation of the National Assembly turned all the best\* of them into its irreconcilable enemies. A learned Anglican writer has justly observed that what the *Constitution Civile* aimed at was “to create a National Church in France, in virtual isolation from the See of Peter.”† But, as Lord Acton has pointed out, “The Papacy, that unique institution, the Crown of the Catholic system,” is “the bulwark, or rather corner stone, of Catholicism—the most radical and conspicuous distinction between the Catholic Church and the sects.”‡ Hence the Pope was, beyond question, absolutely correct when, in condemning the Civil Constitution, he declared that its object manifestly was

\* According to Cardinal Maury, Talleyrand, who should have been a good judge of the constitutional clergy, called them “un tas de brigands déshonorés.” There were conspicuous exceptions, but, unquestionably, that is a true account of most of them.

† *The Gallican Church and the Revolution*, by Prebendary Henley Jervis, p. 356.

‡ *Essays on Liberty*, pp. 320–321.

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the destruction of the Catholic religion in France.\* That Civil Constitution was, indeed, the joint production of Jansenists and of *philosophes*, both animated, for different reasons, by hatred of Catholicism; the Jansenists desiring “to take summary and signal vengeance for the Bull Unigenitus, and all the miseries which had resulted from it for seventy years past;”† the *philosophes* altogether hating Christianity which, as the natural and official adversary, both of their speculative reasonings and of their practical license and materialism, had used the power of the State to make war on “free thought” by burning its books and exiling, imprisoning or otherwise maltreating their authors.‡ Such was the genesis of the Civil Constitution of the clergy. The coercive laws, by which it was enforced, led directly to the breach with the King, to the fall of the Monarchy and to the Terror. But it should be noted—for that is my present point—that Rousseau’s doctrine of equality, as Lord Acton discerned, is incompatible with the Catholic religion.§ The very conception of the Christian Church, indeed, as a spiritual hierarchy, perfect and complete in itself, is irreconcilable with the claims of an assembly, invested with the power of a nation of sovereign and equivalent units, to recognize no limits to its own will, to be bound by no rule of human or Divine law, to require men, in all relations of life, to bow down before it in unquestioning abasement. The Church rests upon the principle that there is a sphere to

\* “Ex ipsa conventus constitutione facile intelligunt nil aliud ab illa spectari atque agi quam ut aboleretur catholica religio.”—*Brief Caritas*.

† *The Gallican Church and the Revolution*, p. 65.

‡ So Taine puts it: “A l’endroit du christianisme le scepticisme change tout de suite en hostilité pure, en polémique prolongée et acharnée; car à titre de religion d’État, celui-ci occupe la place, censure la libre pensée, fait brûler les écrits, exile, emprisonne ou inquiète les auteurs, et se trouve partout l’adversaire naturel et officiel. En outre, à titre de religion ascétique, il condamne non seulement les mœurs gaies et relâchées que la nouvelle philosophie tolère, mais encore les penchants naturels qu’elle autorise et les promesses de bonheur terrestre qu’elle fait briller à tous les regards.”—*Les Origines, etc.*, vol. i, p. 280.

§ *Essays on Liberty*, Introduction, p. xxix.

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which the dominion of the State does not extend. She will no more render to a democratic than to an Imperial Cæsar the rights of conscience, the things that are God's. Catholicism became "suspect" to the Revolution, not only as tainted by feudalism, but as hostile to the new conception of the civil polity. The doctrines of Rousseau superseded the doctrines of the Gospel. The traditions of the Christian public order, extending through so many centuries, were put aside for an ideal deduced from Pagan antiquity, and chiefly from the πολιτεία of the Greeks, in which the State dominated the whole man, and "the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free" had no existence. Sparta was the type which specially commended itself to Robespierre, as to his master Rousseau. "It shines like a light amid immense darkness" he told the Convention. But further, as Lord Acton truly observes:

The same theory of an original state of nature, from which the principle of equality was deduced, also taught men where they might find the standard of equality; as civilization, by means of civil power, education, and wealth, was the source of corruption, the purity of virtue was to be found in the classes which had been least exposed to those disturbing causes. Those who were least tainted by the temptations of civilized society remained in the natural state. This was the definition of the new notion of the people, which became the measure of virtue and of equality. The democratic theory required that the whole nation should be reduced to the level of the lower orders in all those things in which society creates disparity, in order to be raised to the level of that republican virtue which resides among those who have retained a primitive simplicity by escaping the influence of civilization. All that rose above the common level, or did not conform to the universal rule, was deemed treasonable. The difference between the actual society and the ideal equality was so great that it could be removed only by violence. The great mass of those who perished were really, either by attachment or by their condition, in antagonism with the State. They were condemned, not for particular acts, but for their position, or for acts which denoted, not so much a hostile design, as an incompatible habit. By the *loi des suspects*, which was provoked by this conflict between the form of

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government and the real state of the country, whole classes, rather than ill-disposed individuals, were declared objects of alarm. Hence the proscription was wholesale. Criminals were judged and executed in categories; and the merits of individual cases were, therefore, of little account.\*

All this is unquestionably true. It is the real explanation of the Reign of Terror, which was the tyranny of fanatics who sought to regenerate France in their own fashion. Robespierre was no "light half believer in a casual creed." He was a sectary utterly convinced of the doctrine which he had learnt from Rousseau, and determined to translate it into fact. The destruction of the old society, with its modes of thought, was his end and aim. One of these modes of thought was represented by Catholicism; hence his hatred of it. But he hated Atheism just as much, and on the same ground: "it is aristocratic" he told the Jacobin Club, on the 1st of Frimaire An 2; and who that knows the actual condition of French Society on the eve of the Revolution can say that he was wrong? To institute actual equality, to establish a uniform social level, was the task to which the Jacobins set themselves. And they were but carrying on, in their own way, the fundamental principle of the Revolution.

"The fundamental principle." I quoted, in an earlier page, Lord Acton's words "the majority of the French people claimed to govern themselves with a power proportioned to their numbers," and observed that they express a truth the full import of which he himself did not perhaps discern. The real turning point of the French Revolution must be sought in quite its initial, I might almost say, its embryonic stage. The question how the voting should take place in the States General, which occupied the mind of France for months before they met, was of a gravity realized by few then, and not, as it would seem, by many now. The old theory of the public order, which had come down from medieval times, and to which

\* *Essays on Liberty*, p. 264. So Danton. "Ces prêtres, ces nobles ne sont point coupables, mais il faut qu'ils meurent par ce qu'ils sont hors de place, entravent le mouvement des choses, et gêneront l'avenir."

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the very name of States General bore witness, was that a representative assembly should unite and render available for the commonweal, all the constituent elements of a nation, due weight being given to each, and undue preponderance being withheld from any. That was the accepted theory, doubtless never perfectly realized, but always kept in sight. It is true that, in the closing eighteenth century, the three Estates of Spirituality, Nobility and Commonalty no longer sufficed as a classification of the component factors of the nation. But Burke spoke the truth, when, in his *Reflections*, he told the French people, "You had the elements of a constitution very nearly as good as could be wished. In your old States you possessed that variety of parts, corresponding with the various descriptions of which your community was happily composed. You had all that combination and all that opposition of interests, you had that action and counteraction, which, in the natural and in the political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant parts, draws out the harmony of the universe . . . You had all these advantages in your ancient States; but you chose to act as if you had never been moulded into civil society and had everything to begin anew. You began ill, because you began by despising everything that belonged to you."\* Unquestionably this was so. The old principle of a representation of interests was discarded. "The three orders were melted down into one": and the new principle of a delegation of sovereign individuals took its place: the Rousseauan principle of the political equivalence of all men. That was the central idea of the French Revolution; that and not liberty, which is rooted and grounded in

\* Taine writes forcibly and picturesquely to the same effect: "Vingt millions d'hommes et davantage avaient à peine dépassé l'état mental du moyen âge: c'est pourquoi, dans ses grands lignes l'édifice social qu'ils pouvaient habiter devait être du moyen âge. Il fallait assainir celui-ci, le nettoyer, y percer des fenêtres, y abattre les clôtures, mais en garder les fondements, le gros œuvre et la distribution générale. Sans quoi après l'avoir démolí et avoir campé dix ans en plein air, à la façon des sauvages, ses hôtes devaient être forcés de la rebâtir presque sur le même plan."—*Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*, vol. i, p. 278.

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inequality.\* And that is the central idea of what John Stuart Mill has termed "the falsely called democracies which now prevail, and from which the current idea of democracy is exclusively derived."† Its inevitable issue is unlimited government by the class constituting the numerical majority.

More than a hundred years have elapsed since this new principle was introduced into the public order of France. And now, almost everywhere throughout Europe, it has supplanted the old. Half a century ago the Third Napoleon, who personally despised it, but knew how to manipulate it, predicted its victories: "le suffrage universel" he is reported to have said, "est une bêtise, mais il fera le tour du monde." How can any wise man doubt that it is an absurdity to confide the destiny of nations to the "Yea and No of general ignorance," to constitute the populace the judge of the most arduous questions of statecraft? But the success of the Revolutionary theory, absurd when we consider it in the abstract, is easily explicable if we view it in connexion with human nature. Lord Acton has called it "the strongest political theory that has appeared among men,"‡ and Taine, in writing to me some years ago, admirably explained wherein its strength lies. "Ce qui fait une puissance extraordinaire aux idées de Rousseau c'est surtout la simplicité de la conception. Un enfant, un ouvrier croit la comprendre. En effet le raisonnement qu'elle enfante est aussi aisé qu'une règle de trois. Comment prouver à cet homme qu'il ne comprend pas, que la notion de l'état est une des plus difficiles à former, que le raisonnement politique est hors de sa portée? Ce serait l'offusquer. Il ne peut pas admettre,

\* Taine sums it up in some hundred words: "Selon le principe de Rousseau il ne faut pas évaluer les hommes mais les compter: en politique, le nombre seul est respectable; ni la naissance, ni la propriété, ni les fonctions, ni la capacité sont des titres; grand ou petit, ignorant ou savant, général, soldat ou goujat, dans l'armée sociale chaque individuel n'est qu'une unité muni d'une vote; où vous voyez la majorité, là est le droit."—*Origines, etc.*, vol. i, p. 243.

† *Considerations on Representative Government*, p. 155.

‡ p. 16.

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même comme possible, une chose si énorme ; et son amour-propre suffit pour aveugler son bon sens."

Well, things are what they are, and their consequences will be what they will be. It ought not to excite surprise if this idea of equality seeks to realize itself in fact. Ideas are not bits of mechanism: they are vital entities bound to develop after their own laws. Aristotle pointed out long ago that those who are equal in political power come to think that they should be equal in everything else. It is perfectly intelligible that they should come to think so—that they should seek to translate equality of right into equality of fact. The most deeply felt of inequalities is that of property, and before the French Revolution was far advanced, the cry went forth against it. This was natural enough, for private property necessarily produces that inequality which the Jacobin theory condemns. It was a favourite argument of Marat that the rich have no right to the enjoyments of which the masses are deprived, and that the guilt of their selfishness and oppression could be expiated only by death. Chaumette urged that though the Revolution had destroyed the nobles and the Capets, there remained another aristocracy to be overthrown—the aristocracy of the opulent. Tallien demanded "full and entire equality," and insisted that the owners of property should be sent to jail as public thieves. Fouché maintained that "equality ought not to be a deceitful illusion," and "that all citizens ought to have a like right to the advantages of society." The rest of "the giants of 1792," as their admirers are wont to call the most contemptible and commonplace criminals the world had ever seen, used similar language. They were within their logic, these "giants of 1792," they were but translating into fact the doctrine set forth in Rousseau's *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality*.\* They were the founders of Socialism, and Socialism is the inevitable outcome of the idea which is

\* Lord Acton observes that "the Reign of Terror was nothing else than the reign of those who conceive that liberty and equality can co-exist."—*Essays on Liberty*, p. 267.

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of the essence of the Revolution. It is also—let us bear that in mind—the most complete and emphatic denial of individual freedom. Liberty means the right of a man to make the most and best of himself without prejudice to his neighbour's like right: to develop his personality by all just means: and private property is essential to the development and maintenance of personality in this workaday world: it is realized liberty, and is necessary to the existence of the family, which—and not the individual—is the true basis of the commonwealth. But Socialism, if true to its principles, means the confiscation of private property, the destruction of the family, and the annihilation of the human *person*.

So much, then, as to what seems to me the essential vice of the Revolutionary idea, a vice which Lord Acton, has indeed noted in the book before me, but has not adequately discussed. In another, and, in my judgement, far more valuable work, he has the following very pregnant observations:

The deepest cause which made the French Revolution so disastrous to liberty, was its theory of equality. . . . The opinion, at that time, was universal, that society is founded on an agreement which is voluntary and conditional, and that the links which bind men to it are terminable, for sufficient reason, like those which subject them to authority. From these popular premisses, the logic of Marat drew his sanguinary conclusions. He told the famished people that the conditions on which they had consented to bear their evil lot, and had refrained from violence, had not been kept to them. It was suicide, it was murder, to submit to starve, and to see one's children starving, by the fault of the rich. The bonds of society were dissolved by the wrong it inflicted. The state of nature had come back, in which every man had a right to what he could take. The time had come for the rich to make way for the poor. With this theory of equality, liberty was quenched in blood.\*

Yes: liberty was quenched in blood. And in France the sacred flame has never been rekindled. I know of no country where less respect is shown to those prerogatives

\* *Essays on Liberty*, p. 88.



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of individual freedom which we English sum up in the phrase, "the liberty of the subject." "Liberty," Gambetta proclaimed, "is one of the prerogatives of power," and his words state correctly the French conception. Lord Acton has noted\* that "while Montesquieu, Voltaire, Turgot, Rousseau, Diderot, were all called Liberals, the one thing common to them all is their disregard of liberty." It would almost seem as if the French do not understand what the word means. Indeed, I was reading a short time ago an essay by M. Faguet, in which he asserts that "Republican France ranks foremost among those countries where liberty and liberalism are unknown."†

I have left myself no space to speak in detail of these Lectures of Lord Acton's, nor, indeed, is it necessary that I should do so. That they are his, is a sufficient guarantee for their being written with fullness of knowledge and with an earnest striving after that impartiality of which he was the unwearied preacher. More than this, they are "rich in saving common sense," which occasionally takes the form of pregnant hints and pithy sayings. And even if, from time to time, we hesitate to accept the author's conclusions, we benefit by the necessity which he lays upon us of examining the grounds for our dissent. Thus at page 170 I find the statement, "It was the office of the king to negotiate with the Pope, and he might have saved the Revolution, the limited monarchy and his own life, if he had negotiated wisely." Louis XVI was as stupid as he was honest, but I have never believed that it was possible for him, even if "lighted by wisdom from on high," to achieve, through negotiating with the Pope, the results of which Lord Acton speaks, or any of them; and the more I examine and ponder the matter, the more strongly I am confirmed in this disbelief. Another

\* P. 19.

† A French friend of mine describes the condition of the public order in that country at the present time as follows: "Un gouvernement sectaire, au nom d'une mensongère égalité, fait main basse sur les libertés du travail et de l'éducation en attendant qu'il atteigne toutes les libertés personnelles et foncières."

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judgement of Lord Acton's to which I am quite unable to subscribe, is his estimate of Danton (p. 283) as "a thorough patriot." Danton was doubtless intrepid and able; but it appears to me, after the fullest study of his life and work, that his patriotism was of the kind described by Dr Johnson, "the last refuge of a scoundrel." His pregnant saying that has come down to us, "Nous étions dessous, nous sommes dessus: et voilà toute la Révolution," seems to me to afford a revelation of his true character.\* Again, writing of the loss of the *Vengeur* (p. 323), Lord Acton says: "Those of the survivors who were not wounded were seen standing by the broken mast, and cried 'Vive la République!' as the ship went down. . . No exaggeration and no contradiction can mar the dramatic grandeur of the scene." I confess that in the true history of the loss of the *Vengeur* I find no element whatever of dramatic grandeur. Such an element indeed existed in the lying legend fabricated by Barrère, but the legend has been utterly exploded in a paper which will be found in the fourth volume of Carlyle's *Miscellanies*. The testimony of Admiral Griffiths—an eye-witness—there given is express. "Not one shout was heard beyond that of horror and despair." "Never were men in distress more ready to save themselves." The crew of the *Vengeur* doubtless fought well, but those of them who could not be rescued by the English boats were drowned because they could not help it; and what element of dramatic grandeur is there in their fate—even if they cried "Vive la République!" which Admiral Griffiths assures us they did not.

But, besides expressions of opinion which seem to me untenable, there are in these Lectures various errors of fact—some of them very strange. At p. 152 we read that Talleyrand "said his last Mass when on the first anniversary of the Bastille"—of course the capture of the

\* There is what appears to me a very just estimate of him in Taine's third volume, in the course of which occur the remarks, "Ni au physique ni au moral il n'a de dégoûts": "Danton n'a ni le respect de lui-même ni le respect d'autrui." pp. 180-181.

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Bastille is meant—"an altar was erected in the Champ de Mars." But it was subsequently to that performance—viz., on February 24, 1791—that Talleyrand consecrated two Constitutional Bishops, and founded the Schismatic Church in France, upon which occasion he most certainly said Mass. Again, at p. 69, we read that Talleyrand had obtained the see of Autun only at the request of the assembled clergy of France, and that when the Pope selected him for a Cardinal's hat Louis prevented his nomination. This account of Talleyrand's elevation to the episcopate, is very different from the received account, and I have been unable to discover any authority for it. The explanation of his failure to receive the Cardinal's hat is also quite new to me. It has been always understood, I believe, that Gustavus III, King of Sweden, a *persona grata* to the Pope, recommended him for it, at the request of Madame de Brionne, in whose favour Talleyrand stood very high, and that the Queen, Marie Antoinette, who cordially disliked that lady—a cousin and partisan of Cardinal de Rohan of Diamond Necklace fame—caused the influence of the Court of Austria to be brought to bear against the recommendation. At p. 152, Talleyrand, the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims, uncle of the more famous bearer of the name, is spoken of as a man of "notoriously evil report." Surely this is unjust to that prelate whose contemporaries accounted him a grave and, indeed, devout person. Of course, Lord Acton did not write these Lectures for publication and never revised them. But I venture to think that the able gentlemen who have edited them might well have corrected such errors of fact, which are the more annoying as Lord Acton always laboured so hard to be accurate.

W. S. LILLY.

# CHARLOTTE AND EMILY BRONTË

NEVER before recent years has a work of English literature received such appreciation from a French writer as English readers may accept. We meet the Abbé Dimnet, for example, in his book *Les Sœurs Brontë*, face to face, and read his reading with level interest and equal respect: not condescending, and with no necessity for nimble change of mental place, with no look askance upon the difference and the difficulty. If it seems too much to say that this had not been possible in former years, let the reader turn to Taine's pages on Charles Dickens. More than an inability in regard to language it was that led Taine, a citizen of a nation capable of some certain forms of humour, to write of Augustus Moddle in *Martin Chuzzlewit*—our Moddle—as a terrible figure of insanity. "Augustus, the gloomy maniac, makes us shudder," says the illustrious French critic.

This untimely solemnity, this literal and all-unfanciful resolve to see a figure of fiction and drama as it were "in the round" (as they say in the drawing-schools), to see the back of it and the sides and the perspective, instead of accepting the impression; in a word, this stupid search for the third dimension, must have been due to a mind untrained in any but French, national, local habits of thought and literature. In order to judge English literature well, a French writer must not only know the English language better than Frenchmen were wont to know it, he must know English play as distinct from French, English banter as different from French, the English laugh, the English Falstaff, the English Shallow, Silence, Primrose, Micawber, in short English art. And English art—inimitably humorous—does not insist upon the tragedy of the whole fact. It takes an odd man in fiction at his face-value, sees him simply and with a single eye. It deals with "every man in his humour"—even the lunatic in his. Not that we need grant to the French critic that

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Moddle is insane. Miss Pecksniff's quarry is quite a sane young man. He is odd, he is sufficient, he is absurd. And the same may be said of Dickens's veritable lunatics. What! are we, with Taine apparently, to shudder also at Mr Dick's delusion, at the amours of the gentleman in gaiters who threw the vegetable-marrows over the wall, at the petrification of the intellect that befell Mr F.'s aunt? If so, away with the art of literature, and let us have these sad cases in the form of a complete and conscientious diagnosis.

M. Dimnet has had a less difficult matter to deal with than was attempted, with so rash a seriousness, by Taine. The later critic has had no humour to apprehend; the work of the Brontës was not humorous but impassioned, and passion speaks the universal tongue, whereas humour laughs and thinks in her own dialect, even when her English is quite pure. But this less difficult task he has done admirably well. He must be in possession of the best traditions of English prose—must indeed be naturalized therein—in order to write with answering dignity of the greatness of Charlotte Brontë's English. Yet, in the biographical part of his work he does well to bring to the forefront his distinctively French judgement. It is a Frenchman and a Catholic, and no Protestant, no Englishman, no Englishwoman, assuredly not Mrs Gaskell, who can present to us the true Charlotte Brontë in the true Brussels school. (For this purpose we may usefully confound Belgian and French; for Charlotte's education there was principally in French literature, and indeed the language in common does away with the chief differences of race.) Alone among the innumerable writers who have made their comments upon Charlotte's life and works, M. Dimnet has set down a just judgement upon the bitter woman with her arrogant thoughts of herself and her truthfulness, and her wounding thoughts of others. He, nevertheless, takes up again the whole tradition of the English province when he shrinks with Charlotte into her parsonage and watches with her the duty-ordered, sorrow-broken years go by.

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M. Dimnet has the fine sense of English verbs and their characters that causes him to pause for a moment upon the rhetorical primness of those parts of speech as Charlotte Brontë used them in her earlier style. She did, in fact, inherit a manner of English that had been strained beyond rebound, fatigued beyond recovery, by the "corrupt following" of Gibbon; and there was within her a sense of propriety that caused her to conform. Straited and serious elder daughter of her time, she kept the house of literature. She practised those verbs, to evince, to reside, to intimate, to peruse. She wrote "communicating instruction" for teaching; "an extensive and eligible connexion"; "a small competency"; "an establishment on the Continent"; "It operated as a barrier to further intercourse"; and of a child (with a singular unfitness with childhood) "For the toys he possesses he seems to have contracted a partiality amounting to affection." I have been already rebuked for a criticism of Gibbon done by way of parenthesis in the course of an appreciation of some other author. Let me, therefore, repeat that I am writing of the corrupt following of that apostle and not of his own style. Gibbon's grammar is singularly weak, but the corrupt followers have something worse than bad grammar. Gibbon was fond of "the latter" and "the former." "Oh, do not condemn me to the latter!" cries a lover in Mrs Inchbald's novel, after a statement of his hopes and fears; and this was wreckage of Gibbon. "After suppressing a competitor who had assumed the purple at Mentz, he refused to gratify his troops with the plunder of the rebellious city," writes the great historian. When Mr Micawber confesses "gratifying emotions of no common description" he conforms to a lofty and a distant Gibbon. And when an author, in a work on "The Divine Comedy," recently told us that Paolo and Francesca were to receive from Dante "such alleviation as circumstances would allow," that also is a shattered, a waste Gibbon, a waif of Gibbon. Encumbered by this drift and refuse of English, Charlotte Brontë yet achieved the miracle of her vocabulary. It is less wonderful that

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she should have appeared out of such a parsonage than that she should have arisen out of such a language.

A re-reading of her works is always a new amazing of her old reader who turns back to review the harvest of her English. It must have been with rapture that she claimed her own simplicity. And with what a moderation, how temperately, and how seldom she used her mastery! To the last she has an occasional attachment to her bonds; for she was not only fire and air. In one passage of her life she may remind us of the little colourless and thrifty hen-bird that Lowell watched nest-building with her mate, and cutting short the flutterings and billings wherewith he would now and then joyously interrupt the business; her building bird was a clergyman. He came, lately affianced, for a week's visit to her parsonage, and she wrote to her friend before his arrival: "My little plans have been disarranged by an intimation that Mr —— is coming on Monday"; and afterwards, in reference to her sewing, "he hindered me for a full week."

In alternate pages *Villette* is a book of spirit and fire, and a novel of illiberal rancour, of ungenerous, uneducated anger, ungentle, ignoble. In order to forgive its offences, we have to remember in its author's favour not her pure style set free, not her splendour in literature, but rather the immeasurable sorrow of her life. To read of that sorrow again is to open once more a wound which most men perhaps, certainly most women, received into their hearts in childhood. For the *Life of Charlotte Brontë* is one of the first books of biography put into the hands of a child, to whom *Jane Eyre* is allowed only in passages. We are young when we first hear in what narrow beds "the three are laid"—the two sisters and the brother—and in what a bed of living insufferable memories the one left lay alone, reviewing the hours of their death—alone in the sealed house that was only less narrow than their graves. The rich may set apart and dedicate a room, the poor change their street, but Charlotte Brontë, in close captivity of the fortunes of mediocrity, rested in the chair that had been her dying sister's, and held her

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melancholy bridals in the dining room that had been the scene of terrible and reluctant death.

But closer than the conscious house was the conscious mind. Locked with intricate wards within the unrelaxing and unlapsing thoughts of this lonely sister, dwelt a sorrow inconsolable. It is well for the perpetual fellowship of mankind that no child should read this life, and not take therefrom a perdurable scar. By some means, in some divine economy, the friendship of children who have wept for her may touch her yet, albeit her heart was somewhat frigid towards childhood, and she died before her motherhood could be born.

Mistress of some of the best prose of her century, Charlotte Brontë was subject to a Lewes, a Chorley, a Miss Martineau: that is, she suffered what in Italian is called *soggezione* in their presence. When she had met six minor contemporary writers—by-products of literature—at dinner, she had a headache and a sleepless night. She writes to her friend that these contributors to the quarterly press are greatly feared in literary London, and there is in her letter a sense of tremor and exhaustion. And what nights did the heads of the critics undergo after the meeting? Lewes, whose own romances are all condoned, all forgiven, by time and oblivion, who gave her lessons, who told her to study Jane Austen? The others, whose reviews doubtless did their proportionate part in still further hunting and harrying the tired English of their day? And before Harriet Martineau she bore herself reverently. Harriet Martineau, albeit a woman of masculine understanding (we may imagine we hear her contemporaries give her the title), could not thread her way safely in and out of two or three negatives, but wrote—about this very Charlotte Brontë: “I did not consider the book a coarse one, though I could not answer for it that there were no traits which, on a second leisurely reading, I might not dislike.” Mrs Gaskell quotes the passage with no consciousness of anything amiss.

As for Lewes’s vanished lesson upon the methods of Jane Austen, it served one only sufficient purpose. Itself



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is not quoted by anyone alive, but Charlotte Brontë's rejoinder adds one to our little treasury of her incomparable pages. If they were twenty, they are twenty-one by the addition of this, written in a long-neglected letter and saved for us by Mr Shorter's research, for I believe his is the only record: "What sees keenly, speaks aptly, moves flexibly, it suits her to study; but what throbs fast and full, though hidden, what blood rushes through, what is the unseen seat of life and the sentient target of death—that Miss Austen ignores."

When the author of *Jane Eyre* faltered before six authors, more or less, at dinner in London, was it the writer of her second-class English who was shy? or was it the author of the passages here to follow?—and therefore one for whom the national tongue was much the better? There can be little doubt. The Charlotte Brontë who used the English of a world long corrupted by "one good custom"—the good custom of Gibbon's Latinity grown fatally popular—could at any time hold up her head amongst her reviewers; for her there was no sensitive interior solitude in that society. She who cowered was the Charlotte who made Rochester recall "the simple yet sagacious grace" of Jane's first smile; she who wrote: "I looked at my love; it shivered in my heart like a suffering child in a cold cradle"; who wrote: "To see what a heavy lid day slowly lifted, what a wan glance she flung upon the hills, you would have thought the sun's fire quenched in last night's floods." This new genius was solitary and afraid, and touched to the quick by the eyes and voice of judges. In her worse style there was no "quick." Latin-English, whether scholarly or unscholarly, is the mediate tongue. An unscholarly Latin-English is proof against the world. The scholarly Latin-English wherefrom it is disastrously derived is, in its own nobler measure, a defence against more august assaults than those of criticism. In the strength of it did Johnson hold parley with his profounder sorrows—hold parley (by his phrase), make terms (by his definition), give them at last lodging and entertainment after sentence and treaty.

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And the meaner office of protection against reviewers and the world was doubtless done by the meaner Latinity. The author of the phrase "The child contracted a partiality for his toys" had no need to fear any authors she might meet at dinner. Against Charlotte Brontë's sorrows her worse manner of English never stands for a moment. Those vain phrases fall from before her face and her bared heart. To the heart, to the heart she took the shafts of her griefs. She tells them therefore as she suffered them, vitally and mortally. "A great change approached. Affliction came in that shape which to anticipate is dread; to look back on, grief. My sister Emily first declined. Never in all her life had she lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She made haste to leave us." "I remembered where the three were laid—in what narrow, dark dwellings." "Do you know this place? No, you never saw it; but you recognize the nature of these trees, this foliage—the cypress, the willow, the yew. Stone crosses like these are not unfamiliar to you, nor are these dim garlands of everlasting flowers. Here is the place." "Then the watcher approaches the patient's pillow, and sees a new and strange moulding of the familiar features, feels at once that the insufferable moment draws nigh." In the same passage comes another single word of genius, "the sound that so wastes our strength." And, fine as "wastes," is the "wronged" of another sentence—"some wronged and fettered wild beast or bird."

It is easy to gather such words, more difficult to separate the best from such a mingled page as that on "Imagination:" "A spirit, softer and better than human reason, had descended with quiet flight to the waste;" and "My hunger has this good angel appeased with food sweet and strange;" and "This daughter of Heaven remembered me to-night; she saw me weep, and she came with comfort; 'Sleep,' she said, 'sleep sweetly—I gild thy dreams.'" But here and there this one page has somewhat too easy and too loose a diction. Never does the true simplicity wear this aspect of excessive ease;

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this, for example, is simple and perfect: "Was this feeling dead? I do not know, but it was buried. Sometimes I thought the tomb unquiet."

Perhaps the most "eloquent" pages are unluckily those wherein we miss the friction—friction of water to the oar, friction of air to the pinion—friction that sensibly proves the use, the buoyancy, the act of language. Sometimes an easy eloquence resembles the easy labours of the daughters of Danaus. To draw water in a sieve is an easy art, rapid and relaxed.

But no laxity is ever, I think, to be found in her brief passages of landscape. "The keen, still cold of the morning was succeeded, later in the day, by a sharp breathing from the Russian Wastes; the cold zone sighed over the temperate zone and froze it fast." "Not till the destroying angel of tempest had achieved his perfect work would he fold the wings whose waft was thunder, the tremor of whose plumes was storm." "The night is not calm: the equinox still struggles in its storms. The wild rains of the day are abated: the great single cloud disappears and rolls away from Heaven, not passing and leaving a sea all sapphire, but tossed buoyant before a continued, long-sounding, high-rushing moonlight tempest. . . . No Endymion will watch for his goddess to-night: there are no flocks on the mountains." See, too, this ocean: "The sway of the whole Great Deep above a herd of whales rushing through the livid and liquid thunder down from the frozen zone." And this promise of the visionary Shirley: "I am to be walking by myself on deck, rather late of an August evening, watching and being watched by a full harvest moon: something is to rise white on the surface of the sea, over which that moon mounts silent, and hangs glorious. . . . I think I hear it cry with an articulate voice. . . . I show you an image fair as alabaster emerging from the dim wave."

Charlotte Brontë knew well the experience of dreams. She seems to have undergone that inevitable dream of mourners—the human dream of the Labyrinth, shall I call it? the uncertain spiritual journey in search of the

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waiting and sequestered dead, which is the obscure subject of the "Eurydice" of Coventry Patmore's Odes. There is the lately dead, in exile, remote, betrayed, foreign, sad, indifferent, forsaken by some vague malice or neglect, sought by troubled love astray.

In Charlotte Brontë's page there is an autumnal and tempestuous dream. "A nameless experience that had the hue, the mien, the terror, the very tone of a visitation from eternity. . . . Suffering brewed in temporal or calculable measure tastes not as this suffering tasted." Finally, is there any need to cite the passage of *Jane Eyre* that contains the avowal, the vigil in the garden? Those are not words to be forgotten. Some tell you that a fine style will give you the memory of a scene and not of the recording words that are the author's means. And others again would have the phrase to be remembered foremost. Here, then, in *Jane Eyre*, are both memories equal. The night is perceived, the phrase is an experience; both have their place in the reader's irrevocable past. "Custom intervened between me and what I naturally and inevitably loved." "Jane, do you hear that nightingale singing in the wood?" "A waft of wind came sweeping down the laurel walk, and trembled through the boughs of the chestnut; it wandered away to an infinite distance. . . . The nightingale's voice was then the only voice of the hour; in listening I again wept."

Whereas Charlotte Brontë walked, with exultation and enterprise, upon the road of symbols, under the guidance of her own visiting genius, Emily seldom or never went out upon those avenues. She was one who practised little or no imagery. Her style had the key of an inner prose which seems to leave imagery behind in the way of approaches—the appavelled and arrayed approaches and ritual of literature—and so to go further and to be admitted among simple realities and antitypes.

Charlotte Brontë also knew that simple goal, but she loved her imagery. In the passage of *Jane Eyre* that tells of the return to Thornfield Hall, in ruins by fire, she

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bespeaks her reader's romantic attention to an image which in truth is not all golden. She has moments, on the other hand, of pure narrative, whereof each word is such a key as I spoke of but now, and unlocks an inner and an inner plain door of spiritual realities. There is, perhaps, no author who, simply telling what happened, tells it with so great a significance: "Jane, did you hear that nightingale singing in the wood?" and "She made haste to leave us." But her characteristic calling is to images, those avenues and temples oracular, and to the vision of symbols.

You may hear the poet of great imagery praised as a great mystic. Nevertheless, although a great mystical poet makes images, he does not do so in his greatest moments. He is a great mystic, because he has a full vision of the mystery of realities, not because he has a clear invention of similitudes.

Of many thousand kisses the poor last,  
and  
Now with his love, now in the coldë grave  
are lines on the yonder side of imagery. So is this line also—

Sad with the promise of a different sun,  
and  
Piteous passion keen at having found,  
After exceeding ill, a little good.

Shakespeare, Chaucer and Patmore yield us these great examples. Imagery is for the time when, as in these lines, the shock of feeling (which must needs pass, as the heart beats and pauses) is gone by:

Thy heart with dead winged innocences filled,  
Even as a nest with birds,  
After the old ones by the hawk are killed.

I cite these last lines because they are lines of imagery in a poem that without them would be insupportably close

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to spiritual facts; and because it seems to prove with what a yielding hand at play the poet of realities holds his symbols for a while. A great writer is both a major and a minor mystic, in the self-same poem; now suddenly close to his mystery (which is his greater moment) and anon making it mysterious with imagery (which is the moment of his most splendid lines).

The student passes delighted through the several courts of poetry, from the outer to the inner, from riches to more imaginative riches, and from decoration to more complex decoration; and prepares himself for the greater opulence of the innermost chamber. But when he crosses the last threshold he finds this midmost sanctuary to be a hypæthral temple, and in its custody and care a simple earth and a space of sky.

Emily Brontë seems to have a quite unparalleled unconsciousness of the delays, the charms, the pauses and preparations of imagery. Her strength does not dally with the parenthesis, and her simplicity is ignorant of those rites. Her lesser work, therefore, is plain narrative, and her greater work is no more. On the hither side—the daily side—of imagery she is still a strong and solitary writer; on the yonder side she has written some of the most mysterious passages in all plain prose. And with what direct and incommunicable art! “‘ Let me alone, let me alone,’ said Catherine. ‘ If I’ve done wrong, I’m dying for it. You left me too . . . I forgive you. Forgive me!’ ‘ It is hard to forgive, and to look at those eyes and feel those wasted hands,’ he answered. ‘ Kiss me again, and don’t let me see your eyes! I forgive what you have done to me. I love my murderer—but *yours*! How can I?’ They were silent, their faces hid against each other, and washed by each other’s tears.” “ So much the worse for me that I am strong,” cries Heathcliff in the same scene. “ Do I want to live? What kind of living will it be when you—— Oh God, would you like to live with your soul in the grave? ”

Charlotte Brontë’s noblest passages are her own speech or the speech of one like herself acting the central part in

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the dreams and dramas of emotion that she had kept from her girlhood—the unavowed custom of the ordinary girl by her so splendidly avowed in a confidence that comprised the world. Emily had no such confessions to publish. She contrived—but the word does not befit her singular spirit of liberty, that knew nothing of stealth—to remove herself from the world; as her person left no image, so her “I” is not heard in literature. She lends her voice in disguise to her men and women; the first narrator of her great romance is a young man, the second a servant woman; this one or that among the actors takes up the story, and her great words sound at times in paltry mouths. It is then that for a moment her reader seems about to come into her immediate presence, but by a fiction she denies herself to him. To a somewhat trivial girl (or a girl who would be trivial in any other book, but Emily Brontë seems unable to create anything consistently meagre or common)—to Isabella Linton she commits one of the most memorable passages of her work, and one which has the rare image—I had almost written the only image, so rare is it: “His attention was roused, I saw, for his eyes rained down tears among the ashes. . . . The clouded windows of hell flashed for a moment towards me; the fiend which usually looked out was so dimmed and drowned.” But in Heathcliff’s own speech there is no veil or circumstance. “I’m too happy; and yet I’m not happy enough. My soul’s bliss kills my body, but does not satisfy itself.” “I have to remind myself to breathe, and almost to remind my heart to beat.” “Being alone, and conscious two yards of loose earth was the sole barrier between us, I said to myself: ‘I’ll have her in my arms again.’ If she be cold, I’ll think it is this north wind that chills me; and if she be motionless, it is sleep.” What art, moreover, what knowledge, what a fresh ear for the clash of repetition; what a chime in that phrase: “I dreamt I was sleeping the last sleep by that sleeper, with my heart stopped, and my cheek frozen against hers.”

Emily Brontë was no student of books. It was not from among the fruits of any other author’s labour that she

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gathered these eminent words. But I think I have found the suggestion of this action of Heathcliff's—the disinterment. Not in any inspiring ancient Irish legend, as has been suggested, did Emily Brontë take her incident; she found it (but she made, and did not find, its beauty) in a mere costume romance of Bulwer Lytton, whom Charlotte Brontë, as we know, did not admire. And Emily showed no sign whatever of admiration when she did him so much honour as to borrow the action of his studio-bravo.

Heathcliff's love for Catherine's past childhood is one of the profound surprises of this unparalleled book; it is to call her childish ghost—the ghost of the little girl—when she has been a dead adult woman twenty years that the inhuman lover opens the window of the house on the Heights. Something is this that the reader knew not how to look for. Another thing known to genius and beyond a reader's hope is the tempestuous purity of those passions. This wild quality of purity has a counterpart in the brief passages of nature that make the summers, the waters, the woods, and the windy heights of that murderous story seem so sweet. The “beck” that was audible beyond the hills after rain, the “heath on the top of Wuthering Heights” whereon, in her dream of Heaven, Catherine, flung out by angry angels, awoke sobbing for joy; the bird whose feathers she—delirious creature—plucks from the pillow of her deathbed (“This—I should know it among a thousand—it's a lapwing's. Bonny bird; wheeling over our heads in the middle of the moor. It wanted to get to its nest, for the clouds had touched the swells and it felt rain coming”); the two only white spots of snow left on all the moors, and the brooks brim-full; the old apple-trees, the smell of stocks and wall-flowers in the brief summer, the few fir trees by Catherine's window-bars, the early moon—I know not where are landscapes more exquisite and natural. And among the signs of death where is any fresher than the window seen from the garden to be swinging open in the morning, when Heathcliff lay within, dead and drenched with rain?



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None of these things are presented by images. Nor is that signal passage wherewith the book comes to a close. Be it permitted to cite it here again. It has taken its place, it is among the paragons of our literature. Our language will not lapse or derogate while this prose stands for appeal: "I lingered . . . under that benign sky; watched the moths fluttering among the heath and harebells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass, and wondered how anyone could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth."

Finally, of Emily Brontë's face the world holds no reflection, and of her aspect little written record. Wild fugitive, she vanished, she escaped, she broke away, exiled by the neglect of her contemporaries, banished by their disrespect, outlawed by their contempt, dismissed by their indifference. And such an one was she as might rather have taken for her own the sentence pronounced by Coriolanus under sentence of expulsion; she might have driven the world from before her face and cast it out from her presence as he condemned his Romans: "*I banish you.*"

ALICE MEYNELL

# THE BI-CENTENARY OF THE PIANO

THE most popular of the greater musical instruments is also the youngest.

In the Church St Cecilia's spokesman is the organ; in the theatre, at the Symphony concert, and out of doors the orchestra or band; in the cottage, owing to its cheapness, the reed organ or harmonium. Elsewhere music without a piano is almost non-existent.

With the exception of the organ, the instrument is unknown, solos on which are complete without a pianoforte accompaniment. Three voices or instruments must combine before the performers can bid defiance to the piano. Unaccompanied duets—save as exercises—are virtually unknown.

The instrument is ubiquitous. The house without one is unfurnished. So is even the gentleman's yacht and the small passenger steamer. Music is studied through the medium of the piano more than through the voice and all other instruments put together. A scrutiny of a number of British Examination returns shows that eighty-two per cent of the examinees are pianoforte students. Other subjects, including the voice and theory, only muster eighteen per cent.

And yet, compared with instruments of the harp and flute type, the piano is a thing of yesterday. Dame Nature does not always set her seeds and germs in the soil most suitable for them. Has not the thistle grown much more luxuriantly in Australia than in Scotland, and the rabbit increased faster there than in its native climes? Nor is it in the animal and vegetable world only that extraordinary developments have followed from transplantation. The world of art can furnish parallel examples. Thus, there are four ways in which a taut string can be made to yield a musical note. It can be plucked, as in the harp; scraped, as in the fiddle; tapped, as in the dulcimer; and blown across, as in the Æolian harp. Two of these

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have produced revolutions in the musical world. But both were known for centuries before the revolution took place. And the revolution in neither case occurred in the original home of the germinal instrument, but was a result of transplantation. It arose not from discovery of an acoustical fact, but recognition of its possibilities. During the greater part of the world's history instruments played with the fingers or a plectrum, chiefly the lyre and harp, held sway. Those played with a bow were known only in India. They had at most but two strings, and were comparatively insignificant. It was not till the Crusaders brought the Oriental "ugab" into Europe that the immense superiority of the bow over the fingers as a means of eliciting sound from a string began to be discovered—to the overthrow of instruments whose supremacy had been unquestioned from the time of Jubal. Similarly instruments in which the strings were made to vibrate by the impact of a little hammer have been known, especially in Persia and Arabia, from a remote antiquity. Yet it was not in Persia or Arabia, but in Italy, and not till the eighteenth century A.D., that the full possibilities of the little hammer system began to unfold themselves.

The law of succession in things mechanical would seem to be as fond of passing over a generation and of deriving from collateral branches as is the law of heredity. The father of the pianoforte in point of time was the harpsichord, and its mother the spinet or virginal, a smaller form of the same instrument. But its distinguishing principle, the employment of hammers in place of a quill or "jack" which plucked the string, is derived from a much more remote and collateral relative—the dulcimer, an instrument of great antiquity, in which wires were struck with hammers held in the hands. A pianoforte is indeed simply a dulcimer operated by means of a keyboard.

The human mind is prone to assume that every invention had a single origin and sole originator. Simultaneous discoveries and composite inventions do not appeal to it. Often it is the historian's duty to dispel this assumption

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and substitute facts less grateful to the imagination. The advent of the pianoforte, however, affords a welcome exception. It can be located as to both place and time; nor is there any reasonable doubt as to the hero of the romance. True, at one time the honour of being its inventor was claimed for Christoph G. Schroeter of Hohenstein, in Saxony, and at another for the Frenchman, Marius, but the searching investigations of Cavaliere Leto Puliti, published in 1874, have completely established the claim of the Italian, Bartolommeo Cristofori.

It is not difficult to imagine why the Florentine instrument maker set himself the task of grafting the keyboard principle of the harpsichord on to the hammer principle of the Oriental dulcimer. Music consists of three elements, Pitch, Time, and Intensity. In this latter quality, which governs expression, the harpsichord was very weak. Its strings were plucked, or twanged, by a quill, or metal plectrum, a medium vastly inferior to a felt-covered hammer for controlling graduation of tone. Hence the new instrument was greeted as being a "clavicembalo col piano e forte," that is, a keyed dulcimer, on which both soft and loud notes could be played. This term was soon abbreviated to "forte-piano" and "piano-forte," which for long were used interchangeably. At the time it was applied to Cristofori's invention the name was probably supposed to be new. In 1879, however, two letters were discovered by the custos of the Biblioteca Estense at Modena, proving it to be a revival. The letters are dated June 27 and December 31, 1598. They are from an instrument maker named Paliarino to Alphonso II. Duke of Modena, and refer to the recovery of "the instrument Piano e Forte, with the organ underneath" and to "another Piano e Forte on which the late Duke had played." Unfortunately they give no clue to the character of the instruments. They prove, however, that attempts to improve on the expressionless character of the harpsichord were more than a century old at the time Cristofori met with success.

Cristofori, or Cristofali, as his name is occasionally

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spelt, was born in 1651 and spent his early life at Padua. Probably he became the most eminent harpsichord maker of his day, for Prince Ferdinand, son of the Grand Duke Cosmo III, and a skilled player on the instrument, induced him to transfer himself to Florence. This was in 1687 or soon after. The playwright and antiquary, Francesco Maffei, visited Florence in 1709, in his "*Giornale dei Letterati d'Italia*," published two years later, he states that Cristofori had made four "*gravicembali col piano e forte*." Though 1710 is the date given in the older histories and dictionaries of music for the invention of the piano, Maffei's book shows the first instrument to have been in existence at least a year—probably two or three years—earlier.

It is probable that Handel played on one of these first pianos. Prince Ferdinand had, in 1708, induced him, then a young man of twenty-three, to visit Florence and compose music for a melodrama. Handel remained a year and brought out his first opera, "*Roderigo*." Being in the same town, and having a common patron, it is impossible that he and Cristofori should not meet, or that, meeting, Handel should not try the new instrument. Unlike his great contemporary, J. S. Bach, he is, however, not known to have expressed any opinion on it.

In addition to the instruments named by Maffei, Cristofori is known to have made a piano in 1720 and another in 1726, both of which are still in existence. Their compass is respectively four, and four and a half, octaves. Yet he does not seem to have made as many instruments as one would have expected of the inventor. He was, it must be remembered, nearer sixty than fifty years old when he made the invention. His instruments were marred by an imperfect "*escapement*," or means of meeting the rebound of the hammer. And in the land of its birth pianoforte manufacture soon came to a standstill.

The dulcimer had to undergo a second transplantation before it showed signs of the wonderful growth and perfection to which it has since attained. To Italy it owes

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its keyboard, but it is to England and Germany that it owes the zenith of its development. Indeed, it is only by a few years that Italy can claim priority of invention.

Two men already alluded to, Marius, a French harpsichord maker, in 1716, and Christoph G. Schroeter, a German, between 1717 and 1721, invented instruments of the keyed-dulcimer type. That they did so independently of Cristofori is shown by the marked inferiority of the mechanism. Neither of them seems to have prosecuted his discovery to any extent.

The first manufacturer after Cristofori to make any considerable number of instruments, indeed, "the first to manufacture pianofortes successfully," was Gottfried Silbermann, who settled in Frieberg as an organ-builder in 1712. No incident in musical history is better known than the visit of the venerable John Sebastian Bach and his eldest son to Frederick the Great, at the Palace at Potsdam in 1747. The King, a passionate lover of music, had acquired a number of Silbermann's pianofortes; "Old Bach," as his Majesty affectionately called him, had to try them, and it was doubtless by his marvellous extemporizations on these, as well as on the King's Silbermann organs, that he so astonished his royal host.\*

Frederick does not appear to have accumulated such an absurd number of duplicate instruments as did some princely personages. But the difference in the distribution of musical wealth between our own day and his is striking. The student of political economy is not likely to turn to the life-story of the piano, for material wherewith to point the moral and adorn the tale he has to tell. But he might turn to many a less fruitful field. In the present day a palace contains no more pianos than are likely to be used, and the smallest houses are rarely without one. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries clavier instru-

\* It is somewhat strange that Carlyle makes no allusion to this incident in his *Life of Frederick*. He was quite aware of it and gave the exact date, April 7th, to Sir G. Grove. Was he not musical enough to be aware of Bach's true greatness? As the most massive and severely intellectual of musicians, one would have thought that Bach would have appealed to him.

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ments appear to have been looked upon much as a philatelist looks upon his stamps—as things to be collected rather than used. The ownership was vested in comparatively few persons. Thus, Duke Alphonso II, of Modena, already referred to, had at least fifty-two clavier instruments, including organs. Moreover, such a number is said to have been by no means unusual to one of his position and period—1598. A century later the Prince Ferdinand de' Medici had at least forty.

For fifty years after its invention the new instrument appeared almost to have been still-born. It lay dormant. Bach commended the mechanism of the Silbermann pianos, but condemned them for their weakness of tone, and declared that more expression could be produced from the clavichord—in which the strings were struck by tangents—than on either the harpsichord or piano; and though after Silbermann had removed this defect Bach declared the instrument “faultless,” it still made little headway.

Yet it only needed a man sufficiently gifted, and young enough to master the new touch—totally different from that of the harpsichord—to make the piano bound into a position with which rivalry was impossible. Such an exponent the instrument found in John Christian Bach, eleventh son of the “great” Bach, and popularly known as the “English” Bach from his long residence in London. It is from his arrival in London in 1759 that the rivalry between the piano and harpsichord may be said to have begun. That, while highly gifted, he was of a much gayer disposition than his forbears and brothers, probably, in a financial sense, helped him. The elegance and brilliance of his compositions and playing did much to popularise his favourite instrument. Perhaps his being music-master to the Queen and Royal Family did so too. The manufacture of pianos in England to any considerable degree may be dated from his advent. And for a length of time London was the centre of piano-making activity, though the makers were largely Italians.

The first public notice of a pianoforte in England was

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on a Covent Garden playbill of May 16, 1767, which announced that "Miss Brickler will sing a favourite song from 'Judith,' accompanied by Mr Dibdin, on a new instrument call'd Piano Forte." The first use of it as a solo instrument appears to have been a performance by John Christian Bach at the Thatched House on June 2, 1768. A few years later, in 1771, it was introduced at Drury Lane, Mr Burney, a nephew of the celebrated Dr Burney, being appointed to play it.

Anyone looking at a pianoforte action might pardonably wonder why so elaborate a mechanism should be necessary to enable a hammer to strike a string. The reason is that inventors of string instruments with a hammer action are beset with two difficulties. The first is to devise a means whereby the hammer, after striking the string, shall rebound, and leave the string free even though the key remains depressed; otherwise there could be no sustained tone. The other is to ensure that the hammer, though leaving the string absolutely free, and not liable to unintentional rebounding, shall be capable of rapid repetitions of a note. The history of the evolution of the pianoforte is the history of the overcoming of these difficulties. Cristofori only partially overcame them. The perfecting did not take place till after the instrument had celebrated its jubilee, and was the work of others, chiefly of the Dutchman, Americus Backers, with the assistance, it is said, of the Scotsman, John Broadwood, and his apprentice, presumably English, Robert Stodart.

"Perfecting" is no rhetorical figure. For just as no improvement has been made in the violin since the time of Antonio Stradivarius, in the early eighteenth century, so no material change in pianoforte "escapement," as it is called, has been made since the invention of what, from the scene of the discovery being London, came to be known as the "English action." This action was preferred by so exacting a critic as Chopin to any other, and to-day, nearly a century and a half after its invention, in its essentials is still in use.



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Ten years after the perfecting of the escapement, namely, in 1782, John Broadwood invented the device popularly known as the "loud," but more correctly as the "sustaining" pedal, and also one form of "soft" pedal. Despite its constant misuse, the former invention has enormously enhanced the power of the instrument, and it would be difficult to exaggerate its value under the foot of a skilful player.

In shape the piano has gone through the "wing," "pig-head," or "grand" form; the "square," "oblong," or "table" form; and finally returned to its original form, that of the present "grand." About the year 1800 the "upright," "cabinet," or "cottage" piano was invented, the first examples coming from the workshop of Isaac Hawkins. Upright pianos had been made before this, but they were simply "grand" or horizontal pianos turned upwards; the strings did not go below the level of the keyboard.

But not even with a perfected escapement and the sustaining and soft pedals had pianoforte manufacture reached its climax. There was yet to come a device which should not only admit of a largely extended compass but also of the treble strings being made stronger than the bass ones originally were, and of an immensely increased volume of tone. This was the introduction of iron and steel in the construction of the frames. Like many other innovations of incalculable value, the experiment was at first a failure. Foreshadowed by Joseph Smith in 1799, and tried by James Shudi Broadwood in 1804, it was not till 1818 that metal was permanently substituted for wood in the framework of the piano.

A modern grand pianoforte—taking a "Broadwood" concert grand as an example—passes in the process of manufacture through some eighty pairs of hands; it contains 10,700 pieces of wood, metal and felt (Messrs Broadwood spend £2,000 a year on glue alone!), and the tension on the strings is estimated at thirty-two tons! (When iron frames were first introduced it was ten tons; a quarter of a century ago it was sixteen tons.) And the

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difference between the sweet but tinkling instruments known to Haydn and Mozart and the veritable "chamber orchestra," as the concert piano of to-day has aptly been called, has mainly come about because iron has entered into the soul of the instrument.

"Unmusical England" may not unreasonably be proud of her part in the evolution of the most popular of instruments. True, that, as already stated, during the earlier stages of pianoforte manufacture most of the workmen in British factories were foreigners, chiefly Italians, but they were soon replaced by English workmen. The British firms of Broadwood, Stodart, Wornum, and Collard sprang into being. London was the centre of the pianoforte manufacturing industry, and till the establishment of Erard's factory at Paris in 1777, or, rather, its re-establishment in 1796, France, if not Germany, drew her supplies therefrom.

The triumph of the piano may be considered as achieved in 1796 when it superseded the harpsichord in that most conservative of institutions, the British "King's Band."

Thus its life story divides naturally into three periods: fifty years during which it lay dormant; fifty years of rivalry with the harpsichord; and a hundred years during which its development has been a romance. In a little under a century—1797–1889—one firm alone, Messrs Pleyel, Wolff and Co., turned out 100,000 instruments; and in a little over a century—1780–1894—Messrs Broadwood manufactured almost double the number: 195,000; and Messrs Collard and Collard nearly as many. If the keys of Messrs Broadwood's pianos alone were placed end to end they would extend more than 3,987 miles, or further than from London to Chicago! And the wire in them would go upwards of thirteen times around the world!

CLEMENT ANTROBUS HARRIS

# CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE

**I**T is not our intention to analyse all the results of the Law of Separation. The limits of this article would not permit it. We will confine ourselves to certain views of the subject which the present state of things in France has brought to light.

It was said at the time when the Law of Separation was being discussed before the Chamber of Deputies that its principal author, then reporter of the Committee—since Prime Minister—had learned many things while proceeding with his work. Some, in fact, went so far as to insinuate that at the end he was no longer in favour of disestablishment. Whether this be true or not, it is evident that no one could have foretold in 1905 what the immediate consequences would be of so far-reaching a measure, in a country where the ties between Church and State go back to a period in truth so remote that it is difficult to establish the precise date of the first treaty or agreement between France and the Papacy.

There had been constant intercourse, often discordant. There were moments of rupture. There were long periods when both governments openly disagreed. But, on the whole, for centuries continual relations had been entertained between the French Government and the Government of the Church; and after the Revolution, when Napoleon framed the Concordat, it can be said that this treaty was negotiated under the most favourable circumstances in which the State had ever found itself.

The Revolutionary outburst had, a few years before, put an end to church property, had confiscated the lands, persecuted the priests; had, in short, torn down the old edifice of the Church in France. It was, therefore, manifestly to the interest of the Papacy to seize upon the opportunity afforded by Bonaparte to undo the harm

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that had been done and to re-establish things in the best way possible under the circumstances.

On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the French armies, victorious throughout Italy, could easily at that time exercise a pressure upon the feeble Pontifical Government, which would have found no help in an appeal to other Governments in Europe.

The work of the Concordat therefore represents, when one looks at it from an unbiassed standpoint, the greatest concessions obtainable from the Church by the State. The Papacy had surrendered the nomination of bishops and the appointment of rectors, even in the small cantonal churches, in exchange for their livelihood. No assemblies of bishops could be held without permission of the Government, and the freedom of the bishops to express themselves in writing was practically narrowed down to the strictest exigencies of their ministry, for they were exposed to an action at law if their writings did not meet with the approval of the Government.

When one looks back at the provisions of this treaty and to the "Articles Organiques" which were subsequently tacked on to it unilaterally, of which the above gives but a very general idea, one wonders how it came to pass that the Radical party, having come to power upon an anti-clerical, not to say an anti-religious, platform, could have ever laid down such arms or abandoned such an arsenal of weapons.

In theory it is indeed difficult to understand how the Radicals ever consented to relinquish their hold upon the Church. But now for thirty years the speeches of political men, the programmes of ministries and the teachings of many professors have rested upon a philosophic basis more or less agnostic, which, directly or indirectly, has found itself in complete opposition to the teachings of the clergy. Some orators of the Republican party proclaimed themselves purely materialistic in their tendencies; others would say, without disguise, that "clericalism was the enemy." Some, of a milder tint, would seem to approve spiritual doctrines but denied any mono-

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poly to the Church in that direction. Official philosophers, if one may so call them, gradually discarded all spiritual belief under pretence of liberal neutrality.

This slow work, proceeding throughout the country for so many years, favoured by the Government—openly at times and always in a covert way—achieved its end. It divided the nation into opposing factions: those who favoured religious liberty under the Concordat and those who sought to diminish the influence of the Church by means of separation. Gradually also majorities came into Parliament who, although they might not have an adequate idea as to what disestablishment would really mean, were, however, always ready to proclaim themselves in favour of the principle. This went on until finally, in the most abrupt manner and under circumstances much to be deplored, the French Parliament repudiated the Concordat and enacted the Law of 1905, which organized a new status for the various denominations in France. Prior to this Act, without any just cause and, one might well add, after a series of blunders by the then French Cabinet, diplomatic relations had been broken off with the Holy See.

The repudiation of the Concordat was altogether a one-sided act, against which the Papacy solemnly protested. The condemnation of the Law of Separation was the subject of an encyclical letter which surprised every one by its force and the majesty of its language. The journal, *Le Temps*, in its leader upon the subject, could not refrain from admiring the tone of the condemnation, but, already then anxious as to possible results, expressed a timid hope that it would not go any farther. In this the journal was mistaken. A few months later the Papal Government repudiated the Law of Separation, which became impossible to enforce. Two Cabinets in the meanwhile had retired. The situation had become very critical. Were all the churches to be closed suddenly because no “cultuelle” had been formed? The bishops, whatever their opinion may have been when they conferred in their own assembly upon the merits of the law,

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were unanimous in obeying the orders of the Papacy. The Church took no steps to form the organization prescribed by the new law. In presence of this defeat the Clemenceau Ministry, of which M. Briand had been made a member, fearing trouble, came before Parliament with a new bill granting to the faithful the free use of the places of worship. As we see, here was already a first departure from the Law of Separation.

One of the first results of the original act of 1905 was that it was incapable of being applied. A word from abroad, a simple comment from the Holy See, and the greater part of the edifice erected by this legislation fell to the ground. In vain did the new Act, which made the concession to Catholics of leaving their churches open, decree the confiscation of all the other Church property. This did not restore to life the part of the Act of 1905 which had fallen asunder.

From this day the policy of the Vatican was much attacked in the Press. Among journalists in general its strong uncompromising attitude met with widespread disapproval. This is easy to explain. The preoccupations of journalists differ greatly from those of statesmen, especially of statesmen who govern the Church. These are not limited in their action to the mere success of the day; their object is to find safeguards for the future and consequently they cannot afford to cater for the public opinion of the moment. The journalist, on the other hand, seeks immediate approbation and success.

The paramount question examined in Rome seems to have been the following: Since the Concordat has been broken without regard to the good faith due to treaties, can we accept any arrangement with the French Government? May the French Courts be implicitly trusted? Can we honestly give our assent to spoliation? Many French Catholics were of the opinion that if the Law of Separation were accepted and "cultuelles" formed, the Church would go on very much as before; (the "cultuelles" having merely taken the place of the existing vestries which would have been endowed with

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Church property under the supervision of the State); that, on the whole, no one would be the wiser, and that probably in a few years few would remember that any change had ever taken place. Indeed, a number of distinguished Frenchmen went so far as to write over their signatures an open letter advising submission to the law. But could this conception be adopted by those who have charge of the government of the Church? The encyclical issued from Rome upon the subject, after examining the question in an impressive way, drew a sorrowful conclusion which did not strike so forcibly at the time as it does to-day when one reads over the document.

“Do what you can to adjust matters,” the encyclical letter says in substance. The special Act of Parliament is rejected and the advice given is: “Organize yourselves as best you can in accordance with the common law of the land (*lex civitatis*).”

The patriotic feelings of some were pained by these expressions. They seemed to apply to a country barely civilized. What a come-down indeed from the historical position the French Church had enjoyed!

We find in our diplomatic history continual intervention in Church matters. The “Most Christian King” gloried in this title and for his realms in the designation of “*Fille aînée de l’Eglise*.” Under the old régime the system of Protectorates in the East had been one of the cleverest diplomatic conceptions of the past. It had survived through the Reign of Terror. The Christian Protectorates had been extended to the Far East, and our diplomacy, jealous of its prerogatives, had always leaned upon the Holy See when it wished to enforce these prerogatives in the face of other nations.

But then at home Church and State were united. They walked hand in hand to favour these establishments, protected by the French Government in the East and Far East. The Radical Governments themselves had never ceased to uphold this policy. Had not Gambetta declared “anti-clericalism is not an article of exportation”?

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Thus it is that some Frenchmen, for this reason and others, regret the Papal policy regarding the new régime of disestablishment. They had hoped that separation would not mean a loss of those advantages which had been the results of union between the Church and State.

Others, perhaps more single-minded, less inclined to cling to the past and indeed more practical, understand and appreciate the standpoint of the Holy See. The Church must now stand on her own merits. She must ask for nothing from the State; she will not even stoop to claim what has been taken away from her. The questions of property are secondary: principle is what is important. The State has ignored the bishops, the bishops will ignore the State. They will use the churches since these are to remain open, services will go on as before, collections will be made for the support of the pastors, and complete independence in the management of the dioceses will be the rule henceforth. The State will be informed of nothing. Only police powers will be left to it; but it will share nothing in the influence that the Church wields, and thus, say the more hopeful, a state of things will grow up very much as it did in America, where so humble a beginning a century ago has been followed by surprising results.

There are some who deplore the power, the splendour, the influence of the ancient French Church; others who look forward with confidence to the future, saying: "What Catholics have done in England under centuries of persecution, what they have done in America in one century of freedom, can also be achieved in France, in spite of the ill-will of those who govern, and perhaps, indeed, some day majorities may change and the Government may fall in other hands more favourable or at least less prejudiced."

But while these different views of the subject exist among the religious parties, there are also two currents in the free-thinking majority of Parliament: the less intellectual, those who do not rise above the mere ques-



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tion of the moment, just as they do not think otherwise than what is expressed in the leader of their daily agnostic journals, say, "The days of the Church are numbered; she is now poor; she is despoiled of her property; she will shortly have trouble to recruit vocations. We have vanquished her and so we will be soon able, through school and politics, to establish the reign of free thought." Another contingent in the Radical party, more learned, more versed in historical research, holds a different view. It admits that the religious tendencies of the French mind are still deeply inrooted; that the separation of Church and State has singularly lessened the power of the State and has not much diminished the power of the Church. They already perceive the drawbacks which, from an external and international point of view, have accompanied the cessation of diplomatic relations between France and the Vatican. They look forward with apprehension to the possibility of the Church gathering up property in her independence and acquiring power as well as influence. They are beginning to measure the mistakes made under the Ministry of M. Combes and of his successors who prepared and organized disestablishment.

In consequence of all this, the Press has become in a way less violent: criticisms of the Vatican policy are no longer what they were.

The acts of the new Papacy were at first supposed, by many politicians, to be unfavourable to the French Church. To-day some are beginning to wonder whether the State is not the loser.

A very noticeable result of the separation of Church and State has been the importance acquired by the bishops under the new régime. Prior to 1905, when bishops were chosen by the Government, what they said or what they did attracted public opinion chiefly in proportion to the interest excited by their talent if they were good writers or good speakers; but their action always seemed exceedingly limited, as they were in so great a measure bound to the State. To-day they are appointed directly by the Holy See. They exercise a scarcely limited

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power in their jurisdiction. What they say has become a subject of interest. Their action on the educational question became the topic of the day a year and a half ago, when, by a collective letter, they placed an interdict over certain books in use in the public schools.

The newspapers now examine their public statements, print their letters. We now know in what form Monseigneur Laurens, Bishop of Cahors, has answered the Tribunal before which he was summoned. The letters of Cardinal Andrieux are reproduced in all the papers. The action brought against Cardinal Luçon by the Union of State Schoolmasters is the subject-matter for widespread controversy.

At no time, perhaps, at least in recent history, have the acts of Church dignitaries been so commented upon in the Press, at the Bar or in the Chambers of Parliament. The advocates of disestablishment had not foreseen this consequence of their act. Thus we see that the Church has in a way gained by separation from the State. Her chiefs have a far greater independence and more extensive authority, if fewer dignities.

But there are other sides to the question which it may be interesting to examine more closely. What is the status of the Church in France?

To begin with, there is no organization of the Church outside of the ecclesiastical hierarchy. The bishops alone can receive and administer the property which, little by little, is being reconstructed since the Church was stripped of all by the Law of Separation.

This complete impoverishment is due both to the law itself and to the refusal to accept it.

By the law the Church was to lose, in addition to the salaries of the clergy, its seminary buildings, bishops' palaces, rectories—whenever these had been placed in her hands, according to the Concordat, by the State, the Departments or the Townships.\* She was also, the law being

\*It will be remembered that the Revolution having confiscated all Church property, the Concordat, in providing for the restitution of these buildings, accomplished no more than a simple act of justice.

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accepted, to be deprived of all the property she held for any object other than divine worship; that is, her school houses and funds destined to keep them up, as well as charitable endowments. All this was to be transferred to "lay institutions having a similar object." Thus we see that the law itself was, in a scarcely disguised form, an act of spoliation.

By the refusal to conform to the law, the Church was dispossessed more rapidly than she would have been of all that is enumerated above, and which the law left to her for a varying but short term of years (never more than five). In addition, she renounced all parochial property of any nature whatsoever, since the "cultuelles" alone could legally inherit from the existing vestries and were to receive the moneys they held, the endowments they had received for requiem Masses and similar intentions.

The Church as such cannot now legally possess anything.

The clergy can own property only as individuals and it is only thus, or by means of trustees in foreign countries, that the Church can invest donations or legacies she may receive. The Bishops are responsible to no one.

This state of affairs is with many people a subject of anxiety. It is urged that ecclesiastics are not necessarily good men of business, and, further, that the laymen who give to the Church ought to interest themselves in the financial part of her administration.

The example of the United States is only partly reassuring. Though absolute heads of their dioceses in all matters, the American Bishops have, in many cases, surrounded themselves with lay advisers and have voluntarily granted extensive rights to parish vestries or trustees. In every case, however, where trusteeism has become an evil, as happened in the early days of the American Church, in the beginning and middle of the last century, and whenever conflicts have arisen between the vestries and the bishops, the latter, as representatives of the Pope, have invariably been sustained by the United States Federal Courts.

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Perhaps uncertainty as to this same safeguard in France—and this can very well be understood where the judiciary power has not derived from our institutions the full degree of independence which the American judiciary holds from constitutional text—was a powerful factor in the rejection of the Law of Separation, the terms of which tended evidently to subordinate the clergy to the laity and which recognized the Episcopal authority only by ambiguous terms and an inexplicit phrase from which the word “Bishop” was wilfully excluded.

Had the French Government, at the time of the rupture of the Concordat, sent a representative to Rome and admitted authorized members of the Church to collaborate in the making of the law, the present state of affairs might have been avoided. A text agreeable to the Papal Government and the exigencies of the Church in France might have been evolved after being discussed and carefully drawn up by the interested parties. But a law acceptable to the Head of the Church, and for which the Catholic members of both houses of Parliament could have voted, would surely not have suited the exactions of the majority whose aim was to strike a blow at religion, and which was blind to all other considerations.

And this is easy to understand, when one takes into account the work performed in political assemblies. A Committee chosen from the majority studies the questions, frames the law and comes before the Chamber with its work prepared; the reporter sustains his thesis, develops his argument—the edifice of the statute is already clear to his mind—and the assembly is called upon to pronounce. The right to amend of course exists, but the exercise of this right is subordinate to the will of the majority. In the present instance the majority favourable to the bill was itself divided into two groups: one, more liberal, was willing that the Church should be able to exist and to hold a certain amount of property; the other and more violent element, desired only to create for her inextricable difficulties. Between these two

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currents the Government was obliged to make concessions to both, while the amendments proposed by Catholic members were invariably rejected.

At the close of the discussion in both the Chamber and the Senate, the feeling was that although the ties between the French Government and the Vatican had been severed, yet the Government should not lose its hold upon the Church. In the minds of many it was not to be Separation. It is therefore not surprising that the new legislation should have surrounded the Church with a network of conditions and restrictions.

And so it is that after the rejection of the law by the Papacy, it became difficult to form associations of any kind for the holding of Church property, lest these might be assimilated to "cultuelles" and appear to be instituted in derogation from the pontifical orders. In many cases the Bishops have found it advisable to take counsel with the laity in financial matters, but great precautions have to be taken in order not to contravene the Civil Law or the decrees of the Holy See.

It may be remembered that a society formed in one of the large dioceses of the South, for the purpose of sustaining the Church, was recognized by the State as a "cultuelle" and was in danger of being put in possession of church properties! The effort was, of course, abandoned.

The secret hope of creating a schism haunted the minds of a great many of the enemies of the Catholic Church. It was with difficulty given up by some of the makers of the Law, who saw in disunion the greatest cause of weakness in a body to which they bore such ill will. Had this dream of the enemies of the Catholic Church been realized, and had a "Gallican" Church been formed, independent of Rome, how was such an organization to have the stability, for instance, of the Anglican Church?—since, deprived of the support of the State and disestablished from its birth, upheld in general by the least devout of each community, it could have

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contained no vital principle and would rapidly have fallen to pieces. Yet the effort to create such a church would have presented great dangers. Those who vainly hoped for this result forgot the supreme authority of the Holy See, which constitutes the great strength and hope of the Catholic world; just as the refusal to recognize this supremacy and the inability to replace it have proved to be the weakness of all dissident sects.

Unconcerted action, as we have seen, would have been the worst policy, and the effort of the Holy See to maintain unity at all costs was unquestionably, at the time of the crisis, the policy of wisdom.

Disunion was not accomplished. The two parties or elements in the French Church held fast together, though one regretted that the tendencies of the other should have seemed to be served by pontifical instructions. Those who had favoured the acceptance of the law did not hesitate to submit to the majority who rejoiced in its rejection.

These two elements in the Church, to which we have already alluded, have always existed in France. The extremists of one side—that which has often been called the ultramontane because it demands unreserved adhesion to pontifical instructions on all matters—see in the often critical and discontented attitude of the other, schismatical, not to say heretical, tendencies. The more liberal faction protests against these suspicions, proclaims its orthodoxy, blames what it calls the uncompromising attitude of the other element, and indeed has lately shown, by its submission at so crucial a moment as the present, its wise loyalty to the Holy See.

It may be said to-day that all the forces of the Church are striving together for one object—the continuation of Divine Worship all over France. Already burdened by their schools, which atheistic tendencies in public instruction have rendered more than ever necessary, and by their admirable works of charity, French Catholics have suddenly, through the Law of Separation, succeeded

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to a heavy charge which formerly was a "public service" incumbent upon the nation as a whole.

They must now support their pastors, build or buy seminaries, and attend to small repairs in their churches—which, however, do not legally belong to them and which they have no right to rebuild. And here we touch upon a side of the question which is of vital interest from a national standpoint.

In an admirable speech delivered upon this subject at the *Chambre des Députés* on January 16 last, Monsieur Maurice Barrès expresses himself as follows:

I wrote, a few months ago, a public letter to the President of the Council, to point out to him the dangers which threatened our churches since the Law of Separation, and to ask him what measures he has thought fit to take to protect the architectural aspect and the physical, as well as the moral view of the land of France.

And in this long speech the distinguished writer tells of many instances where churches have been allowed to go to ruin or have been torn down under the benevolent eye of the atheistic municipalities.

Shall treasures of art, the beauty of our villages, where ancient faith has brought into being so many monuments of Romanesque and of Gothic architecture, be allowed to disappear? Who is to repair the church when the roof is leaking, when the spire has been struck by lightning in a storm, when the old walls which date back to centuries in the past, need special attention and call for immediate care? The rector is a mere occupant. He does not own the church edifice; the church belongs to the municipality. When the municipal authorities refuse funds the old church may tumble down—no one has the right to come to the rescue.

The State is naturally obliged to keep in repair, on the budget of Fine Arts, the great cathedrals and other church edifices which are classed among artistic treasures; but there are fine churches of less merit, the destruction of which would be lamentable.

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We must not forget that France is strewn with artistic gems. The early days of the Church in this country produced a blossoming of art scarcely attained in any other country. Workmen of all categories sprang up everywhere, leaving in these very church edifices the token of their skill, of their talent and of the Christian ideal which filled their minds. Shall insufficient legislation drawn up by agnostic majorities deprive the world of this precious and enviable heritage?

M. Barrès, together with a great many Frenchmen, looks forward with anxiety to the effects of the Law, which has taken no steps to offer a remedy in cases where the municipal majority is anti-religious and allows church edifices to go to rack and ruin.

In vain did the Prime Minister seek to answer and to reassure Monsieur Barrès. Every one felt that a part of the nation's accumulated wealth was in peril. The central government, although it has distinct rights as regards municipalities, is not sufficiently armed to enforce its way as promptly as is needed to avoid irreparable loss in this connexion. The consequence of all this will eventually be the destruction of a great number of the smaller churches where the irreligious spirit rules the majority in the townships, unless indeed the law is changed. But a change in the law, or rather a new legislation, is not an easy matter.

Before the Concordat was destroyed all was provided for. Now we are in the presence of inadequate legislation and of the difficulty to find a remedy.

A Remedy. Can it be found where parties are unwilling to converse; where the aim of one side is to force the other into submission; where those who rule stand weak between conflicting parties?

Wise legislation cannot arise out of this tumultuous debate. If a truce is to take place in the conflict, adversaries, when they examine their different claims, must at least have some regard for each other. Those who claim to be the advocates of free thought, should admit the



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rights of their opponents to be believers, and thus a compromise might be attained if inspired by patriotic motives. But the spirit of Intolerance is still abroad, and at the present moment a new bill would have little chance of being more liberal.

And the "*lex civitatis*"?

It is to be feared that Common Law hardly offers a sufficient guarantee for the organization of the Church. Unquestionably in Latin countries the judiciary does not wield the same power or enjoy the same independence as in the Anglo-Saxon. The executive power—indeed each passing ministry—has without doubt too much influence with the Courts in countries where written law and codes hold a greater sway than conceded rights, jurisprudence and old time customs.

Individual liberty, the rights of man, although proclaimed most solemnly at an early date of the French Revolution, have remained embodied in a pompous text; while the efficacious protection of the individual has sprung out of the English judicial institutions. The American Supreme Court, when called upon to do so, has been able to solve many questions regarding the status of the Church, and its jurisprudence has always been acceptable and liberal. Each case examined before this high tribunal was decided according to its merits, without prejudice, without fear, without sectarian hostility.

Of course there is no doubt that time will bring about changes in France. Tolerance—so often on the lips of orators—will some day inspire legislation, and the results of irreligion being manifest, the nation will greet with joy an era of true freedom and internal peace.

But in the meantime can a better state of things be brought about in the near future without a new treaty between France and the Holy See? From a double standpoint—national even more than Catholic—this solution seems greatly to be desired. Human patience can

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with difficulty resign itself to wait quietly for the gradual development of liberal institutions.

Fortunately there are signs of discontent even among the religiously indifferent. No one can point to a real advantage gained by the nation as a whole from the Separation of Church and State, nor to any result other than confusion within, and diminished prestige without. As we have said, people are becoming aware of the losses which an ill-considered policy is likely to bring upon the country.

The severance of our diplomatic relations with the Vatican is beginning to be deplored by the thinking part of the people—by all who realize that harmony and public welfare at home, together with strength and influence abroad, ought ever to be the first aim of Government.

CHAMBRUN

# TO A MYSTIC

Pour atteindre cet état sublime de l'union, il est indispensable de traverser la nuit obscure . . . du renoncement à toutes les jouissances de ce monde. . . —*La Montée du Carmel*, ST JEAN DE LA CROIX.

YOU dwelt alone, from men apart,  
In cloistered cell,  
And whence the joy that filled your heart  
No one might tell.

The habit rough, and meagre food,  
Such were your lot,  
And an unbroken solitude  
By all forgot.

You trod the pathway steep and hard;  
Penance and pain  
Wasted the body frail, and scarred  
With scourge and chain.

But in your hands and feet you wore  
The Wounds of One  
Whose cup you drank—Whose Cross you bore—  
Till life was done.

Not yours to win the diadem  
Of this world's fame,  
But you had touched the Garment's Hem  
Bright as bright flame.

You heard the words men may not hear,  
You saw the trail  
Of glory far beyond this sphere,  
Through the rent veil. . . .

Only I know that ere your eyes  
Could see that Light,  
You journeyed where the darkness lies  
Deeper than night.

ISABEL CLARKE

# SPECULUM AMORIS

“MY God the baby is  
That rests upon my knee;  
Into those eyes of His  
I gaze mine own to see;  
While He looks up to meet in mine  
Reflected all the Love Divine.”

“A maid my mother is,  
And I her sireless Son,  
No other deed like this  
Has Love eternal done,  
To make her Motherhood for me  
The mirror of Divinity.”

JOHN B. TABB

# FAIRIES—FROM SHAKESPEARE TO MR YEATS

Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed.  
The air is delicate.—*Macbeth*.

THE fairies, after a long retirement, have lately made their appearance again in English poetry. Allusions to them never did, nor could, wholly disappear thence, but for a long time they figured rather as part of the regular poetical convention, than as objects of personal interest. They are with us again now, and it is curious to compare the fairies of to-day with those of the earlier time, when first they passed from the imagination of the people into that of the poets. Shakespeare, of course, comes first and foremost, as a summoner of the fairy tribes; he is unquestionably the chief authority for all details respecting them, and he shows them to us, in the full possession of a Paradise, that they seem, since his days to have lost. We refer to him for knowledge of their habits, tastes, and social economy, as freely and undoubtingly as we do to Milton for all detailed information about Adam and Eve, and the arrangements of the Garden of Eden.

Before Shakespeare's day there is wonderfully little about fairies in anything that has come down to us. Even in Chaucer's time, their golden age was supposed to be past,

For now can no man see no elvè's mo—

he says in the *Wife of Bath's Tale*. The Renaissance might have done something for them, but so far from that, it produced a perfect crop of nymphs and shepherds, who filled up every space that a fairy might have occupied. Philomela and Terius, Cupid and Campaspe, one meets at every turn, but of fairies there continues to be a plentiful lack, even where the occasion seems to call aloud for them. In Spenser's *Epithalamion*, for instance, it would seem natural, almost inevitable, that Oberon and Titania should

## Fairies—from Shakespeare

hold their revels, as on Theseus' wedding night, and bring a blessing to the hearth. Not at all. Hymen, Phœbus, the Cyprian Queen, Phœbe, Bacchus, the Graces, Jove and Fair Alcmena appear, either by invitation or by way of allusion, and Saints and Angels sing "Hallelujah," whenever there is a pause in the chorus of "Hymen, ið Hymen, Hymen," but never a fairy all the while. The only allusions to them, are to Hobgoblins, Poukes, or Evil Sprights, who are classed with "shrieck oules," night ravens, damnèd ghosts, "griesly vultures" and frogs, as creatures who must be kept at a distance from the wedding festival. As to the *Faerie Queen* itself, one cannot truthfully say that the fairies are further concerned in it, than in giving it a name. The allegorical intention is too predominant, to allow a single real fairy to come near its borders, not one of them, even for a moment, could breathe its atmosphere, so laden with moral purpose. Its noble charm is independent of what fairyland can do for it.

It is really curious, considering how largely fairies must have figured in the popular imagination of the time, how little place they hold in the poetry. Percy gives only the *Ballad of Robin Goodfellow*, which has been ascribed to Ben Jonson, and a song called *The Fairy Queen*, published in 1658, and sounding like a reminiscence of *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The poets had their heads too full of the classics to find any place for Oberon and Titania. It was left for Shakespeare to bring them into the circle of classic allusion and everyday life, and to put Oberon and Puck beside Theseus and Hyppolita, and also beside Bottom the weaver, and Snug the joiner, in one common, intermingling company.

Mercutio first, in Shakespeare's early days, gave a fanciful sketch of these fairy folk in their relation to dreams, and that first hint is more fully worked out later, when Queen Mab becomes Titania. She changes some of her attributes in the course of the transformation, or rather they are handed over to Robin Goodfellow, all the rough frolicking, the bucolic practical joking, for which she becomes too dainty a lady. Bottom's lady-love is, oddly

## to Mr Yeats

enough, of a far more refined type than the Fairy Queen conjured up by that very fine gentleman, Mercutio.

In Shakespeare's mind, three several conceptions of the fairy folk seem to be conflicting, or at least acting together throughout *Midsummer Night's Dream*, sometimes one predominating, sometimes another. First comes the idea represented in parts of Mercutio's speech, of the dainty, tricksey elfin sprites of diminutive size, "Hanging a pearl in every cowslip's ear," creeping into the acorn cups, robbing the bees of their honeybags, and the squirrels of their nut hoards, and fanning away the moon-beams with butterflies' wings; tiny flower-like creatures, as light and fragile as the gossamer that floats in the summer air.

Secondly, he sometimes seems to be thinking of them as larger and statelier beings, not far removed from the gods and goddesses of the classics in size, habits, and associations. When Oberon and Titania meet in the Second Act of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, their mutual chiding is all in the terms of Greek literature. Oberon is accused of having taken the form of Corin the Shepherd, to woo the "amorous Phillida," and Hyppolita, too, is his "buskined mistress" and his warrior love, while Theseus becomes the lover of Titania in Oberon's jealous answers. The little changeling page may have been the cause of the quarrel's beginning, but he is by no means the only bone of contention. They are evidently mixing with mortals on terms of more or less equal association, and apparently this is an unnatural and undesirable state of things. The fairy world is thrown out of joint, direful results follow to the world of mortals also, the King and Queen themselves have destroyed their domestic happiness and fallen into all manner of varied entanglements, and all this is brought about by their dangerous intercourse with mortal kind. The true elfin life, with its proper quality of pleasures, is restored in the end, when, renouncing mortal loves, they bless the bridal of Theseus.

Thirdly, there is the Robin Goodfellow conception of the fairies, the rougher type, approaching to the nature of the hob-goblin, playing rude pranks, and not free from

# Fairies—from Shakespeare

touches of darker and more sinister association. Puck keeps very mixed company at times, we gather. The allusions or similes he makes in passing, show us how much he differs from those whom we may call the fairies of the Court. He belongs to nature in her darker aspects as none of the others do. Oberon in one of his most classic moments bids Puck

Cover the starry welkin  
With drooping fog as black as Acheron ;

and he is fond of talking of "screech owls," wandering ghosts, damnèd spirits, and such small deer. In Act ii, Scene 3, one gets the impression that Oberon is a little shocked, or disagreeably struck at least, by Puck's choice of topics. He interrupts him in the midst of his description of the

Damnèd ghosts,  
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,

and breaks in hastily with "But *we* are spirits of another sort," as if in a kind of reproof. There are moments when one would hardly take one's oath that Puck might not have consorted with such comrades as the foul fiend Flibbertygibbet, of whom Edgar said, "he begins at curfew and walks to the first cock, he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye and makes the hare lip, mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creatures of the earth." Puck is a strange, hybrid kind of creature, with puzzling, contradictory suggestions and elements about him, with touches of malice, and here and there he brings a hint of fear. But, on the whole, the three conceptions are so blent together, so inwoven, that they leave one clear abiding impression on the mind; of joy, and elfin mirth and delicate delight.

These fairy sprites of Shakespeare's mind, touch on human life in a spirit of irresponsible dainty mischief, not unkindly, but treating the mortals as playthings and puppets. The intercourse may not agree with them, but it does not sadden or embitter them. They are far more



## to Mr Yeats

closely and intimately concerned with the affairs of nature than with those of the human kind. Killing cankers in the musk-rose buds, is really a business of far more consequence than superintending the loves of Hermia and Lysander. The one is a thing that must be regularly attended to, the other an occasional recreation. The fairy and the mortal worlds are two totally different schemes of being, even when, at times, they run side by side. Their measurements of time and space have no relation to one another, and the right equilibrium of each is only attained, as I say, when they cease to be intermixed. The agency of each on the other had been, on the whole, an incalculable, disturbing, disconcerting element, though it has its compensations of pleasure and interest. It has done neither party any lasting harm. Even to the fairies it has been worth while, and how infinitely so to us.

*The Tempest* has it elves too. They are of a somewhat different race, these last sweet sprites of Shakespeare's imagination. They are never called fairies, but sprites, a rather higher order of beings, one supposes. But they have the teasing capricious ways of the fairy kind. Ariel's tasks may be compared to Puck's, and so may his journeys, but they are fleetier and further and more fanciful. He can transform himself into a nymph of the sea or a harpy, but his most natural and habitual seeming is, to all intents and purposes, that of a fairy.

The atmosphere is different, so very different, from that of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, a thinner, clearer air.

The climate's delicate: the air most sweet.

Fertile the isle.

Here, we are in the native home of the sprites, they have not followed the mortals to their earthly haunts, as in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. But a mortal has the upper hand. The fairies are under domination, and meddle in human affairs in obedience to human judgement, not at their own sweet will. This is not a permanent or desirable state of things, however. Freedom is to be Ariel's

## Fairies—from Shakespeare

reward. When Prospero sails away we know that the island people, "the elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves," are returning to their multitudinous, joyous spirit life, delighting to be free from the human interference that had never been anything but an oppression. Even while it brought scarce-desired benefits, it had introduced also clumsy, hampering, bewildering conditions and tasks. Prospero knows that, when he bids them farewell. It is a kind of inversion of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where the fairy influence predominates over the mortals, following them into their own world. In the *Tempest* there is almost a fore-shadowing of the modern aspect of the fairy world, in which its people are brought into close and constant relations with human-kind, to the over-shadowing of their joy. Shakespeare recognized the pity of that. Ariel may have to pay the price of his deliverance from the split pine, in far journeyings and fantastic labours; but in the end the price is paid, the debt cancelled, and we are glad with him when his freedom is won, and he and his kind return to their own untrammelled, timeless life.

With the *Tempest*, the Canon, so to speak, of fairy-lore ends. One finds but little about fairies in English poetry for many a year after, and what there is, is mostly a mere re-arrangement, a variation upon the Shakespeare theme.

Such are Milton's exquisite fairy allusions, always in the vein of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and classic in tone, as Oberon's speeches so often are. Milton's fairies generally keep company with nymphs and shepherds, with the Graces and the "rosy bosomed Hours"—and belong to the Renaissance. Pope's airy and courtly sprites are direct descendants of Cobweb, Moth, and Peaseblossom. Scott's are more romantic, and a good deal more malicious. The elfin dwarf, in the *Lay of the last Minstrel*, is very like an apparition of Puck, though at times we feel even darker suspicions about him. He reminds us that the name Puck, or Pouke, is sometimes used to mean simply devil. Shelley is full of beings very like fairies in some ways, but it would be misleading to apply that word to his

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Desires and Adorations,  
Winged Persuasions and Veiled Destinies,  
Splendours and glooms and glimmering Incarnations,  
Of Hopes and Fears, and twilight Phantasies.

His spirit beings are reflections of human moods, projections of the mind, and have hardly an independent existence; whereas the very mark of the fairy kind, has always been their entire remoteness from the human mind and human motives.

Christina Rossetti took up the theme in graceful and fanciful fashion, and, perhaps, the present-day type of fairy really begins with her writing. In *Goblin Market* the malign little Kobalds who tempt the girls with their magic fruit are described with dainty skill. Little busy, crowding, half-animal creatures, with a horribly human commercial instinct, and a deadlys spite at the human being and his higher possibilities. All the cheery good-fellowship of Shakespeare's fairies is gone, all sympathy with them, all pleasure in their tricks and devices. These creatures are held up to moral judgement and reprobation; they are enemies of the soul, not simply little creatures who do not share it.

There is a deep, subtle malignity in them, a deadly peril in intercourse with them. When the interest of fairies and mortals ran counter in the old days, the game was fairly played out. The fairies had their advantages of dexterity, invisibility, and magical powers generally, but then the mortals were larger and further sighted, and quite as likely to stride through the fairy snares as to fall into them at any moment. Now the affair has become so terribly serious. All the powers of heaven and hell are ranged against one another, and the fairies spend their whole time and energy in wheedling and tempting poor mortals to a petty sort of destruction. It is bewilderingly different from Oberon's innocently misdirected interference in human concerns, which, after all, would never have taken place, if the opportunity had not come in his way, as he went about the adjustment of his own family

# Fairies—from Shakespeare

affairs. Of course, the darker view of the fairy folk, that regarded them as being closely bound up with the powers of the underworld, had always been current; but in the older days they had figured in English poetry as a joyous and, on the whole, a kindly little people, unconcerned with the deeper aspects of human life and thought, but quite clearly distinguished as "spirits of another sort" from hob-goblins and such malicious spirits. "Lord what fools these mortals be." Puck says it with good-humoured contempt. The Goblins of *Goblin Market* would have said it with a fathomless depth of malice.

Then we come to a still living poet: W. B. Yeats. He is the poet of Fairy Land, as no one since Shakespeare has ever thought of trying or wishing to be. And he knows the real irresistible charm to draw the fairies. He can summon them and they come, flocking, trooping in myriads. There is delight, there is almost a sort of intoxication in reading Mr Yeats's poetry. His imagination has the right ethereal quality, he can ride the wind, and it is unquestionably real fairies who come to his call. His powers in the matter are those of Prospero, not of Owen Glendower. But as we read, the sense of a great change presses in more and more upon us. Perhaps the coming of such a change was dimly foreshadowed to us long ago, when Ariel felt that touch of compassion for the sorrowing mortals, that gave Prospero a moment's surprise.

Hast thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions?

There lay the suggestion of a growing sense, or capacity, in Ariel, that used not properly to belong to the fairy kind. The mere hint of such a sensation implies an enormous change, and the full meaning becomes clear to us in Mr Yeats's poetry. A direful thing has happened. To the fairy folk, too, there has come—The Fall. Somehow, somewhere, since the old glad days, they have tasted forbidden fruit, and here, as in the Garden of Eden, it has proved to grow on the tree of Knowledge. The fairies have found themselves out, and they have found out all

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sorts of other things, too, all manner of sad truths they never used to suspect.

To begin with—they know now that they are old. They sing:

We who are old, old and gay,  
O so old,  
Thousands of years, thousands or years,  
If all were told.

There is something rather pitiful in the thought of these happy beings becoming conscious of the flight of time. And they have begun to think about the beginnings of things—

For I have run from where the winds are born,

one of them says. Their beauty has grown “sad with its Eternity.” Thoughts of the “gray wandering Osprey sorrow” haunts these songs about Fairy Land. An inexpressible sadness has come upon its peoples, in all their tribes:

He heard, while he sang and dreamed  
A piper piping away,  
And never was piping so sad,  
And never was piping so gay.

Instead of—

Come unto these yellow sands  
And there take hands,  
Courtesied when you have and kist,  
The wild waves whist—

We have the Hosting of the Sidhe, with white-armed Niamb, crying—

Away, come away,  
Empty your heart of its Mortal dream,  
\* \* \* \* \*

And if any gaze on our rushing band,  
We come between him and the deed of his hand,  
We come between him and the hope of his heart.

No doubt the fairies of Celtic myth, such as generally come to Mr Yeats's lure, have always been sadder and

## Fairies—from Shakespeare

wiser than those that haunt English woodlands; but they tell us that Shakespeare's fairy lore represents a Celtic element in him, and that Mercutio's Queen Mab is found again in Maeve of Connaught. The change is great, and, moreover, Mab's reputation must suffer something in the process. Complications more serious than with Bottom the weaver, or even with Theseus, haunt the memory of Maeve. Her many loves are remembered yet in Connaught.

She could have called, over the rim of the world,  
Whatever woman's lover had hit her fancy,  
And yet had been great bodied and great limbed,  
Fashioned to be the mother of strong children,  
And she'd had lucky eyes and a high heart,  
And wisdom that caught fire like the dried flax  
At need, and made her beautiful and fierce,  
Sudden and laughing.

"Bless thee, *lady!* bless thee, thou art translated!"  
Her people fight now, in the long wars of the Brown Bull, not

With the rear mice for their leathern wings,  
To make her small elves' coats,

and she sleeps in her High House at Cruahan, where the walls are covered with beaten bronze, rather than on "a bank whereon the wild thyme blows."

The kidnapping propensities of the fairies were present in Shakespeare's mind no doubt, but he introduces them in a modified form. The little page over whom Oberon and Titania quarrel, seems to have been entrusted by his mortal mother to the queen's care, rather than carried off by her, and Bully Bottom was not, on the whole, an unwilling prisoner. The shipwrecked company in *The Tempest* might more truly be said to have been kidnapped, but then it was not for the fairies' own gratification, or on their own initiative. But this habit of theirs is persistently present to Mr Yeats's mind. The fairies of his conjuring up, carry it to the point of being a serious danger and an incessant nuisance to the mortal world. No

to Mr Yeats

one is safe, but children and brides are in constant peril. The fairies yearn unceasingly for human company, and move heaven and earth to gain one changeling. With all the painful knowledge that the years have brought them, they do not seem to have learned that even long ago, in the unfallen fairy world, such doings brought trouble. In *The Wanderings of Oisín*, in *The Land of Heart's Desire* (loveliest perhaps of all his fairy poems), in *The Stolen Child*, in *The Host of the Air*, in the beautiful ballad story of *Baile and Aillinn*, the theme is ever the same, the yearning of the fairies towards the mortal heart and soul and body, and the answering craving that they have power to wake in the mortal heart, towards their unwearying, untrammelled life. They cry

Come away, O human child,  
To the waters and the wild,  
With a Fairy hand in hand,

For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.

You see, the fairy has learned so much that now it can warn the human child about the troubles of life. In Shakespeare's time the saddest mortal could hardly have explained the meaning of sorrow to a fairy.

And when the child or the bride, or the young man, has yielded to the fairies and gone with them, what fate do they meet. For Baile and Aillinn it was no unwelcome lot. Angus, the Master of Love, calls them from the changes and chances of this mortal life, to something better.

For this young girl and this young man,  
Have happiness without an end,  
Because they have made so good a friend.

Their love was never drowned in care,  
Of this or that thing, nor grew cold,  
Because their bodies had grown old,  
Being forbid to marry on earth  
They blossomed to immortal mirth.

# Fairies—from Shakespeare

But even for them it seems a pale, glimmering, mystic world of twilight, shadowy joys, more perfect than mortal love in its duration, rather than in its quality, one fancies.

That is fairy land at its best. But for Maire Bruin, or for the bride of O'Driscoll, or for the solemn-eyed stolen child, it gives us the impression of being a more than doubtful fate. The freedom they go to, proves to be a cold, tumultuous, wandering life, the gain seems less than the loss, finite or infinite. Maire Bruin cries:

Fairies, come take me out of this dull world,  
For I would ride with you upon the wind,  
Run on the top of the dishevelled wave,  
And dance upon the mountains like a flame.

What she seeks is, as the old priest tells her, "Maddening freedom and bewildering light." The courage that affronts such a change is terrible in the nature of it, alien from humanity or its powers. The glamour of it sucks up the faculties of mind and body destructively.

To enter into the fairy life used to seem a limiting, a giving up, now it is the terrible gaining of faculties too great for human capacity. There is nothing here, of pretty tenderness, of warm flower-like caresses, of miniature joys; only vast spaces of wind and glimmering light, where mortals may stray bewildered, amongst pale, half-seen forms, as Oisín did. It has beauty strange and terrible, glamour that maddens, joys that cannot satisfy; not even the fairy folk themselves, much less mortals. There are other, vaster regrets haunting its changeling inhabitants than "Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay. Hay, good hay, hath no fellow."

And if to be carried off to fairy-land is a troubled fate, to be smitten with craving by its glamour is a far worse one. Its mysterious fascination never can be satisfied, not in life nor in death, as in the man who "Stood among a crowd at Drumahair." Catch one faintest echo of its fatal music and no earthly music can ever be sweet again.

How would it have been with a wandering Athenian, who might have chanced to come within earshot of



## to Mr Yeats

“Spotted snakes with double tongue”? Would he not have carried away a haunting lingering memory to give a new charm to all the sounds of the forest, interpreting them, and binding him closer to all delight and to life itself, making it dearer to him instead of luring him from it, with the cry

Empty your heart of its mortal dream.

When Mongan, in *The Wind among the Reeds*, thinks of his vision past and gone, he mourns

I have drunk ale from the country of the young,  
And weep because I know all things now.

When Bottom wakes, restored to his own proper person, what does he say?

I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream past the wit of man to say what dream it was, man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—and methought I had—but man is but a patched fool if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man’s hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, his heart to report what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream.

The fairies themselves seem restless, unsatisfied, hungry-hearted creatures, yearning in the windy moonlight, for the glow of the warm hearth, and yet unable to be at peace there. As Ariel once pitied the mortals, so we must needs pity the fairies now. We are not sorry for them when they dance in the palace halls on Theseus’ bridal night, nor when Prospero leaves the island. They are severing their connexion with mortals, but they are returning to a complete, and, to them, a satisfying life of their own.

But when the child fairy lures Maire Bruin from the hearth, when Niamb loses Oisín, we pity both equally, the one in success, the other in failure. What have they to offer? At best, a kind of limbo, a shadowy floating world of dreams; at worst, a region very like that circle

## Fairies—from Shakespeare

of the Inferno, where Paolo and Francesca are driven before the wind.

The child itself has wearied of the “winds and waters and pale lights” to which it draws Maire, yet it wearies quickly, too, of the “Warm little house.” The gladdest of mortal songs sound sad to them, when Oisín sings them, yet fear is always at the heart of Niamb’s love, foreboding and a great unrest. In a word, they have lost their own joys, and not gained ours.

Perhaps these fairies of Mr Yeats are beings of a higher order than those of *Midsummer Night’s Dream*. The Fall, some theologians tell us, has been a necessary stage in human development and progress. Perhaps it will prove so to the fairies too. Certainly, it seems possible to discover something like a premonition of such a thing in *The Tempest*, and it has been given to Mr Yeats to reveal it fully. Exceeding beauty is about them still—no one can question that—but it is “a beauty on which the soul, with all its maladies has passed.” We are grateful to Mr Yeats, because he has known the call they will obey, and has brought the fairies back to us, but we must be a little sorry that on them, too, time has left its mark. We must needs look back with a little ache of regret to the days before they knew what age and sorrow meant, and when, in the woods near Athens or on the yellow sands of Prospero’s island, they made the time fleet carelessly “as they did in the golden world.”

H. GRIERSON

# DR RYDER'S ESSAYS

Essays. By the late Very Rev. H. I. D. Ryder, D.D. London: Longmans. 1911.

THERE are at the present day so many of us who write more than we read or think, and the resultant flood of publications is so intolerable and bewildering, that it is the easier to forgive the unproductiveness of those sensitive and fastidious souls who only give us of their best if they give at all, who dislike publicity, who are pregnant with much that they never bring to the birth, who ponder more than they decide, who never dogmatize unless they are sure. In one of the essays before us—it is entitled “Irresponsible opinion”—Dr Ryder urges a characteristic plea on behalf of “the sobriety of that Parisian bootmaker—a hero of fable, I am afraid—who, being asked his opinion of the respective merits of Turenne and the Grand Condé on the same stricken field, replied, ‘I made the boots of both gentlemen; as far as boots go there is not a pin to choose between them; beyond that I cannot go, for it lies outside my profession.’” Hesitating judgements “are a rosewater out of which it is impossible to make a revolution,” nevertheless they serve the cause of truth.

I would insist that no opinion, so long as it is in any way expressed, can be regarded as irresponsible. If we are narrow and fierce and dogmatic on points regarding which we ought to know that our knowledge is very small, though it be only in our own family circle, yet we thereby contribute to the great mass of blatant unfairness which drowns the voice of truth, and we tend to obstruct that deliverance from error which requires as its first condition that honest men should understand themselves and then understand each other. . . . Men habitually allow themselves freedom of expression on thousands of delicate many-sided subjects on which nothing but a careful and prolonged examination of the question—a process to which they have no intention whatever to submit themselves—could qualify them to speak at all. They are not consciously dishonest, but they are acting under the excitement of a partial vision, very analogous to that of the victim of alcohol, and they should be held responsible for their mis-state-

# Dr Ryder's Essays

ments, just as the drunkard is for his acts of violence. Passion, the fosterling of pride or ignorance, is an acute form of dishonesty, and its expression is a lie. Indignation must not speak until information has been given of the whole case; then, indeed, it has the right to colour and point the sentence of mature deliberation.

All this is very much to the point when our subject is Dr Ryder's own literary output. His printed words are few. But they were always written with mature deliberation, even when they are the expression of indignation. Truth, he says again, has many admirers, but few servants. It was his aim to be a servant of truth, and if he spoke little, he spoke carefully. His life was not short, yet his published work is infinitesimal in quantity; a pamphlet or two written in the 'sixties against Mr W. G. Ward, a small but unsurpassable book, *Catholic Controversy*, in reply to Dr Littledale's savage and blundering attack upon the Church, a small volume of poems, and a score or so of articles in the DUBLIN REVIEW, in the *Nineteenth Century* or elsewhere. But the quality is always of the finest. It is a matter for rejoicing that a number of his papers have been united in a convenient form in the volume before us, and so saved from the fate of lying stark in the dank unvisited vaults of back numbers. When the remains of an author are so excellent and so few they are doubly precious.\*

Of the person of the writer it is unnecessary to speak, for a vivid and truthful sketch of him was given in this REVIEW by the Editor in January, 1908, and has since been republished.† Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder was not exactly a convert, since he was received into the Church as a child, and thus saved from being "on board of a ship drifting heavily on the rocks, with officers and crew alternately putting one another in irons." His

\* Of the essays collected in this volume, two were hitherto unpublished, those on Auricular Confession and on Cardinal Manning, besides parts of a third in the Appendix; two are from the DUBLIN REVIEW, five from the *Nineteenth Century*, three from *Macmillan's*, one each from the *Contemporary* and the *Weekly Register*.

† In *Ten Personal Studies*. (Longmans).

## Dr Ryder's Essays

grandfather, a son of the first Lord Harrowby and brother of two cabinet ministers, was a prominent evangelical, the first of that party to be made a bishop. He was bishop successively of Gloucester and of Lichfield and Coventry, and his kneeling statue in Lichfield Cathedral bears a recognizable likeness to the dignified and striking features of his grandson, who was, next to Cardinal Vaughan, the handsomest ecclesiastic I have known. His mother was one of the Misses Sargents of Lavington, of whom three were married respectively to Samuel and Henry Wilberforce and Henry Edward Manning. He is the last mentioned and was the last to survive of the spiritual sons whom Newman addresses at the end of the *Apologia*. He was the Cardinal's immediate successor as Superior of the Edgbaston Oratory, and he retained the post until incapacitated by his last illness. His life was not eventful. He did not often appear on public occasions. He placed himself at the head of no movement. He never put himself forward. He had no renown as a speaker or a preacher. Perhaps the shadow of such enormous greatness as that under which he lived until he was fifty had something to do with his self-depreciation and a mild and detached form of pessimism which seemed to prevent his thinking it worth while to write and publish, though he was ready enough to encourage and assist others. There is something good in the buoyant energy which rushes into action without considering whether angels would not fear to tread this particular battlefield, and in an enthusiasm for a noble cause that forgets the weakness of its arm and the scantiness of its equipment. Of this kind of valour Dr Ryder had a plentiful lack; but of discretion, which is proverbially a better part of that virtue, he had a double or a triple share, and this is no light praise. He knew when to forbear; and if we keenly regret that he forbore too often, possibly our judgement is wrong. It may have been the very condition of his doing so perfectly what he did, that he would not attempt more. At any rate it is as useless to argue what might have been as it is vain to deplore it.

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We have instead to preserve what we possess and be thankful for that. In the selection before us the subjects are extraordinarily varied, and prove how various was Dr Ryder's learning and how wide his reading and pondering ranged. He had fame as a theologian, but in this volume there is much besides Theology. The biographical sketches of the Jesuit poet Spee, the opponent of witch-burnings in Germany, and of M. Emery, the only man of whom Napoleon confessed himself afraid, are delightful reading. There are some amusing recollections of a prison chaplaincy which the author once held. A criticism of Savonarola is acute and sympathetic. There is some extremely clever controversy, against Dr Littledale and Dr E. A. Abbot, which is worthy of living by reason of its literary finish, entirely apart from its apologetic value. A paper on Anglican Orders is opportune now that the question has been brought forward once more by the publication of Mr Lacey's diary. There are essays such as the professional essayist produces, on such subjects as the Ethics of War and the Passion of the Past. This last is in part an echo of the very charming little poem *Ecce nova facio omnia* which Mr Ward quoted in full in the article already mentioned. Everywhere the matter is thoughtful and the style polished.

The style, in fact, demands special attention. It is so studied that it is sometimes self-conscious. Its most important characteristic I believe to be its metrical cadences; but these I confess I should not have observed but for the slow swing with which Dr Ryder would read aloud to me upon occasion from some manuscript of his own which happened to bear upon the subject we were discussing. It was evident that there was an intentional rise and fall in his sentences. He could have known little or nothing about the researches of the last ten or fifteen years into the metrical theories of the ancients, yet he had an instinctive feeling for the *numerositas clausularum* which was all-important to the great prose writers of antiquity, with the exception of some post-classical Atticizers, and rebels like Sallust and Tacitus. I even fancy

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I can detect in his closes the very cadences that Demosthenes half unconsciously popularised, that to Cicero were a law, to Cyprian and Jerome almost a shackle. This may be an exaggeration, but yet it convinces me that the practice which was borrowed by the Latins from the Greeks might be more easily borrowed by the English than I had thought. It is our "incurable sloppiness" that prevents our prose from being rhythmical with the antique *cursus*, and not our language. Without this music, Dr Ryder's fine irony would lose much of its point, and it gives a solemn simplicity as of a chant to some of his plain narration. But, after all the best models, he uses it most where a more elevated style is in place, and drops it when relief is needed.

The most casual reader will not fail to observe another more obvious characteristic of manner, the constant use of elaborate and ingenious comparisons, metaphors, similes. Nothing could be less "classical" than this habit. Isocrates would have held up his hands in horror; while Caelius and Brutus, who thought Cicero too emphatic and too ornate, would have disapproved in their mild and polished way of the effort to make a point, to illustrate luminously, to raise a laugh against an antagonist. We moderns are less nice. Few will be found who are not delighted with these brilliant mannerisms as they occur in almost every page. How witty they are, and how neatly expressed! The temptation to quote is irresistible.

Of the late Dr Salmon he has: "The Professor has written a telling article which clings and stings like a jelly-fish, and is as difficult to lay hold of." A certain over-generous renunciation not long after Majuba Hill is thus characterized: "The warmest admirer of Mr Gladstone must needs shudder at the outcome of this ghastly attempt to foist a Sunday-school conscience behind the iron ribs of war."

And how luminous his meaning becomes through this trick! For example, of Savonarola he has this: "And still he lies upon the Church's breast as one apart, at once the

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child of her heart and the victim of her hands; or, if I may use such an illustration without offence, it is as though a mother had overlain her child when the infant was rousing her to a consciousness of mortal peril, in the very convulsion of her waking." And this: "To Father Lucas, Savonarola appears as a meteor, on the whole of benign influence, but which has failed of being a star through refusing to revolve in its prescribed orbit. Whereas to me, he seems, as it were, the moon in a night of storm, whose aspect is frequently obscured and troubled, but which, whenever the clouds break, shows itself essentially serene and holy."

I will choose an example of eloquence in the use of the same figure from a remarkable article which appeared in this REVIEW in October, 1901. It has not been republished in this volume, probably because it is directed against an antagonist who was soon to become a close neighbour.

One is tempted sometimes to regard an animated scholastic discussion on the Trinity or the Eucharist as we should the contest of workmen upon the sheer ridge of a cathedral roof, with a nervous dread of the hostile abysses surrounding them. But this is often because we do not take into account the confidence generated by the atmosphere of a common faith which girds them round, and in which they claim the right and privilege of winged creatures to move without reproach. On the whole, the audacious application of the dialectic to the things of faith has resulted in a fullness and consistency of doctrine which has clothed the church as with a panoply of proof from head to foot. And even where we might deprecate an over-elaboration of scholastic subtleties *in re eucharistica*, yet the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence, of Transubstantiation, remains intact; nay, because of the keen and sometimes rough accost of the human intelligence, is the less likely to become that flaccid creation of "aye and no" affected by Anglicans, with its leaning towards "earlier and more ambiguous language." At the worst it is but as a dance of swords in which, within the circle of intermingling steel, a stately figure moves in mystic measure, serene, unscathed, amid the threatening homage. "En lectulum Salamonis, sexaginta fortes ambiunt ex fortissimis Israel omnes ferentes gladios et ad bella doctissimi."



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Many readers will be tempted to turn first of all to a criticism, hitherto unpublished, of Purcell's *Life of Manning*. The least sweet-smelling portions of that somewhat malodorous work were concerned with the strained relations between Manning and Newman, especially in the 'sixties. Now Dr Ryder was all through that time living with Newman as his devoted disciple, one might say adherent, and was *au courant* of all the suspicions or rather calumnies which were diligently circulated about him by a pious and orthodox coterie who looked to Archbishop Manning as their leader. To-day it seems incredible that it was being repeated by good men that Newman rarely said Mass, that he had subscribed to Garibaldi, that the boys of the Oratory school did not go to the Sacraments, with even sillier things than these; all whispered doubtless with the usual comment of the scandal-monger, "it must be an exaggeration,—one cannot believe poor Newman has fallen so low," and so forth. The whole unsavoury story will evidently need to be dealt with in the life of Newman which we have been awaiting so long; for when so much has been made public, the full facts are wanted, and will surely make the whole story more intelligible and perhaps less unpleasant.

But Ryder was also the nephew of the Archbishop, and preserved a real affection for his uncle. He had a full knowledge of the question at issue, a judicial mind, and many years to think over (but never talk over) the events. He was therefore an ideal reviewer of the unfortunate production of Mr Purcell; though he seems after all to have shrunk from printing his views on what was so personal and intimate a matter, even after it had been so unkindly and indelicately dragged before the public, and even after a special request from Cardinal Vaughan that he should write. He could not wholly exculpate Manning, for the private letters were there once for all; he could only show that the Archbishop's motives were invariably high, even when he repeated a false interpretation of a letter of Newman's with the candid comment,

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"This is opportune, but very sad." This remark breathes the very spirit in which a follower of Newman might well have hailed the Life of Cardinal Manning: it might have seemed to him a just retribution, which he would not have assisted to hasten, but could not altogether regret—opportune, though very sad. He might have recalled for how many years Newman had been left out in the cold, treated as an abettor of religious liberalism (the very beast he most hated), surrounded with suggestions, too vague to be repelled, of erroneous teaching and of pride, while his slanderer was the honoured and close friend of the Pope: now the tables are turned and the ambitious Archbishop is being shorn of his exaggerated reputation. What a triumph for the partisans of the great Oratorian! Dr Ryder is not only too generous to enjoy such a revenge, he also knows the truth too well. One of Newman's sturdiest opponents was Mr W. G. Ward, loving Newman with all his heart the while, and always absolutely ingenuous. Similarly Manning believed that he was doing God service; the main cause of his error was his want of theology. This point is admirably brought out by Dr Ryder. Cardinal Manning, indeed, often wrote most correctly on theological points, for example in some well known pastorals. No doubt he took care to be assisted by competent theologians. But in his private letters his want of grasp of principles is sometimes apparent enough. It is not surprising. For a man in middle life to begin scholastic logic and to assimilate the rigidity of scholastic argumentation is very difficult, especially if he has been an adept in the ordinary vagueness and fluidity of English thought and expression. For Newman the change was less great, for he was a most subtle logician before his conversion, and he had not lived with Whately for nothing. It is clear that Manning did not really understand the bearings of Newman's writings when he denounced them as dangerous; and still less did he understand the principles they were supposed to assail. To say this, is not to say that he was no theologian; only he was not so first-rate a theologian that he could see with

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precision the principles of a dogma which was not yet defined, but was obscured by much fighting and by absurd exaggerations current in either camp.

It is vain to deplore either that Manning had not more faith in the man to whom, by his own confession, he owed the faith and the sacraments, or that Newman did not make his explanations more publicly and challenge the Archbishop, or meet him with explicit statements of his views. Dr Ryder's conclusion is doubtless the right one: The two men were capable of admiring each other and even of feeling some affection for each other, but not of understanding one another, and the reasons for this are here given in telling language by one who knew and loved them both. Each did his own work; and it is possible that the older Cardinal did his work better in the semi-obscurity in which he lived so quietly, and that the aura of mystery which surrounded him added to an influence which was all for good. It was an obscurity which suited the one, and which the other could not have endured for a week, for the great Archbishop was made for public life, for diplomacy, for administration, for popularity. Both were unworldly to a degree unusual even among saintly men, but in quite different ways. Both suffered, if for different reasons; and there is nothing we need regret in that, for great is their reward in heaven.

Father F. J. Bacchus has added a most interesting appendix, with regard to a controversy once famous and not yet forgotten between the young Father Ryder and the veteran Ward. An account of it is given in *W. G. Ward and the Catholic revival* by his son, and to this the reader is referred, for the Editor only professes to give extracts, with explanations, from a paper read by Dr Ryder many years later containing his own review of the contest of years before. He is amused to find that his old views, formerly accused of dangerous liberalism, have now become old-fashioned orthodoxy:

Change, we are told, is a condition of life, by which token it would seem I must be already dead. Twenty-one years ago I was a rock beside the stream, planted where I am still planted. I was then

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regarded by friends, embarked higher up the river, as at the best the *ultima Thule* of liberal orthodoxy, and now their voices reach me from far down the stream, and on their flag as the wind catches it, I read the proud motto *semper eadem*, and for my part so completely am I left behind that I am not even reckoned as a point of departure. One lesson remains, the lesson of patience and forbearance. Throw as few stones as you may, reserving such as you have carefully in your scrip for the inevitable Goliath, bearing it well in mind that the time may come when you may desire again to gather them up, and may find it hard to do so.

The moral is as characteristic as the rhythm and the figurative form. But he was not really left behind. He had been right all along, save in a minor point of little practical importance; whereas many of W. G. Ward's opinions, which at the time he wished to impose on all as the only Catholic view, would now be universally scouted. But Dr Ryder was writing in this paper about a very liberal work by Di Bartolo that had recently been published with a letter of approval from Cardinal Manning, who therein declared he wished it to be in the hands of all his clergy. It was also received with applause by the very friends who had formerly sided with Ward. Such "minimising" as Di Bartolo's was most distasteful to Dr Ryder, who was in reality a very conservative as well as a very learned theologian. The book was soon afterwards placed on the Index, and Dr Ryder might have scored another triumph, had he chosen. But it is credible that he chuckled.

I think his most original work is his controversy, and some examples of his methods will not be out of place. In defence of popular devotions he writes thus:

It is notorious that devotions which fall far short of meriting Dr Littledale's extravagant vituperation are not unfrequently condemned and prohibited by Rome. On the other hand, it is quite true that, provided there is no offence against faith or morals, the Church is very tender of repressing any expressions of love, however puerile, as befits the spouse of one who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not." She says, in fact, "*Ama, et fac quod vis.*" She is too much im-

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pressed with the Divine condescension in consenting to our worship at all, to feel that there is all that immense difference, upon which Dr Littledale would insist, between the grave, refined beauty of a medieval hymn, though such as to extort the reluctant homage of the most critical agnostic, and the novena which expresses in language at once florid and feeble the emotions of a French schoolgirl.

English history as written by moderate Anglicans is described with charming humour. Roman Catholics are not supposed to exist in England until the reign of Mary:

Here we are distinctly wanted, and we appear upon the stage for the first time to burn a few poor blasphemers of the Mass, not Anglicans certainly, neither are Anglicans as yet anywhere distinctly visible. In the next reign we appear again, and a goodly number of us are disembowelled at the hands of very emphatic Protestants, Anglicanism the while "mewing its mighty youth" in the safety of some "green retreat." and leaving such rough companions to fight it out for themselves. An invisible Church, heir at once to the memories of the past and the hopes of the future, I see her slowly materializing beneath the royal smile, a kneeling figure conscious of having chosen the better part, whilst Papists and Protestants busy themselves in various ways, mainly at each others' throats.

Ritualistic conceptions of history have a very different treatment. After quoting the revilings of Dr Littledale against his own bishops, Dr Ryder gives way to a *liberrima indignatio*:

Truly a most repulsive picture, to which we hardly know where to find a parallel, unless it be in the Ritualist conception of the Church of England in the sixteenth century, firmly holding the integral Catholic faith whilst coquetting with every fiercest devastator of God's vineyard which those unholy times produced; tenderly preserving her belief in the Mass, and confession, and the Madonna, whilst cheerfully assisting in the person of her ministers, for the most part of the second order, at the infliction of protracted torments upon mass-priest after mass-priest (against the most of whom no charge could with any plausibility lie, except that they said Mass and strove to preserve or restore the Catholic faith in the hearts of their countrymen); and instead of whispering the consolations of a common faith, assailing the martyr's defence-

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less ears with studiously articulated blasphemy. I do not believe that the Church of England has either orders or jurisdiction, that she has been true either to the rule of faith or to the rule of discipline; but God forbid that I should regard such a picture of the Anglican Church as anything short of calumnious; an institution so depraved could not have existed for three hundred years upon the soil of England. No true friend of the country could wish its Church's claims to Church life and Catholicity vindicated at such a cost; better extinction, or the political life it would still retain as an expression of national worship, than so "propter vitam vivendi perdere causas." Assuredly the sternest dealings of the Spanish Inquisition, even when refracted and multiplied in the mirror of the most sensitive of Protestant imaginations, would not approach in repulsiveness the mingled ruffianism and poltroonery exhibited in this conception of Anglicanism. Far more reasonable and far pleasanter is it to think of the Anglican Church of those days as inspired by the spirit of fierce heterodoxy which speaks in one of Milton's grandest sonnets, "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints," than to imagine that under such circumstances she was crypto-Catholic.

It has been easy to quote from work which provokes quotation. The bits give a taste of the good things they are broken off from. The reunion of these essays will give the reader some idea of a secluded student, a disdainful writer, who was at the same time a most warm-hearted and sociable friend and Father. Though there is so little, it is to be hoped it will live. To many who knew him, a presence full of dignity and a kindness for which they are grateful will be recalled by the rhythms in these pages. All his work was offered to God, "*citos iambicos Sacrauit et rotatiles trochaeos*," as the great Christian poet has it, and "*Deo obsequelam praestitisse prodest*." We are glad of this thin volume, and accept it as a valued gift, wishing it were larger:

*κείνο γάρ τις ἐρεῖ τῶπος ἰδὼν σ' ἢ μεγάλα χάρις  
δώρω σὺν ὀλίγῳ· πάντα δὲ τίματα τὰ παρ φίλῳ.*

JOHN CHAPMAN, O.S.B.

# FROM TALK to TROUBLE IN INDIA

Indian Unrest, by Valentine Chirol: Macmillan & Co.

“**M**R BEPIN CHANDRA PAL gave a lecture on Indian affairs at the Caxton Hall, with Mr Hyndman in the chair.” In these few words we have the best part of the story of the so-called Unrest in India, or, in other words, the ferment among a minute, but somewhat important, because articulate, fraction of the numerous peoples of India. We in the United Kingdom, after many centuries during which disagreements on political, religious and other subjects were settled in considerable pools of blood, have decided to give freedom to every one to hold every kind of opinion; and we do not interfere with the expression of any theory, however wild or obnoxious, until attempts are made to enforce agreement with it by lawless methods. We make no objection to the invasion of the United Kingdom by aliens, whatever their antecedents, and whatever the views they may have brought with them, so long as they behave themselves in these countries and do not oblige us to mobilize a force of one thousand to deal with two of them. Mr Hyndman, for instance, has for years held and proclaimed the peculiar doctrines with which his name is connected, and he may continue to hold his ideas on the way in which the world should be governed as long as the preachings by him and his like do not disturb the practical comfort of those who prefer to be governed as at present. In like manner within the United Kingdom we are prepared to listen to Mr Bepin Chandra Pal with the same amused tolerance with which we hear ranters in the Park, or report without agitation the periodical meetings of those who still maintain enthusiasm for the Jacobite cause. It must not be forgotten, however, that in the United Kingdom, besides the immense machinery of power which is able to mobilize a thousand armed police and riflemen, and have in readiness Maxim guns and artillery for the capture of a

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pair of ruffians, the strength of the Government of the day lies in the law-abiding character of the people and their readiness to assist and support the law. It is seldom, therefore, that any attempt is made to translate revolutionary words into action.

We continue, however,—and here comes the trouble both ways—we continue to preserve the same attitude towards Mr Pal in India as we preserve, rightly, in England. We continue to assume that it does not matter what Mr Bepin Chandra Pal, Mr Bal Gangadhar Tilak, Mr Surendranath Banerjee, and Mr Arabindo Ghose, all leaders of the advanced party, may say in India because the similar remarks if made in England would be ignored as futile rubbish. This attitude is assumed on the understanding that we are so strong both in England and India that we can pooh-pooh mere hostile verbiage. In India, however, although we are not too weak to govern if we are prudent, we cannot afford to give the same licence to talk as we do here. Even if we could assume that the Police and other establishments would invariably give the same loyal support that is given here, they are maintained on a much smaller scale than in the United Kingdom. But, above all, the great mass of the peoples of India merely acquiesce in the government of such authority as has happened to seize the reins of power. They do nothing to help the Government of the day even if they do nothing to upset it. This well-known trait in the peoples of India has been established throughout its history, and has accounted for the extraordinary ups and downs of king-making noticeable through many centuries. If these characteristics have some advantages they have also drawbacks, and they suggest that we are not wise in relying on any other strength than our own. On the other hand, Mr Bepin Chandra Pal, Mr Tilak, and their friends entirely misunderstand our position. They, unfortunately, when in India believe, or pretend to the common people that they believe, that our attitude is only assumed because we are afraid of the consequences of attempting to show strength. The result, therefore, of transferring



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Caxton Hall liberty of speech to the platforms and press of India was likely to, and, in fact, has resulted in failure.

The condition of Indian affairs and the problems of the present and future have attracted the attention amongst other thinkers of Mr Valentine Chirol. Not connected with India in any capacity, official or otherwise, and yet experienced in Eastern affairs as few other men can hope to be, he was the best person to give a comprehensive survey of the whole situation without any bias beyond the desire for the general weal. A debt of gratitude is due to him by all interested in the welfare of British India for the fearless and impartial investigation that he made, and for the volume on Indian Unrest that has recently been published. It is not too much to say that this book of Mr Chirol's should strengthen the hands, not only of individual Government officials but also of the Government of India itself. He has analysed with the greatest sagacity the facts of the past and the conditions of the present, and has summed up with the utmost fairness and impartiality. It will be, therefore, best to explain through his medium to our readers who Mr Bepin Chandra Pal is and what propaganda it is that he has made his own. Mr Pal is a high-caste Hindu from Bengal, a country in which Hindus had had no share in the Government for many centuries before the battle of Plassy transferred it to our domination from that of the Mohammedans. He has received the highest of educations according to our Western method, and is a man of great intellectual force. Yet he is so blind to the lessons of history that he aims at *Swaraj* for India, Self-government by Indians in India. He says: "Our programme is, that we shall so work in the country, so combine the resources of the people, so organize the forces of the nation, so develop the instincts of freedom in the community, that by this means we shall compel the submission to our will of any power that may set itself against us."

He admits that, even if his programme can be fulfilled, this absolute self-rule that he asks for is fundamentally incompatible with the maintenance of the British

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connexion. "Self-government means the right of self-taxation; it means the right of financial control; it means the right of the people to impose protective and prohibitive tariff on foreign imports. The moment we have the right of self-taxation what shall we do? We shall impose a heavy protective prohibitive tariff upon every inch of textile fabric from Manchester, upon every blade of knife that comes from Leeds. We shall refuse to grant admittance to a British soul into our territory. We would not allow British capital to be engaged in the development of Indian resources. We would not grant any right to British Capitalists to dig up the mineral wealth of the land and carry it to their own Isles . . ." His language here is more or less restrained, but the striking series of vitriolic extracts from the Native press which Mr Chirol has published stand as proof that the aims and objects of the party to which Mr Pal belongs are entirely subversive of British rule, and entail the wholesale evacuation of India by the British.

Now the scheme sketched out by Mr Pal is so comic as to be unworthy of notice in the ordinary way. The idea of the Indian Empire with self-governing Bengali Hindus without British protection is so ridiculous that it is only because Bengal has enjoyed profound peace during one hundred and fifty years that it could possibly have been stimulated into such conceptions. Long before Mr Surendranath Banerjee could be crowned King, or proclaimed President of a Parliament of talking Bengalis, the Afghans would have started from the other end of India to see what the Nepalis had left that had not already been annexed by the native princes; and when the welter of confusion was over, India would again be under the domination of a European power, perhaps with a mailed fist instead of a velvet glove. So it matters not at all how much a doctrine like this is preached in England, where the Park preachers are for downing Bishops, Lords, and King, and no one is a penny the worse. But though it is equally ridiculous in India, it is none the less harmful even when one cannot but suspect that the abler men

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have their tongues in their cheeks when proclaiming it. In consequence, it is impossible to allow Mr Bepin Chandra Pal the same licence in the East, that he had in Caxton Hall, without coming to some trouble.

As with Mr Pal, so with Mr Tilak, an able and astute Mahratta Brahman, who is at last undergoing a long sentence for seditious writings. After years of avowed hostility to the British rule he was elected as a member of the Bombay Legislative Council. The Bombay Government had power to cancel his election, and as rulers over an immense Oriental country they should have done so. In the West, however, a Trafalgar Square John Burns sobers down with experience and responsibility into one of the best of our Cabinet Ministers, and on such an analogy Mr Tilak was allowed to take his seat in the Council Chamber. He and his friends, not reading this act of generosity in the same light, were under the impression that the Government was afraid of him, and was obliged to accept him lest worse befell. Consequently, he continued within the Council Room with the same audacity and the same impunity his career of calumny and insult.

Looking through the valuable pages of Mr Chirol's important work, and surveying the extraordinary series of crimes,—all mean and cowardly no doubt, but still crimes,—that have been committed in recent years, it seems inconceivable that any responsible statesman should have allowed matters to have reached the pitch that they did. However, before seeking for a remedy it is necessary to discover the primary cause of the evil. In this case it would seem that in whatever way we may deal with the question, it resolves itself in the end into the one sentence "Mr Bepin Chandra Pal gave a Lecture on Indian Affairs at Caxton Hall, with Mr Hyndman in the chair." It is unrestrained licence to talk and write which has led to the existing trouble. Sir Alfred Lyall, whose vast experience of Indian affairs, and great authority in the world of letters made him eminently suitable for writing the preface to Mr Chirol's book, points to the same con-

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clusion in more lofty language. "No other Government, European or Asiatic, has yet assayed to administer a great Oriental population, alien in race and religion, by institutions of a representative type, reckoning upon free discussion, and an unrestricted Press for reasonable consideration of its measures and fair-play, relying upon secular education and absolute religious neutrality to control the unruly affections of sinful men." It is not surprising under the circumstances that this method of administration has led to curious ferments, especially among the less stably balanced, if nimbler-witted Bengalis, and as a natural result we have heard a good deal of trouble in India during the last few years.

The story of these troubles in India commences with the formation of the so-called National Congress in 1885. Mr Chirol in his lucid explanation of the situation has described the evolution of the unrest from its origin among the Mahratta Brahmans, through its spread among the weak babblers of Bengal, to the ferment raised in the Punjab by certain members of the Arya Samaj, and has rightly given the Congress as the connecting link. It seems, however, preferable to consider the Congress first because although there is no suggestion of nationality or unity of nations about the so-called Indian Congress, it is the presence of this body of men of various nations, educated or semi-educated on the same Western lines, which, meeting once a year in different portions of India, spreads offensive doctrines among certain receptive classes in each province. The parliament of talkers which has arrogated to itself the title of the Indian Congress is recruited from a few out of the many classes of Hindus in the different provinces supported by a small party of Parsees from Bombay. Some of the earlier men were thoroughly imbued with the sensible ideas that they should first show to the Western Power that held the reins of government that they were improving their social system on lines that in Western eyes might make them fit to take their share, and then should ask for that share. These ideas were speedily dropped, and the Congress

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assumed for itself the position of a parliament, but as it had none of the executive powers invested in a real parliament, its debates were mere beating of the wind. There are a number of mock parliaments of a similar type established in the United Kingdom, but care is taken to provide for a healthy divergence of opinion by the inclusion of men with varying shades of thought, and thus the discussions, however unreal, are of value in training the speakers to arrange their ideas, perfect their arguments, and prepare for opposition. But the Congress degenerated into a mock parliament in which all the speakers spoke on one side, and as attacks on the policy of Government formed the only topics of discussion, there was no room for discrimination between one speaker and another except in the degree of virulence in which they couched their language. Although the Government of India was at first inclined to encourage the Congress, it was this change in the policy of that body which forced Lord Dufferin to withdraw his support. Abandoning both the ideas of working for the people, and of obtaining and maintaining by solid merit the recognition of the Government of India, they followed the specious plea of Mr Justice Tilang, that the line of least resistance was to press for political concessions from England, where they had "friends amongst the garrison." They have always been able to obtain the support of a few "friends amongst the garrison," even if the calibre of such men has not been of the highest. Nothing can be gained, for instance, from such helpers as Sir Henry Cotton who, at a tea-party given by an extremist, expressed his hope that "their friend Savarkar," found guilty by a responsible tribunal of a serious offence against the State, might be restored to freedom on a technical flaw. It is men of this stamp who are responsible for the diversion of many of the best talents and energies of educated India from the thorny path of social reform to the more popular field of political agitation. The views that prevailed then have, unfortunately, survived to this day, and Sir William Wedderburn has repeated in his Presidential speech at the

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1910 Congress at Allahabad the advice to carry on the propaganda actively in England. He asked his audience not to go on "Knocking their heads against a stone wall," but to "bring their appeal effectively before the High Court of the British Nation." It was, indeed, great self-sacrifice on the part of the old gentleman, who, at the age of seventy-two, attempted to restore and re-unite the Congress. It appears, however, to have been too much shattered by the internal dissensions that had manifested themselves in the wild tumult of Surat and the frost that followed at Lahore, to regain such status as it once had, and the constitution of the enlarged councils should leave it but a ghost of itself. The coup de grace should have been given to it by the tactful and kindly reception of a deputation of the Congress by Lord Hardinge. The Governor-General, after thanking them for their expressions of loyalty and their offers of assistance in the government of the country, welcomed the presence of so many gentlemen who were on his own and provincial councils, and assured them that any subjects raised *in Council* would receive the gravest attention. His audience did not require to have been brought up in the same diplomatic school as himself to realize that there was no room for the Congress in Lord Hardinge's system of governing India in Council.

It will be seen then that the National Congress of India, speaking as it did for a narrow section of one of the communities of India, degenerated into a mere assemblage of talkers, sterile and ineffective by the very nature of its composition, its aims, and its ideas. But it was able to practise talking, and, misled by the method in which the Government of the United Kingdom is apparently carried on by talk, the talkers of this one-sided Mock Parliament thought that talk alone could be effectual in India. They forgot both English and Indian history in thus assuming that they could talk themselves into predominance, and gradually as the talk, always now antagonistic to the Government of India, became more and more bitter, those, at last, began to get the upper hand

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who knew that talk without deeds is valueless. In 1905 and 1906 Mr Tilak was able to pass resolutions which brought the Congress from mere negative antagonism into almost direct defiance of Government. In this he was joined by Mr Gokhale, a Chitpawan Brahman, like himself, who poses as a Moderate, and who, as principal Indian adviser to Lord Morley, has had a great influence over the recent Reform scheme. Though Mr Gokhale afterwards attempted to put on the brake, it was he as President who moved the Boycott Resolution, a resolution not quite consonant with loyalty. Now he is more moderate still, and merely confines himself to moving in Council resolutions to reduce the Army and other establishments in British India. Next followed the Surat Congress of 1907. There some of the more level-headed men attempted to check the Congress in its downward path as an abettor of lawlessness and crime, but were defeated by Mr Tilak and his friends. From this date the period of the so-called unrest in India became clearly defined. Who Mr Tilak is, and what he stands for will be explained below. Our object is to show that the Mock Parliament accepted his aims and ambitions as largely theirs, and by the aid of the Congress those aims and desires were spread over a larger area than ever he could have covered alone. Whichever way we view the case it is the same in the end. Whether the talkers talked themselves into such hostility that the doers were spurred by the talk into action, or whether those hostile forces which must always exist in a great Empire governed by strangers came to the surface directly the ground was prepared by talk, there followed after the Surat Congress outbursts of crime and seditious movements directed against British rule in certain parts of India.

Of the movements antagonistic to our rule in India, the worst and most dangerous has been, and is, the movement among the Chitpawan sept of Brahmans of the Bombay Presidency. The Chitpawan Brahmans were for generations the power behind the throne of the Rulers of Maharastra, the Mahratta country, and later on they

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took the power completely into their own hands. Peshwa, a Chitpawan Brahman took the Mahratta armies under the walls of Delhi, and, as has been well said, if the Mahrattas did not rule more than a portion of India, they looted most of it. On the consolidation of our power we refused to continue to the adopted son of the last Peshwa some of the grants that he held himself entitled to and as the Nana Sahib in the Mutiny he did his best to repay us. Maharastra itself, however, hardly moved in those troublous days, but as the remembrances of the time when we had to show our power grew dim, we have had many reminders that the Chitpawans have not forgotten the days when they wielded the sceptre. Not that they have lost much under our rule. They still remain the power behind, if not on, the throne and in fact too much so for the benefit of the other communities. They swarm in every Government Office, they sit on the Bench, they dominate the Bar, they teach in the schools, and they control the Press. Seventy-two per cent of the higher appointments are held by Brahmans who form but seven per cent of the population, and the majority of Brahmans in office are of the Chitpawan sept. Still there is a tradition of hatred against British Rule flourishing amongst them and it was the virulence of the Poona Press that led to the first Press Act of 1879. And it was in Poona that the assassination of two English Officers, in 1897, became the first instances of direct inimical attacks. It was Poona also that produced that Apostle of Unrest, Mr Bal Gangadhar Tilak, whose preaching was admitted by both the young fools who murdered Mr Rand in 1897, and Mr Jackson in 1908, to have formed the incentive to their deeds. Mr Chirol has rightly picked this man out as typical of the forces against us, though the numbers and characters of his co-adjutors leave us no doubt that if he had not been there, others, perhaps less bitter and less capable, would have been in the field. We cannot go through here the whole story of the career of this extraordinary man. In the pages of Mr Chirol's book will be found the full account. There will be learnt in detail how he



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became prominent in antagonism not only to us but to the Hindu reformers in the early eighties; how the Age of Consent Bill, a Bill to mitigate an evil only worse than that of Suttee, gave him a fresh opening against both; how, after the Bombay riots of 1893, he stirred up anew the old anti-Mohammedan feeling of the Mahrattas and organized widely the "anti-cow-killing society" with the deliberate intent to foster enmity against Christian and Mohammedan alike; and how, after organizing annual festivals to the god Ganesh and using these Ganpati celebrations as occasions to stir up religious animosities, he hit off in the cult of the treacherous Mahratta Chieftain Shivaji an idea that would appeal to the non-Brahman Mahrattas. There will also be found, how, despite the outspoken preachings that it was a right, nay even a duty, to emulate Shivaji's treacherous attack on the Mohammedan General Afzul Khan and to commit murder for political purposes, the Bombay Government accepted him as a fit person to sit in Council with them; and how, when the very natural result followed in the murders of Rand and Ayerst, Tilak, who was prosecuted for a seditious article, was released before the expiry of an already excessively lenient sentence.

The inevitable consequences of unbridled talk continued to appear. The other forces in the Bombay Presidency gave way before his violence, and he commanded the allegiance of the large majority of the so-called educated classes. The more moderate men could not check one who, it appeared, had made Government afraid of him, and his domination over the politicians of his own province gradually, though surely, extended itself to the Congress, where in 1905, 1906, and above all in Surat in 1907, he showed what goal he, at least, meant the Congress to reach. At last after the Muzzafarpur murders in Bengal, Tilak was arrested for publishing articles extolling the use of bombs in political warfare. He was sentenced to six years imprisonment, and has thus been removed from the society which should have found no place for him before. He had, however, been

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permitted licence for a whole generation to train up the young in his doctrines, and it is not surprising that his teachings continue to bear fruit. A year later Mr Jackson, the Collector of Nasik, was murdered by a young Chitpawan Brahman, and when Sir W. Curzon-Wyllie and Dr Lalcaca were assassinated by a young Punjabi at the Imperial Institute, it was a Chitpawan Brahman who openly gloried in the deed. It was this same Chitpawan Brahman, Vinayak Savarkar, the "friend Savarkar" of Sir Henry Cotton, who has been convicted recently of sharing in a much larger plot. An attempt was also made to throw a bomb at the Viceroy at Ahmedabad. Moreover the poisonous organization of the India House at Highgate which entrapped young students from all parts of India and instilled into their minds every kind of evil idea, and from which Dhingra, the murderer of Curzon-Wyllie, issued for his deed was controlled by the Deccan Brahmans. It is, therefore, not too much to say that the seeds of disaffection sown by Tilak are likely to bear fruit for a long time to come, unless every noxious growth is ruthlessly destroyed as soon as detected by the authorities.

The Mahratta Brahman movement is full of dangerous possibilities, and it behoves authority to zealously maintain its authority among a people who have enjoyed special powers in the past, and who at constant intervals have shown that the fire of race-hatred has not burnt out. This movement of men who have counted amongst the ruling races of India, spread through the medium of the Congress to a class that since the thirteenth century at least has never known what it was to be anything but a subject race, the Hindus of Bengal. The unfortunate thing about the movement when transplanted from the seat of its origin, where Government should have strained every nerve to check it, to Bengal, was that in the latter place it had such an irresistibly comic side. A number of Oriental stories deal with the offender, who having made the king laugh, received forgiveness and frequently a present. So when the Bengali Hindus began to ape the Mahrattas with drilling and gymnastic societies it was

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difficult for those who knew them to keep back a smile; and when they went a step further and raised to the same pinnacle of honour as did the Mahrattas that Shivaji at whose very name their forefathers had trembled, and whose monument in Calcutta till then had been represented by the obstacle known as the Mahratta Ditch, the situation was so laughable that it seemed possible to forgive them anything. But if his drillings were absurd, at least, he can talk. He can talk in the Congress, Caxton Hall, and elsewhere and, having enjoyed profound peace for 150 years, he has lost the idea that force, not talk, rules the world, and has no clear notion that the real game of revolutionary politics is necessarily rough and dangerous—certain, moreover, to fail whenever the British Government shall have resolved that it is being carried too far and must end. Unfortunately the British Government, most unkindly both to itself and to the mirth-provoking Bengalis, did not tell them that their pranks must cease, until the poor fellows had lost their heads altogether. This was a most unfortunate thing, because the Oriental method of forgiveness in reply to a joke may be good in story books, but is not so in actual practice. The Bengalis lost their heads and the Partition of Bengal, an absolutely necessary measure in the interests of the governed, served them as a pretext for raising a storm. The movement in Bengal as in Bombay was entirely engineered by Brahmans and other high-caste Hindus. Their fertile brains developed the Swadeshi and the boycott movements, movements to counteract the laws of political economy, by inducing all Bengalis to buy Indian products instead of British, whatever the difference in material and price. To maintain this unnatural position was, of course, difficult, and they did not hesitate to employ force to terrorize the dissidents. This led to much noise and countermarching, and especially to the annoyance of the Mohammedans in the two Bengals. But for a long time the Government of India and the Home Government were so little impressed by the possibilities of the

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growing evil that they did little or nothing to check it. Their neglect had the natural result. As the Persian poet, Saadi, says, "the trickle that can be dammed with a spade, if neglected will sweep away an elephant." Encouraged by a group of foolish politicians in England they grew more and more vociferous daily, and when the extraordinary mistake of allowing Sir Bampfylde Fuller to resign was made they lost their balance altogether. Certain newspapers set themselves to openly preach not only sedition but direct incitements to the murder of Europeans, and at last as little or futile attempts were made to check these journals, they produced their effect in due course. After a series of crimes and so-called political dacoities, directed against their own countrymen, Mohammedans and others backward in supporting the Cause, there at last came the murders of two ladies in Muzzafarpur in April, 1908, killed by a bomb intended for the magistrate. Despite the sex of his victims and the absolute futility of his deed, the criminal was applauded for his bravery in many of the newspapers and mourned for in several schools, which were closed in his memory. This crime was followed by others. Attempts on the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal were succeeded by murders of two Police Inspectors and the Public Prosecutor, all natives. At last Government was moved to action and suppressed the worst of the offending newspapers, while taking steps to punish the actual criminals. But here again the evil has persisted so long, and been neglected to such an extent by the responsible authorities that some time must elapse before a proper equilibrium is reached, even among races as timid and docile by nature as those who dwell in Bengal.

When we went into the Punjab, we found it in the possession of powerful tribes, dependent on agriculture who, even if they were Hindus, kept their Brahmans under the domination of the village proprietary body, though they admitted their necessity for the performance of certain functional rites. So too they kept the shopkeeping class pretty well in its place. It was not able to get hold of land, and its greed for usury was checked by

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occasional assassinations as on the Frontier to this day, But, as Mr Chirol points out, "Nowhere had Anglo-Indian legislation and the introduction of elaborate forms of legal procedure produced results more unfortunate and less foreseen by their authors than in the Punjab. The conversion of the occupants of land into full proprietors was intended to give greater stability and security to the peasant owners of land, but the result was to improve the position of the moneylender." It may, perhaps, be necessary to explain to how great an extent functional groups in India adhere to certain occupations, and to those alone, and in the Punjab there are, broadly speaking, certain classes who cling to agriculture and other distinct groups who alone engage in shop-keeping and money-lending. It was the shopkeeping-moneylender class, which like the Brahmans of Bombay and Bengal was the first to take to Western education, and thus it gradually began to supply officials out of all proportion to its numbers and position. The taking of these men to education brought them under the solvent action of Western thought, and the Christian doctrines appeared likely to affect them at least to the extent reached by the Brahmo-Samaj. Under the teaching of Swami Dayanand, however, considerable numbers adopted the tenets of the religion known as the Arya Samaj, a religion aggressively hostile both to Christianity and Mohammedanism, as well as in its origin at least, to Jains, Buddhists, Sikhs and orthodox Hindus.

The shopkeeping-moneylender class began to gain so many advantages that it was necessary for the sake of the fine peasantry of the Punjab that we should interfere in the machinery that was leading to their destruction. Certain legislation was passed of the utmost value to the Punjab as a whole, but distasteful to moneylenders and the lawyers recruited from the same class. About this time it was discovered that, as has been shown is the case to-day in Bombay, all the official posts were falling into the hands of one group. This was clearly undesirable, as it tended to strengthen the disproportionate

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advantage possessed already in law by the money-lenders, still more so when all subordinate interpreters and minions of the law were of a like type. Action was therefore taken, and rightly taken, to seek for candidates from other classes, and subject to standard qualifications to make appointments without regard to the strict competitive principle. This again, though an act of pure justice, was hotly resented by those who had gained unreasonably in the past.

These losses of what should never have been enjoyed, coupled with the existence of a religion like the Arya Samaj, which at any rate preaches hostility to the Christian Faith, if not to the Europeans that profess it, aroused the bitterest antagonism. It was, however, a right policy, and, despite the resultant fury that it excited, it is a policy to be adhered to. It is necessary to dissent to some extent from the views expressed by Mr Chirol that the landowners were driven into opposition to us by the very evils, in seeking to remedy which we had roused the antagonism of the moneylenders. The Aryas were undoubtedly able in Rawalpindi and elsewhere to involve others in their machinations; but this was due to the successful dissemination of scares of well-poisoning, forcible circumcision, and agrarian hardships, which their perverted geniuses found no difficulty in inventing. The policy adopted was right despite the minor contretemps that followed. We have given and are giving to the agricultural tribes of the Punjab the inestimable benefit of canals enormously extended, and it would be ridiculous to give them over to gombeen men, who for caste reasons can never be assimilated among the agricultural tribes.

The hostile ideas in the Punjab only led to minor disturbances in Rawalpindi and Lahore (owing to the swift deportation of Lajpat Rai and Ajit Singh, both prominent Aryas); though the bomb found in the compound of the Deputy Commissioner of Umballa might have had more serious results. It has, however, been clearly made out that the Arya Samaj has taken up an attitude hostile to British rule. Leading members may hasten to deny this,

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and to declare that it devotes itself solely to moral and religious reform. The large number of Aryas, who have unquestionably taken part in the political agitation of the last few years, certainly tends to corroborate the very compromising certificate given recently to the Samaj by Krishnavarma himself in his murder-preaching organ. He not only stated that "of all movements in India for the political regeneration of the country, none is so potent as the Arya Samaj," but he added that "the ideal of that society as proclaimed by its founder is an absolutely free and independent form of national government." It must be remembered that Krishnavarma was appointed to be one of the trustees of Dayanand's will. The Aryas displayed also a marvellous ingenuity in their methods. Ajit Singh's perversion of Seeley's Expansion of England was a special tour de force. The greater part of the propaganda, as in the other two foci of sedition, was directed at corrupting the young. In fact, many of the shrewdest observers are of the opinion that the evil possible from the Arya Samaj is in its infancy. The tone of the students turned out of the Dayanand Anglo-Vedic College at Lahore is not a promising one; but apart from that the Aryas have established three secluded seminaries, one containing 250 boys, where the students are to be brought up in the so-called true Vedic manner. As the disciples are to be sent out as missionaries to propagate the Arya doctrines throughout India, the issue of the first batch five years hence will require the careful attention of the authorities, and it is to be hoped that care will be taken to have a record of each, and his connexions before they are allowed to run loose.

The three movements against us have now been described as well as the Congress which forms the connecting link. It is now necessary to consider the forces that have acted in favour of these movements, and here we get back to the sentence with which this paper started. "Mr Bepin Chandra Pal gave a lecture at Caxton Hall with Mr Hyndman in the chair." Indian unrest has been greatly fostered by the knowledge that there are "friends amongst

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the garrison." The fact is so patent that there is no necessity to descant upon it. There are, however, some curious factors in it which are worth consideration. Where talkers meet, they are often so happy to meet fellow-talkers, that they forget what each stands for, and how wide is the divergence of aim of each. As has been already shown, Mr Pal is fogged by the respect accorded to talking in these countries where power lies behind the talk, into believing that he can talk Bengalis up to a standard of strength which they have never possessed in all the ages of the past. So, too, Mr Hyndman and Mr Keir Hardie, who are opposed to the Government of the United Kingdom on the present lines, welcome the association and connexion with the fluent talker who professes antipathy to the British Empire as at present established. But if the position be analysed, what have people whose main aim is government by the mass, if not by the mob, to do with high-caste Hindus whose main aim, as is clearly made out by Mr Chirol, is the re-habilitation of the Hindu system and the supremacy of Brahmanism with all that that system means? Brahmanism is responsible for the condemnation of some fifty millions, out of the three hundred millions in India, to a life of unspeakable degradation. The state of utter debasement in which the depressed classes still remain is not connected only with poverty but applies equally to those better off. Yet Mr Keir Hardie, who is essentially a man of the lower classes, and is rightly striving to raise the position of his fellows, is to be found in alliance with those who are most hotly opposed to any theory of the Brotherhood of Man. On the other hand it is almost equally incongruous that the high-caste Hindu party should join hands for political purposes with men of the Labour Party, whose fellows in Australia, Natal, and elsewhere are so committed to the exclusion of Asiatic competitors. Still the union of the Congress with the extreme wing of the Radical Party is a fact and an unfortunate fact, and it is a force against our rule in India.

The next force that has very greatly aided the party of



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sedition, not only in Bengal but all over India, was the policy that forced on Sir Bampfylde Fuller's resignation from the post of Lieutenant Governor of Eastern Bengal, on the point of enforcing discipline in schools. The evil effect was so great that there are many who think Sir Bampfylde Fuller should have bowed his head to the obnoxious directions of his superior rather than by his resignation have let loose the dogs of war. Still there are principles which men feel they must adhere to, and the Lieutenant Governor was in the right. But the evils caused by his action were not confined to the most obvious results, the rousing of all the disaffected in India and England. The greater evil lay in the accentuation of the principle throughout India that no man is stronger than his official superior. This is a principle which must always underlie good government, but it is sound only as long as it is coupled with another principle, that superiors must rely on their men and put confidence in them as long as possible. The Bampfylde Fuller case was complicated in the eyes of all other administrators in India by the fact that he appeared from the beginning to be in the right, and this was proved to the full by the adoption of his proposals after the harm had been done. Meanwhile, all over India, men dependent for their livelihood on the Indian services, men not entitled to their pensions, men entitled to pensions but hoping, as men do hope, for superior posts, even Lieutenant Governors hoping for appointment on the India Council, took the warning that they must neither act nor press forward schemes in any way contrary to the policy which seemed to have been declared.

The Bampfylde Fuller case is especially mentioned, because it was the crippling of the energies of the Government officials, whether by the instructions of Lord Morley or by the indecision of the Central Government in India, which did so much to encourage the seditious party. The instructions issued to those in charge of the Indian spoilt child appeared to be, "He is a naughty boy now, but he will become good by-and-by, if left alone."

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Proceedings were not taken against persons who had flagrantly brought themselves in conflict with the law. Even when men like Tilak were convicted, they were released before serving out their sentence. Editors would publish seditious articles, and when threatened with a prosecution would put in an apology, and would receive forgiveness. One who tried this trick was convicted and sentenced all the same, but from jail he renewed his apology, and was promptly released. Having permitted the Press to get out of hand in this way, various additional Acts were passed, but their value was greatly reduced by the curious restrictions placed on their use; as if a crime could be a crime only in one place and not in another, only to-day and not to-morrow.

The repressive act of deporting the nine Bengali gentlemen under the Regulation of 1818 had an excellent effect, though it was a proof of previous weakness. The Nau Ratan, the Nine Gems as they were called, after the nine principal precious stones of Indian jewelry found this method of dealing with comfortable abettors as bad as did once some city fathers, who having stirred up a fine riot concealed themselves in trees where they could see the conflict unnoticed, but were brought down by a volley fired over the heads of the rioters. But when Lord Minto himself announced their release, a gasp went up from all those interested in good government, not at the clemency shown, but at the words used in announcing it. Had they been briefly that the Government had shown its power, and hoped that the lesson would be felt sufficient, all would have been well. But the general purport of the words actually used were "The Nine Gems were deported for instigating to sedition. Now sedition has gone on into anarchy and we have to deal with the Anarchists. We therefore release those who only instigated to the sedition which paved the way to anarchy." It is true that the occasion was one on which he was also announcing political concessions, and their release might well have been an act of clemency to mark the occasion, but, coupled with the words actually used, both the release and

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the concessions appeared to be due more to fear than to strength.

A large share in the present difficulty has been ascribed to the sins of education, and certainly by the provision of a common medium of language and by placing certain ideas before a people that has not gone through the necessary steps to develop these ideas, Western education has played its part in increasing our troubles in India. It is, however, possible to magnify this share. All who deprecate the action of Western education are in favour of its continued existence, and though many defects can be pointed out, no radical change has been proposed which seems likely to gain acceptance. Part of the evil is a mere parallel of the tendency which produces in England a large excess of black-coated clerks, some of whom command less salary than many able-bodied labourers. That our present difficulties lie among educated men seems mainly to be due to the fact that we have treated educated criminals differently from other criminals. If we have thieves or burglars to deal with we do not say, "please don't do it again," we do not release them after accepting an apology, and we do not place them within the Privy Council. After all, Madras, which possesses the largest number of literates in English, has, with trifling exceptions, kept clear of recent tangles, and altogether it is not necessary to ascribe too much importance to education as a hostile force.

It is now necessary to turn from the forces hostile to us to those which support our own strength. In all consideration of the movement against British power it must be remembered that whether classed as Brahmanical or as democratic, it is as much aimed against the Native Princes as against ourselves. Mr Chirol has a very illuminating chapter on the attack made by the Chitpawan Brahmans on the Maharajah of Kolhapur, a descendant of that very Shivaji who, for their own purposes, they had elevated into almost a deity. The attack on the Mahratta Prince showed that the hostility to British rule in India is due, not to the fact that we are aliens, but that we and the

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Maharajah alike stand in the way of Brahman ambition. When, again, Lord Minto consulted the ruling chiefs of India as to the most effective measures to cope with the evil of sedition they responded so heartily that the extremists were lashed to fury. The leaflet entitled "Choose, Oh Indian Princes," which Mr Chirol gives in extenso, threatens the chiefs with the possibility of being brought within an Indian Republic should "the Mother" will it so. The idea is absurd, but no more absurd than the main aspirations of certain Bengalis, and it has been seen that it is impossible to go on neglecting absurdities for ever. Thus the position is that in the main the chiefs and princes of India stand where we stand and that we have their support. Again, as we have already seen, classes that are stirring up feelings of race hatred against us, whether they are Brahmans of the old school or Arya Samajists of the new, are unable to arouse antagonism against us without equally disturbing the animosities of other communities against themselves. India is by nature fissiparous and the more talk we hear of United India the more certain we are of fresh divisions. It may be as well to bring home to our readers the enormous area out of the great congeries of states and provinces which we call India, in which the so-called unrest does not exist to any important extent. It does not exist in the first place among the Mohammedans of India, wherever they may live. Burma, which is outside India proper, knows nothing of it, nor do Sind, Baluchistan, or the North-West Frontier Province on the other and more dangerous side of India. There have been sporadic preachings in Madras, but little came of it, and Madras, Travancore, Mysore and Coorg have remained in almost perfect quiescence. The Central Provinces too, have had their tempters, but under the strong hand of Mr Craddock have been kept in order, despite the natural affinities of some of their peoples with the Mah-rattas of Poona. The United Provinces in like manner have hardly been heard of under the powerful guidance of Sir John Hewett, one of the ablest governors of the day. As to the Punjab, which has been noticed as one of the

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breeding grounds of sedition, there are immense masses of the finer classes utterly unconcerned, or bitterly hostile to the seditionists. Not understanding "la haute politique," they are tremendously puzzled at our powerlessness to deal with those flagrantly up in arms against us, and many have been the offers to lend assistance and strength. There are equally huge areas in Bombay unaffected, and Assam and other parts of the two Bengals are in excellent order. Finally the "New Spirit," as Lord Morley calls it has scarcely a place among the Native Princes of India.

Thus the matter stands at present, and it is necessary to check the renewal of the hostile movement, and to guide the country aright in the future. It is no easy task that we have taken upon ourselves, the government by a democracy of a country which must for a long time to come be ruled by a benevolent despotism. After all, the story of Indian Unrest was summed up many years ago by Rudyard Kipling in that vivid sketch included in *Many Inventions*, entitled "One View of the Question." It brings home the disadvantage of deciding everything by talk, the harm done by estimating men from their capacity to talk, the danger of untrained visionaries in England interfering with the work of the man on the spot, and, above all, the danger of letting apparent weakness of control stir up contempt against us among the finer races. The first essential is that there should be neither panic on the one hand nor depreciation of the difficulties on the other, but that we should go forward steadily, aiming resolutely at efficient government. We have especially to guard against the panic that may be caused by assassination here or bomb-throwing there. Such cowardly acts do not affect the main issue nor the general policy in the very least. Officers on the North-West Frontier of India are liable to suffer from isolated outbursts of fanaticism, but, though Ghazi outrages have occurred with painful regularity since the death of Colonel Mackeson in 1853, our frontier stands where it did. Assassination effects absolutely nothing. Even the master assassin, Hasan bin Sabah, the Old Man of the Mountains of the Crusaders, who brought it to the

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highest pitch of perfection, made no lasting achievements. The murder of Sir William Curzon-Wyllie, however unfortunate, merely served to call the attention of the people at home to the gravity of the situation. If the assassinations are little in themselves, they mark the expression of certain evils, and it is to those evils that we have to turn our attention.

The great requisite at present is that there should be good government. We have to govern the people of India and it is no use shirking our appointed task. Lord Curzon was so eager for efficiency that his energies led to an anti-climax, in that Lord Morley in his zeal for milder measures openly professed his faith in less efficiency. The difference between these two rulers of India—it is most unfortunate for India that we must think of the Viceroy of one period and the Secretary of State of the other as the actual rulers—may be summed up briefly: that Lord Curzon did most things right in the wrong manner, and Lord Morley many things wrong in the most perfect of manners. At any rate, a sigh of relief went up at the clear indication of Lord Hardinge, in his first public utterance, that he intended to make efficient government the keynote of his administration. One of the first acts of the new regime should be, therefore, the restoration of the confidence of the able band of Civil Servants in India, and further, in the interests of the country, steps are required to ensure that the Viceroy and the Secretary of State alike surround themselves with the ablest and most experienced counsellors possible. Lord Curzon, who was a strong, if occasionally a headstrong ruler, collected round himself a very strong Council, and although his strength was such as to dominate it, he utilized to the full its strength to assist himself. But Lord Minto, a man of less calibre, finding the tradition of a Viceroy stronger than his Council, strengthened himself in the only way possible, by collecting weaker men round him; and still further protected himself by ignoring his position as Governor-General in Council and corresponding direct with the Secretary of State. As to Lord Morley, advocates of

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decentralization are frequently in favour of decentralization as regards others, but all for centralization in their own hands. Democrat though he may be in theory, no one could have been more autocratic in practice than himself. His is a great personality and that he has done some good for India is indisputable, but the breakdown of principles by a man, however able, does the same harm as their breakdown by a weaker man.

Another necessary step urgently required is that the methods of the Navy League should be followed. Just as that League presses for a Standard Navy proportionate in every branch to any combination that can be brought against us, so the Services in India must contain an irreducible minimum of European, not an absolute minimum, but a minimum to be proportioned to all increases of establishment. If the present tendency is not carefully watched, the time will come when one or other branch is weakened beyond the possibility of maintaining our efficient rule. This stage has almost been reached in the Educational Department, which, above all, requires attention in the interests of the future generations. Mr Chirol rightly lays great strength on the necessity for our recapturing the younger generation, but we can recapture it only, as in the excellent institution for Mohammedans at Aligarh, by bringing the youths in contact with Europeans at the impressionable age. It is impossible to expect that Western thought and Western learning will be rightly assimilated by Easterns who, as in the schools and colleges of Bengal and elsewhere, hardly come into contact with Western interpreters of those thoughts.

It is necessary to make it perfectly clear that we have not the least intention of granting Swaraj, whether that defined by Mr Pal or the milder form of self-government of India by Indians protected by us. We could not do it if we wished to, as the recent riots between Hindus and Mohammedans in Calcutta on the occasion of the Id, and in Bombay between different sections of Mohammedans at the time of the Muharram have plainly proved. This should be made absolutely plain, and any language that is

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likely to raise up false and unwise aspirations should be sedulously avoided. And if we require to maintain such strength among ourselves as will enable us to accept responsibility for the task we have assumed, it is equally necessary that we should not allow any classes to gain any unnatural predominance over the others, a predominance which they could not maintain if we were not there. What is called the "Vakil Raj," or the rule of glib lawyers drawn from special castes, is intensely detested by the Indian community in general; and many are the petitions asking us to rule them ourselves if we like but not to hand them over to such sections of their compatriots. On the other hand, we should do more than we do at present to encourage certain classes which are losing ground under our rule, and especially those who take to military service. As Mr Chirol points out, it is a strange anomaly that when we have no hesitation in introducing Indians into our Executive Councils, those who serve the King-Emperor in the Indian Army can only rise to quite subordinate rank. In fact, while all must be in sympathy with the gradual association of natives in power, subject to the insurance for good government, care must be taken not to force the pace unduly, or in one direction only. Above all it must be made absolutely clear that whatever concessions are made to the legitimate aspirations of Indians, none shall appear to have been won from us by the party of violence. Repression and concession must not be so intermingled as to leave any doubt why concession is granted.

Finally, we must for ever remember that we only obtained sway over India because we were strong, and that we shall only remain in India if we are strong, strong not only to govern the strong, but strong enough to prevent our weakness in dealing with Bengalis from earning us the contempt of the strong. Mr Chirol rightly points out that the sword cannot rule. This the Emperor Aurungzeb found to his cost, but the saying is only a half truth. Tact and skill in managing men are needed, but in the end the ultimate arbiter of destinies is the sword, and this must never be lost sight of. We took India by the



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sword from swordsmen, and not by the tongue from talkers, and if we give it up to the talkers it is not they who will retain it. "Apart from the organized forces within India there are," as Sir Alfred Lyall says, "warlike nations across the frontiers who are intent upon arming themselves after the latest modern pattern, and whose sympathy with a literary class would be uncommonly slight." There are some who are surprised at the apparent folly of the Amir of Afghanistan, who has encouraged his unruly subjects to arm themselves, both from the arsenal at Kabul and by means of the gun-running from the Persian Gulf. But the situation is explained if we think that he may have been misled by our conduct into the belief that our power is waning. If it ever does wane, the Afghans know India from end to end, because every winter hordes of them proceed by peaceful penetration from all the frontier passes, as traders, as far as Calcutta and further; and when the good day comes and they have no longer to leave their arms behind at the frontier posts of the British, the road by which Changiz and Timur, Babar and Nadir Shah swept down will be open. The time is not yet, but the fact of the arming should stiffen our resolve to govern India in strength and not in weakness.

## THE DECREE “NE TEMERE”

THE political interest attaching to a certain “mixed” marriage case in Ireland, and the excitement to which it has given rise, has brought the Decree *Ne Temere* so prominently before the public, within the last few months, that it is difficult to realize that this Decree was issued nearly four years ago, and has actually been in force since Easter, 1908. Of the merits and advantages of this Decree, little has been said. The discussion has been limited, for the most part, to the consideration of its drawbacks, real or supposed, and to that of the right claimed by the Church to legislate in such matters. And the case just referred to has been used throughout as the bone of contention: as a concrete illustration of the scope and intent of the Decree, of the manner in which it is enforced by the Church, and of the cruel and shameful results attending it.

The circumstances of this case have been repeatedly stated. The persons concerned, Mr and Mrs McCann, were married, in May, 1908, in a Presbyterian Church in Ireland. The man was, and is, a Catholic; the woman, a Presbyterian. Two children were born of the marriage, and, subsequently, McCann asked his wife to go through a form of marriage again, in a Catholic chapel, in order to satisfy the requirements of his Church, which, from her point of view, regarded their marriage as null and void, and their children as illegitimate. The woman refused, and it is alleged that in consequence of her refusal the man “kidnapped” his children, declining, notwithstanding her entreaties, to let her know where he had sent them, and subsequently deserted her in the most heartless manner. It has been repeatedly alleged that the man was guided in his actions by the advice of a Catholic priest.

Two important considerations appear to have been overlooked by many of those who have been impressed

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by this sad case. It has been taken for granted not only that the facts, as commonly reported, were accurate, but also that the action supposed to have been taken by the priest concerned must necessarily have been the right action, in the circumstances, according to the laws of the Church. In other words, the possibility that the priest in question did not in reality act as he was reported to have acted was, for some time, barely allowed; the possibility of an error on his part was not contemplated at all, and the entire responsibility for his action was held to lie with the Pope. Again, no importance appears to have been attached to the fact that the Decree has been in force for over three years. And yet when it is borne in mind that in the diocese of Westminster alone between two and three thousand mixed marriages have taken place since that time, and that the McCann case was the first in the United Kingdom to occasion any public comment, a strong presumption appears to exist for the view that the cause of the trouble may be found, on examination, to lie in the peculiar features of the case itself, and not in the general provisions of the Decree.

It is, perhaps, not surprising that the Decree has been considered only in so far as it affects marriages solemnized in the United Kingdom. The McCann case occurred in Ireland and it was, perhaps, not unnatural for Englishmen and Irishmen to assume that with the effect of the Decree on marriages solemnized abroad they were in no way concerned. It may, indeed, appear at first sight that to regard this Decree in so far as it affects marriages solemnized within the British Isles is practically to regard it from the British point of view. And yet a little reflection shows that these are two very different aspects of the question, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that the latter is a much wider point of view than the former. Englishmen are concerned with the marriage laws observed in other countries, not only because many of them marry abroad, but also because those laws may affect marriages celebrated in this country, when one of the contracting parties is a foreigner. However much

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insular habits and prejudices may incline them to regard questions of this kind from a narrow point of view, concerning themselves only with the usual case of a marriage within the British Isles of two persons residing in the United Kingdom, their habits of travel and the existing facilities of communication with other countries, make it impossible for them to disregard the provisions in force elsewhere. Indeed, too much importance can hardly be attached to the evils arising from ignorance or imperfect knowledge of foreign marriage laws on the part of those whose business it is to know and to advise in such matters. It is of the utmost importance that the validity of the marriage contract should in every case be so assured as to leave no room for doubt. It is of primary importance, therefore, that the provisions affecting it should in all cases be well known. And yet it is difficult, as things are, to avoid ignorance in a matter rendered so confusing and complicated by the differences of the legislation adopted in different parts of the world. This point of view was noticed in a leading article in the *Times* of February 13, 1911. "It is not very creditable, as one sees when one takes a large view of things, that we are in these days of enlightenment in a condition of greater confusion in regard to the fundamental social institution than was the world five centuries ago. The endlessly diverse marriage laws of the States of America, the variety to be found on the Continent, and even in the same country, the differences which exist in the United Kingdom and in our Colonies—these divisions are a reproach to our time, whether they indicate ethical anarchy, or perplexity, or indifference in matters than which none are of more consequence." And the writer supported the appeal for a uniform marriage law throughout the Empire. For only in a simple uniform law can a remedy be found.

The writer of the *Times* article was probably not aware that it was precisely to remove these disadvantages, in so far as they arose from laws of the Church, which lapse of time and altered conditions of society had

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rendered unsatisfactory—that it was precisely to promote and secure uniformity, so far as possible, that the Decree *Ne Temere* was issued. Although the state of confusion to which reference has been made arises chiefly from the difference between the law of the land in one State and in another, it is undoubtedly true that, as regards Christian marriages, much confusion has arisen in the past from the fact that the canon law was not the same in all countries. Before the Council of Trent it was very much the same, in all countries, as the present Scotch law. All that was required, for a valid marriage, was that the contracting parties should express to each other their mutual consent and the intention of binding themselves *de presenti*. No witnesses were required, and even cohabitation with habit and repute might be sufficient to signify consent. The disadvantages of such a law are evident. If it provides a simple and uniform rule for the true solemnization of marriage, it affords no guarantee that marriages so easily contracted can also be readily proved. It opened the door widely to clandestine marriages. Unions entirely unsuitable<sup>721</sup> could take place, and did in fact take place, without let or hindrance. And often the contracting parties, while bound in conscience to each other, were unable either to prove their marriage to the world, or to make good their rights as against each other. To the unscrupulous, this law offered every advantage and every safeguard; it gave the minimum of protection to the weaker, and perhaps more innocent, partner.

But the pre-Tridentine law was the natural law, and it might seem to some that no earthly authority could alter it. Marriage, it has been argued, had always been solemnized in this form from the earliest times and among all peoples. The ceremonial usually attending it might differ at different times and in different places.

It might be simpler or more elaborate ; conditions, such as the consent of the parents, the presence of witnesses at the wedding, the previous publication of banns, might be required by custom or legislation,

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or by the Ordinances of the religious community concerned.

But these conditions could only be enforced as matters of discipline, binding, indeed, under certain penalties, such as the loss of certain civil rights or privileges, or of social advantages, or under pain of sin or of ecclesiastical censure—conditions might, in a word, be laid down for the proper and lawful celebration of marriage, but not for its true or valid celebration, nor could they be essential thereto. According to this view the bare exchange of mutual consent must always remain the one condition essential to the celebration of a true marriage. It was all that was necessary when marriage was merely a natural contract. It was all that was required when Christ raised that natural contract, if entered into by two Christians, to the dignity of a Sacrament, and no earthly authority, it is argued, can change or modify so fundamental a law.

The Catholic Church does not admit the argument as here stated, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that while she may admit it as against any purely human authority, she claims to have a higher and supernatural authority, namely that of Christ himself, to determine the conditions essential to the true celebration of marriage among Christians. With the marriage of those who have not received Baptism, and, therefore, are not in any sense members of her body, she is not concerned. She recognizes such a marriage as valid, if not opposed to the natural law, but she does not claim to have any power in regard to it. It is not a sacrament. It is merely a contract. But even in this case the contention that no power on earth can add to, or take from, the one essential condition necessary for validity is probably incorrect. There must be in regard to every contract, whatever its nature, an authority whose province it is to lay down the conditions under which the contract can be validly entered into. In this respect marriage does not differ from any other natural covenant. That mutual consent is all that is required by natural law is undoubtedly true of the

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marriage contract as it is of a contract to buy and sell. But just as in the latter conditions may be laid down by the supreme authority, which, if not observed, invalidate the agreement, so that it does not bind even in conscience, so, too, essential conditions may be laid down by the proper authority in regard to the contract of marriage. And in regard to marriage between Christians the Church claims to be the legitimate authority, marriage, in that case, being a sacrament and falling as such under her supreme jurisdiction.

Acting on this claim, the Council of Trent sought to remove the abuses arising from the possibility of clandestine marriages, by making it a condition, essential to the validity of marriage among Christians, that it should be solemnized in the presence of the parish priest of one of the parties and of two witnesses. Recognizing, however, that in Protestant countries the effect of this decision would be to invalidate many unions among those who would not, and indeed could not be expected to, appear before a Catholic priest, the Council made provision for this decree only to apply in those places in which it was specially promulgated. The decree was subsequently promulgated in most Catholic countries; it was not promulgated in Protestant countries, where the old primitive law remained in force; while in countries with a mixed Catholic and Protestant population it was made to apply to marriages between two Catholics, but not to mixed or to Protestant marriages.

These provisions, which were no doubt satisfactory at first, led in course of time and under modern conditions to considerable confusion, and were attended by disadvantages almost as serious as those which they were framed to remove. Not only were Protestant marriages, solemnized in Catholic countries, liable to be questioned from the point of view of the Church, but even marriages celebrated in Catholic churches were often very doubtful. The conditions necessary for validity varied, as has been seen, according to the domicile of the contracting parties, and this was the occasion of many

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serious errors. In countries like Germany, where there is a close and increasing intercourse between Catholics and Protestants, where, in some parts, both communities exist side by side in large numbers, while in others the population is largely either Catholic or Protestant, the difficulty of rightly applying the law of the Church was very great. Nor was it even certain where the provisions of the Council of Trent had been promulgated, and must be observed, and where they were enforced only as a matter of discipline. The Bishops appealed to the Holy See for a uniform law for the whole Empire, and this was granted by the Bull *Provida sapientique*, of January 28, 1906. Henceforth, all purely Catholic marriages solemnized in the Empire must, to be valid, be solemnized before the parish priest of one of the contracting parties, and two witnesses. The same rule should indeed be followed in the case of mixed marriages, the marriage being solemnized before the parish priest of the Catholic party, but this was not required as a condition essential to the validity of the marriage. Mixed marriages and Protestant marriages were recognized as valid, wherever celebrated in Germany, provided that the contracting parties were domiciled in the German Empire, or had no domicile.

This provision removed some of the difficulties that had hitherto existed in the Empire. It did not, however, meet them all, and it was, moreover, purely local. The question of domicile, with all the confusion to which it gives rise, remained very much as before in connexion with the marriage laws of the Church generally. A uniform law of wider extent was still required, making the validity of a marriage, wherever solemnized, independent of the domicile of the contracting parties, and providing a rule so simple as to render impossible any *bona fide* mistake in regard to the essential conditions required for a marriage to be valid. This want was met by the Decree *Ne Temere*.

The Decree makes it obligatory on all persons baptized



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in the Catholic Church, and on those who have been converted to it from heresy or schism, who desire to marry, to do so in the presence of the parish priest or the Ordinary of the place in which the marriage is to be celebrated. If the marriage is not solemnized in the presence of the parish priest or the Ordinary, the Church regards it as null and void. On the other hand, if neither of the contracting parties is a Catholic, the Church recognizes the marriage as valid wherever it may be celebrated. The rule is perfectly simple. A Catholic cannot marry except in accordance with the Catholic form, whether the other contracting party be a Catholic or not. But non-Catholics who contract among themselves are nowhere bound to observe the Catholic form. The parish priest and the Ordinary assist validly within the limits of their own territory at marriages not only of those subject to them, by reason of their domicile, but also of those who are domiciled elsewhere, and, therefore, are not subject to them. One exception, and apparently one only, has been allowed to this new law. The bull *Provida* of the preceding year was not repealed, and consequently mixed marriages can still be validly contracted in Germany, without regard to the Catholic form, by persons domiciled there.

The Decree meets and removes most of the difficulties arising from the Tridentine law. It recognizes the validity of purely Protestant marriages. It provides a simple rule for Catholics. It makes the conditions of validity quite independent of the domicile of the contracting parties. And, with one exception, it makes the rule uniform all the world over. When the reasons for desiring a uniform law are fully appreciated and borne in mind, it is difficult not to regret that any exception should have been made. Whatever may be the plea for departing, in one country or in another, from the general law, however urgent and weighty arguments in this sense may appear when local circumstances are alone considered, their weight and cogency diminish almost to

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vanishing point when the question is examined from a wider point of view. Every derogation from the general law is at once a reason, and a precedent for a further derogation and a curtailment of its general usefulness.

The reluctance of the Holy See to repeal, in 1907, the Bull, *Provida* of the previous year is easily understood. But it is still easier to understand, and to sympathize with, the Pope's desire not to mar the effect of the new Decree by allowing further exceptions elsewhere. There is no reason to suggest, as has been suggested, that this refusal arose from an imperfect knowledge of the conditions of other countries, or that it implies an indifference to their wishes which the Holy See is too wise to show in regard to the wishes of Germany. It is no doubt perfectly true that by keeping a representative in Rome, Germany secures to itself the means of making its wishes known to the Holy See, and of obtaining for them full consideration. But there is no evidence that any representations were made by Germany in this case, and there was, as has been seen, ample reason, apart from any representations, for not repealing the Bull. On the other hand there was the strongest reason for not allowing in other countries any departure from the Decree *Ne Temere*. In most countries, *Ne Temere* effects a relaxation of the laws hitherto in force. It is less strict than the Decree of the Council of Trent. In some places, where the Decree of the Council of Trent had not been promulgated, it introduces indeed a rule of greater severity. But it was impossible in issuing any uniform law to avoid such results. Uniformity could only be obtained in one of two ways, namely: by a return to the laxity which the Council of Trent found it necessary to correct, or by the introduction of a new measure which, while it compared favourably, in most countries, with the Tridentine legislation, would in others press somewhat more hardly. England having ever been free from the ordinances of the Council was necessarily to suffer some inconvenience from the new legislation, paying this price

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for the general good in which it is likely to have so considerable a share.

The McCann case has been used to show what are these inconveniences. The marriage, in that case, having been solemnized elsewhere than in a Catholic Church was held to be invalid canonically and from the Church's point of view. There can be no doubt that it was perfectly valid according to the law of the land, nor has this been disputed. The woman, it will be remembered, who was not a Catholic and considered herself to be validly married, refused to go through any further ceremony according to the Catholic form. It has been assumed that in such circumstances the duty of a Catholic man is, according to the teaching of the Church, to act as McCann is reported to have acted, to desert his wife, to deprive her of the custody of her children, however young they may be, and to leave her destitute. It has been alleged or implied, that such was the advice actually given in the case by a priest who intervened in it. It is almost impossible to believe that any priest could have given such advice. The duty of a Catholic situated in circumstances such as have been described is simply to make right what was wrong—not to do a further wrong. He ought in the first place, to have married according to the Catholic form, to have observed the conditions required by his Church as essential to the validity of his marriage, and to have secured that the children of his marriage should be educated in his faith. Having omitted to do so at the outset, he ought, on discovering that his marriage was regarded as invalid by the Church, or on desiring to do what was right according to her teaching, to make good his omissions. The simplest way in a case of this kind is undoubtedly to supply what was omitted in the beginning, namely, to go through the form of marriage in a Catholic Church. But this entails the concurrence of the Non-Catholic party, and where this is refused, other means must be found to make matters right. The Church provides for these "hard" cases, and the condition

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which was laid down by general legislation as essential for the validity of the marriages can be waived in particular cases by a dispensation of the same Supreme Authority, provided, of course, that the consent of the contracting parties to the marriage still holds good. By a legal fiction the marriage is regarded, for all practical purposes, as if it had been validly solemnized from the outset. In this way the Church makes it easy for her erring children, who are truly repentant and desire to do right, to do so without inflicting any injury on those to whom they are legally tied. With regard to the children, in the same way she only asks that the Catholic parent will endeavour in so far as is possible to repair all omissions, and to see to it that they are brought up as Catholics. When the father is the Catholic parent, there can be no serious difficulty, in England; for the law of the land allows him to decide in what faith his children shall be educated. There can be no object from the point of the Church, in such circumstances, in having recourse to violent means, such as forcibly depriving the mother of the custody of her offspring. It has been suggested that this was done in the McCann case in order that the children might be brought up as Catholics, and that in so acting the father was only doing his duty according to the teaching of the Church. It is difficult to understand how a Christian Church can have been supposed by educated persons to have directed a course at once so cruel and so absolutely useless—so cruel, in any circumstance, and so useless, in view of the tender age of the children and the undoubted legal right of the father to make such provision for their education when they became of suitable age, as he thought necessary to give effect to his own wishes and ideas.

The McCann case has been used to illustrate the drawbacks of the Decree *Ne Temere* as well as for political purposes. It will have served a higher purpose if it leads to a better appreciation of the great evils that the Decree was framed to remove and to the wise statesmanship that

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prompted its publication. Whether the intention of the legislator will be realized as fully as he would have wished, only time and experience can show. The history of the Church, like that of every other legislative body, affords many instances of amendments subsequently introduced into laws that at first seemed fitted in every particular to the end in view; but it also shows the risk of adopting ill-considered amendments, and the danger by doing so, of resuscitating the very evils that the law was intended to remove. It may be that some modifications of the new Decree will be found advisable, but too much importance cannot be attached to the desirability of considering from the widest point of view any amendments proposed, and of safeguarding its uniform character. It is this quality which gives to the Decree its greatest value.

MANUEL J. BIDWELL

# Mr CHURCHILL'S PRISON POLICY

MR CHURCHILL'S period of office as Home Secretary is already marked by a new and far-reaching policy in penal administration. The policy was outlined in his speech in the House of Commons on Wednesday, July 20. The question of the punishment of offenders is such an elementary necessity that it may, at first sight, seem to be a matter on which all and every one may well express an opinion. It requires, perhaps, a considerable, continuous experience of various prisoners in order to be enabled to understand, in the first instance, the difficulty of forming an opinion, worthy of the name, on the subject. Some of the opinions which are voiced aloud proceed rather from preconceived notions than from any accurate acquaintance with the subject. Besides valuable criticism on the present position, Mr Churchill's speech is distinguished by four or five matters which constitute the leading features of his new policy. The first is the suggestion of an Act to obviate imprisonment for non-payment of fines by extending the time for payment of them. He mentioned that out of 90,000 persons committed to prison in 1909 in default of payment of fines, some 13,000 or 14,000, after commitment, paid their fines in whole or in part. Mr Churchill is of opinion—and he gave, amongst other grounds for it, reports made to him by certain prison governors—that a very much larger number could have paid their fines if the time to get the money had been allowed to them. One may come across the case of a young man who has, perhaps, celebrated the prospect of the renewal of employment in a manner more hearty than discreet. The result has been a conviction with the imposition of a fine which at the moment he cannot pay but which he could pay in a fortnight or a month, if he were only left at liberty to take up his work. But, being sent to prison, he loses also the prospect of employment.

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In 1905 magistrates were circularized by Mr Akers Douglas on the subject of the desirability of giving time for payment of fines. Mr Churchill now proposes legislation on the subject. The obstacle lies in the difficulty of collecting fines where time is given. Since Mr Churchill's speech a complaint has come from one metropolitan police court of the number of fines unpaid and of the difficulty, in some cases, of either collecting the money or executing the warrant of commitment owing to the persons fined having moved from their addresses. The Howard Association, in their report for 1910, suggest that Probation Officers might be entrusted with the duty of collecting fines, by instalments, if necessary.

Some of the cases of which Mr Churchill complains most are those of youths committed to prison, in default of a fine, for some mere wantonness. He considers that in their cases the payment of a fine is hardly practicable and he thinks that there ought to be some different punishment not accompanied by imprisonment. He proposes the organization of some physical drill which they should be compelled to undergo. The principle is sure to commend itself, but it may be that it will not be possible to enforce this drill without having the resource of imprisonment to fall back upon.

No youth, says Mr Churchill, ought to go to prison unless he has shown himself to be incorrigible or unless he has committed a serious offence; further, no youth ought to be committed to prison for any punishment or any term which has not a definite and disciplinary force towards his moral improvement; and the sentence should be definitely of a curative and educational character, and, so, it should never be under, at least, a month in duration. The Borstal system introduced into this country by Sir E. Ruggles-Brise, the Chairman of the Prisons Commission, was designed for the purpose of giving youthful criminals, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one years, such a treatment as might be hoped to develop them physically and morally into healthy, honest men. Borstal is now not a prison but an institute. The average period of deten-

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tion is, roughly, about eighteen months; it may not exceed three years or be less than one. In the recent blue book of the Prisons Commission we find a complaint, supported by sound argument, from the Governor of Borstal, of the mistake which courts so often make in merely inflicting sentences of twelve months. In a case brought before the Court of Criminal Appeal over two years ago it was held (nobody anticipated any other judgement as possible) that a court may rightly inflict on a youthful offender a sentence longer than that which it would otherwise have passed upon him, merely in order that he may be qualified for Borstal treatment. Courts of summary jurisdiction—the police courts or the petty sessions—have no power to commit to Borstal. In order to receive such a sentence the prisoner must have been convicted on indictment. This being so, it is unfortunate that courts of summary jurisdiction sometimes deal with lads who, if committed for trial and convicted, would be eligible for Borstal.

Some years ago an imitation of the Borstal system, as far as the different circumstances would allow, was introduced into local prisons, lads between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one years (commonly called Juvenile Adults) being kept apart and the curative and educational object being kept, mainly, in view with regard to them. But to hope for any reward from such a system after even one month's trial savours of optimism. In committing lads to prison under sentences of fourteen, seven, or even less days, as so often is done, courts of summary jurisdiction are following a course which many people competent to speak on the subject have long cried out against as disastrous.

Mr Churchill promises to bring forward proposals this year in connexion with this matter. But the matter is really only part of a very large question. One finds criminals with a number of previous sentences, including penal servitude, dealt with for some fresh offence by a court of summary jurisdiction with its limited power of punishment. Judges, and Chairmen of Quarter Sessions who happen to belong to the profession of the law, may often be heard to comment on the irregular course of treatment



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which results therefrom. But this apparent irregularity is by no means confined to courts of summary jurisdiction. Perhaps, one is occasionally disposed to wonder whether the infliction of sentences is not in the nature of an art, and whether the practice of it in the criminal courts of this country is not, here and there, a little too amateur. There is often an amazing amount of luck in it. A certain, even large, margin of discretion in the passing of sentences is desirable, so that the Court may be able to adapt them to the view which, upon evidence, it forms of the particular cases before it. But there is sometimes a looseness which it seems difficult to attribute to any ascertainable discretion. It may be urged that this very indefiniteness has its advantage, inasmuch as the intending offender is conscious of a grave uncertainty as to what he may be letting himself in for. But a meeting with inappropriate leniency may engender temerity, while a sentence of undue severity sometimes engenders a brooding feeling of unfairness, resulting in a sickly resentment, morbidly nursed within the four walls of the cell, which sometimes leaves the brain unfit for the struggle of life upon discharge. In many criminal trials the practically important issue is not the conviction (it may have been obvious from the beginning that the prisoner would plead guilty) but the sentence which shall be passed. If an old offender who has already done one or two "laggings" (familiar term for a sentence of penal servitude) for a similar offence is sentenced to three months hard labour, in the absence of some special grounds which may quite justify such treatment, the State, if it be the prosecutor, may almost be said to have spent its labour and money in vain. If a youthful offender is sentenced to seven days in prison, the State, if it be the prosecutor, may, generally, be said to have spent its labour and money injuriously.

Mr Churchill announces a matter which is sure to be eagerly welcomed by the vast majority of the convicts, though it will probably be scorned by certain members of the public whose criticism is based on preconceived notions of criminals and the fitting treatment of them.

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He tells us that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has apportioned him a small sum for the provision of quarterly lectures and occasional music in each convict prison. It has been, for some time, the practice to hold occasional lectures in the convict prisons. On the whole, the men seem to like having them. It affords a certain change in their yearly routine. Things which are calculated to encourage healthy interests and feelings and healthy emotions are to be approved if concurrent with a due system of punishment. Assuming that lectures and music have these qualities, there is nothing in the provision of them which derogates from the principle of severe punishment. There is much to be said for severe punishment, but to abstain from doing a thing which is calculated to foster a convict's better feelings, merely because the thing is, in the ordinary sense, a pleasure, would savour of persecution.

Solitary confinement is the next point which we have to notice in Mr Churchill's speech. In introducing the subject he says that our attention has been called to it by various able writers in the press and by exponents of the drama, who have brought home to the general public the pangs which a convict may suffer during long months of solitude. It is, undoubtedly, a subject on which anyone with any power of imagination, especially if he be endowed with dramatic talent, could write pathetically, even harrowingly. But the conception of it in the mind of the dramatist who can thrill us with such delicious pain is certainly not the conception of it in the mind of the average convict, and some convicts speak of the advantages of it.

Some of the writers on prison economics have strongly supported solitary confinement as being a method by which criminals are brought to a more reflective and softer mood. After all, it does not mean absolute solitude. It is broken by visits from superior officers, including the minister of religion and the doctor, whose presence and words are more likely at such a time to have an influence than when the prisoner is in association with the others.

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Probably the Directors would be willing to allow, further, the visits of certain lay persons, for instance, those connected with a Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, or others.

At the commencement of the present system of cellular separation the period of solitary confinement for convicts used to be eighteen months. The report of the English prison system laid before the International Penitentiary Congress in 1872 tells us that it was shown incontestably that the minds of the prisoners became enfeebled by long continued isolation and that, after various trials, the term of nine months was fixed as the longest to which prisoners could advantageously be subjected. For many years it continued to be nine months, all convicts beginning their term of penal servitude by solitary confinement for that period. In 1905 the period was altered as follows, nine months for recidivists, six months for intermediates and three months for star men. Lord Gladstone reduced the period to three months in all cases as from April, 1910. Mr Churchill says that he has decided to go a step further and to reduce the period to one month in all cases except in those of recidivists, for whom it is still to be three months. It is to be noted that, in their recent report, the Directors of Convict Prisons in mentioning the later reductions and the arguments which had been generally urged against solitary confinement for nine months, say that the allegations of injurious effects from it upon the prisoners have not been corroborated.

Mr. Churchill tells us that his reason for retaining the period of three months for recidivists is that they are the men who are anxious, on their return to prison, to rejoin their old associates on the public works and that there must be some deterrent sentence for such men. If the reason is well-founded, Lord Gladstone's reduction of the period in their case would seem to have been hardly desirable. But it might, also, be observed that the distinction between convicts and hard-labour prisoners is often an artificial one. Though there are leading distinctions between the systems, the class to which either of

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two prisoners convicted of a similar offence and having a similar record may happen to be relegated is often a matter of chance. Many criminals who have hitherto escaped with sentences of hard labour will know that if they receive a sentence of penal servitude there are scores of friends on the public works whose society they will enjoy almost immediately.

Mr Churchill dealt with the figures of recidivism which, he said, must be regarded with deep and increasing anxiety. During the years 1900 to 1903, inclusive, about 4,000 convicts, he said, were released of whom three-quarters had returned under long sentences. It was in order to meet such cases that the Prevention of Crimes Act, 1908, authorizing preventive detention was passed. It came into operation on August 1, 1909. It applies to persons convicted on indictment of some crime and sentenced to penal servitude, who are, also, shown to be habitual criminals. They must be specially charged with being habitual criminals and, in order to be found by the jury to be such, they must be shown to have been at least three times previously convicted of crime since reaching the age of sixteen years and to be leading persistently a dishonest or criminal life. In that case the court may, if of opinion that, for the protection of the public, the offender ought to be kept in detention for a long period of years, pass a further sentence upon him ordering that, on the determination of his sentence of penal servitude, he shall be detained for a period not greater than ten years.

The consent of the Director of Public Prosecutions must be obtained before an offender can be charged with being a habitual criminal. Mr Churchill complains that, inasmuch as the application for that consent is made by the various police authorities, the point of view as to the necessity of having certain criminals kept in preventive detention varies very greatly, and that, according as the application is made or not made, persons may be dealt with in this severe manner or may escape with only a few months' imprisonment. The determination, he says, as

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to any particular person being charged under the Act is not taken by the Judge or jury, the Director of Public Prosecutions or the Home Office, but by some local police authority. This objection might, perhaps, be met by amending the Act so as to leave it to the Court, upon hearing the evidence given after the conviction of any offender as to his character, to direct whether he should be remanded to the next Assizes or Sessions in order that he might be indicted for being a habitual criminal.

But the most effectual security for the equal working of the Act will lie in the careful keeping of continuous records of discharged prisoners by the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies, if, as it is ventured hereinafter to suggest, Mr Churchill's proposals as to discharged convicts be applied to divers other discharged prisoners as well. That the Act, even though so much modified from its original form, tends to have a strongly deterrent effect receives some support from an incident mentioned in the trial of one of the earliest appeals from a sentence under it. The appellant signed a solemn declaration that if he had known that such a terrible addition to his sentence would result he would not have committed the offence.

This brings us to the last and most important of the proposals announced by Mr Churchill. He began the announcement of it by stating that the new law of preventive detention, imposing serious penalties upon individuals, obliges us to make some new effort to rehabilitate convicts on their discharge and to secure to them a chance of an honest start. The momentous change proposed, which is already being put in execution, affects all convicts. There is now a central agency half official, and, as to the other half, consisting of representatives of the different Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies which deal with convicts, through which agency all convicts shall take their discharge. Furthermore, the supervision by police of convicts on licence is to cease, and, instead of being in any way responsible to the police for an ac-

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count of their movements, licensed convicts are to be responsible to the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society to which their cases have been respectively allotted. That the most important moment in a convict's period of sentence is that of his discharge must be acknowledged on considering the two main objects of his imprisonment, viz., the protection of society and the reformation of the offender. Hitherto, the State, which during imprisonment has exercised an exclusive and detailed control of the convict, has left the most important issue, viz., his fate on discharge, entirely to voluntary interest or to the convict himself. The only body concerning itself with this issue has consisted of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies, when the convict, by coming to one or other of them, has allowed it so to concern itself. Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies are voluntary societies to whom the State certifies its authorization of their engaging in the work and is most helpful in affording facilities for seeing prisoners and in all other ancillary ways.

Till now convicts have had an absolute option as to taking their discharge through a Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society or not so taking it. A very large number choose the latter course. To most of them the main inducement for coming to a Society is the increased gratuity which they gain thereby. A convict's gratuity is the money which is awarded to him according to his industry and conduct in prison. In the case of men serving only three years the gratuity averages from 16s. to 20s. In the case of men serving longer sentences the gratuity received on discharge through a Society amounts sometimes, according to the length of the sentence and the number of marks gained by the convict, to £6 or £7. The only aid which the State grants to a Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society towards the assistance of the convict is the gratuity, which is to be expended by the Society upon him. In the absolute discretion which is allowed to the Society in the expenditure of the gratuity it has had a weapon—its only one—wherewith, to some extent, to control the convict's first movements on dis-

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charge. But a Society whose principle it is not to hand over gratuities in the absence of any reasonable use for them may have seen some practical scheme for the benefit of a particular convict defeated by his electing to "join" some other Society whose method in the matter may be different or by his electing not to "join" any Society. In the latter case he will have forfeited the increase in the gratuity but he will have retained the certain prospect of some money to handle and squander as he pleases. By the co-ordination of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies, acting under a semi-official central agency, of which the Home Secretary is to be President, this divergence in the methods of the Societies will cease. The advantage will be great. The ordinary person has no conception of the rôle which the gratuity, consisting of a few shillings or a few pounds, often plays in the affairs of a discharged convict. Probably to most persons in his class and material circumstances a sum in ready cash, though small, often assumes an exaggerated importance. To the discharged convict it assumes abnormal dimensions. The result is that to many convicts the eagerness to get hold of their gratuities becomes an obsession which no argument will dislodge, and even that instinctive prudence which holds them aloof from the police becomes obscured by it, for they will sometimes go the length of invoking Scotland Yard in the hope of bringing pressure to bear on the Society. Consequently, at present gratuities often prove a curse and an unnecessary help to a speedy re-conviction. On the other hand, in many cases they do not suffice to cover the efforts which appear most suitable on the convict's behalf. Here again Mr Churchill promises a reform, telling us that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has assigned £7,500 for the purpose of the new central agency.

It has not yet been stated in what manner this sum is to be expended. It is much to be desired that there shall be given out of it an adequate measure of support to each Society which is struggling to make substantial

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efforts in behalf of those of its applicants who appear to hold out promise of benefiting by these efforts. The work which a Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, conscientiously interested in its task, fulfils, ought ere now to have earned for it a measure of State financial aid where such is genuinely required. Now, when such a Society voluntarily assents to the measure of State control which is involved in the new system, its claim becomes stronger, apart even from the consideration that its duties and its expenses become greater. The duty now imposed of frequent reports to the Central Agency will entail a large increase of secretarial and other work. To distribute such financial aid amongst different societies judiciously and equitably will be a task requiring much discernment and discretion. Without pretending to offer the solution of the difficulty, it is ventured to suggest that, perhaps, the method which would be best calculated to obviate any sense of unequal treatment and otherwise most satisfactory would be to prescribe officially a certain standard of efficiency, and to allocate to each society which shall be considered to have attained the standard an equal grant.

The principal advantage of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies is that a personal interest and personal effort are more likely to be secured through them than through an official body. The order in which Mr Churchill described the new relationship which is introduced between the now existing agencies and the Home Office might, perhaps, be more correctly inverted. The personal effort ought to be strengthened not slackened. It is an essential feature of the whole work. But it must be real not theoretical. If, at variance with his policy as announced by Mr Churchill in his speech, the proposed central agency should ever become a substantive Discharged Prisoners' Aid Organization, dealing directly and absolutely with cases of convicts on their discharge, it will have simply added to that which the speech declared to be already a state of rivalry and competition. If there be, in fact, already such a state, the introduction of the Govern-



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ment as a new rival could only be expected to end that state by its formidability, which might crush out all others. The average convict, in coming to a Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, thinks only of what he can get out of it. The society thinks, or ought to think, in what way it can influence him. Consequently, the average convict would invariably elect to come to the central agency, with its wealth and power behind it, merely in order to get what he could out of it. On the other hand, a body composed in half of officials with the Secretary of State for its president could not aim at exercising that personal influence which a private organization seeks to exercise. A familiarity with the circumstances of the convict outside, his home and family if he has such, is an important preliminary to dealing with him. Moreover, in many cases he cannot be dealt with as a unit, but, in order to seek to raise him, something must be done to raise his family as well.

A central agency, as proposed by Mr Churchill in his speech, to be a directing, co-ordinating body to which the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies can apply for guidance, assistance and the help of that official power which is so often necessary, is an admirable policy. But a central semi-official agency, dealing with discharged convicts as a separate and complete organization, would be a very questionable policy. It would tend to kill in the other organizations the personal initiative which it could scarcely itself supply, and, to mention one material fact, it would tend to slacken the generosity and co-operation of the public. It could not attempt to cause to continue outside the moral and religious influence which has been exercised upon the convict by the minister of his own religion inside the prison.

It has been stated that the duty of watching over the convict while he is on licence is to lie with the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. Police supervision and the convicts' duty of reporting to the police are to cease.

The discharge on licence is a well-conceived feature in

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the design of the convict system. But hitherto the use which the design empowered has not been pursued in full. The defect seems to be largely due to the absence of any duty on the part of the State to make any provision for the immediate future of the discharged convict and to the absence of any power in the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies to enforce the adoption by the convict of such provision as they can make. By industry on public works, backed by good conduct, a convict can earn a remission of one-quarter of his sentence. He will then be entitled to a discharge on licence. The licence states, on the face of it, that the holder of it is entitled to be at large for the period mentioned thereon, i.e., the remainder of his sentence, unless before the expiration of it he be convicted of an indictable offence or unless His Majesty shall be pleased to revoke or alter it. The licence is, further, stated to be subject to the fulfilment of certain conditions, which, together with a notice that the breach of any of them will cause the licence to be forfeited, are endorsed on it. Two of these conditions are as follows: that the holder shall not habitually associate with notoriously bad characters, and that he shall not lead an idle and dissolute life without visible means of obtaining an honest livelihood. If the convict has "joined" a Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, that society, having made itself acquainted with the circumstances of his old abode, where he may have already incurred ten or twenty convictions, will probably say that it is futile for him to return there, and it may be able to offer him work far removed from there. The governor of the prison will inform the man accordingly, and he will probably have to transmit to the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society the answer that the man is resolved to return to his old quarters. The adherence of convicts to their old quarters is positively cat-like. They are, also, generally town-cats and have a constitutional dislike of places that are not towns. On receiving the man's answer the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society is powerless to insist. Under the Standing Orders hitherto prevailing it seems that the

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State has been powerless to insist, though remission is merely an act of grace. The convict will return to the old quarters, where, most probably, there is no provision of work or other honest livelihood for him. A licence with the aforesaid conditions endorsed on it will be handed to him when his acts clearly show every probability that he is going to live in breach of them. The wisdom of such a policy is all the more difficult to comprehend when it is remembered that the licensee is still a convict, he has not yet regained the status of an ordinary citizen, he is not only at the disadvantage to which every discharged prisoner is subject, viz., that he has immediately behind him only prison to refer to, but, also, another to which only convicts are subject, viz., the monthly report to the police as well as the report of every change of residence no matter how temporary. Yet the real utility of the licence, viz., the power to prohibit occasions pointing to grave danger of relapse, is disregarded. Some convicts complain that the police never leave them in peace, and that their steps are continually dogged in trivial and irritating ways. There may be occasionally some justice in the actual statement; there is generally none in the complaint regarded as a whole. Perhaps, a convict is occasionally subjected to some, for the moment, gratuitous, irritating check at the hands of the police—and, so far, his statement is true. But probably, though at the moment he may not be committing any actual breach of the conditions of his licence, he is living a complete breach of them, and, so far, his complaint is unjustified. It is a pity that the police ever should have to, or ever should, resort to petty irritants merely in order to bring to a head a state of things already sufficient for administrative purposes if the conditions on the licence are, seriously, conditions. If the conditions are not seriously meant, licences are very foolish and are injurious in so far as they afford a hastening of an opportunity for renewed crime. It seems quite unreasonable that the reward of remission in a system designed to produce a change in moral dispositions, to the benefit of the man himself and that of the

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public, should be made dependent only on his conduct in a place where he has not the free exercise of his moral disposition and is out of reach of the public.

This is the state of things which it is hoped Mr Churchill's policy is going entirely to alter. It is hoped that henceforth the obtaining and retaining of a licence will be, in fact, conditional on the convict's avoiding a course of action which, on substantial grounds, shall seem very undesirable and on his agreeing and adhering to some practical scheme of provision of an honest livelihood when such is at hand. It very well may happen that, even if the man does go to fresh and distant quarters, an innate or fostered propensity to crime, laziness, vagueness of purpose, difficulty in holding an incentive to persevere, alcoholism, or something else, will cause him to relapse. But by going there his chances seem better, and one can only act on probabilities. Besides, indirectly, his willingness to go is important as evidence of his desiring to keep straight.

When a discharged prisoner is re-convicted it would be a great help to a systematization of efforts to reform if the Court, before passing sentence, were always to be carefully informed what provision there was for him on his previous discharge and how far he made use of it or wantonly failed to do so. A tribunal which, before a manifestly impending conviction, has not grudged the time for the reception of any evidence, even of doubtful relevancy, in the prisoner's favour, will, sometimes, after conviction, receive, and be weighed by too casual statements as to the prisoner's past and as to what work he has not been doing. Unless such statements appertain to a substantive charge, no notice is given to the prisoner of them beforehand, as is given of all evidence proposed to be adduced before verdict. It is true that he hears them and may cross-examine upon them or contradict them. But to the impertinent observer the invitation to the average prisoner in the dock to cross-examine, whether before or after verdict, is replete with unconscious humour, if he chances to glance at the invitee. Further, one important

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point is generally omitted from such statements—whether the prisoner has had any *chance* of an honest livelihood. Now that all convicts are to be discharged through the medium of the new central agency and one of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies it is earnestly to be hoped that, in their cases, at least, all such evidence will be carefully collected and, in the event of re-conviction, will always be laid before the tribunal which is to pass sentence, so that it shall be in possession of that total view which is essential to penal and reformatory organization.

In congratulating Mr Churchill and his able advisers at the Home Office on the new policy one regrets that, from the beginning, the scope of it is not more ample. It is limited to convicts. Thus, there is an entire omission from it of criminals sentenced to substantial periods of hard labour, who are more numerous than the convicts and come, largely, from the same class. In coming across such persons who, within a period of a very few years, have received various sentences of twelve, eighteen, six or twenty months, one's instinctive wish, sometimes, is that they should have been sent to penal servitude, because, even as matters have hitherto stood, the convict system in relation to discharge and the immediately ensuing period has been a more rational one. There is no period of licence for the local prisoner, and (in the absence of the occasional sentence of police supervision) he is absolutely free, on discharge, to take the steps which, almost surely, must lead to the old ways. But it ought not to be necessary to inflict the heavier class of sentence in order to secure some of the benefits of its adjuncts. There is no such innate or fundamental distinction between the individual convict and the individual local prisoner as to make the policy which is found necessary for the one unnecessary for the other. Such prisoners, also, ought to be compelled to take their discharge through a Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, and in their case, too, the same careful study and report of character, circumstances and prospects on discharge

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ought to be made. It would, probably, be wise to allow a greater earnable remission in substantial hard labour sentences, and to make the operation and continuance of it strictly conditional on the grantees adopting and adhering to such suitable provision as can be made for them. During such periods of remission there ought to be the same touch with a Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society as there is, henceforth, to be in the case of a convict during the period of his licence; it might, also, be well if the gratuity earnable by a local prisoner who is working out a fairly substantial sentence were to be increased. At present the maximum gratuity earnable is ten shillings, whether the sentence be six months or twenty-four months.

Apart from the question of the moral qualities of the discharged prisoner and of his will to work there is the great objective problem of finding work for him. The difficulty is so painfully shown by the trouble of the non-criminal unemployed that it is unnecessary to argue it. Divide convicts and other prisoners into three broad divisions—non-manual workers, skilled manual workers, and unskilled manual workers. To the non-manual worker, the clerk, messenger, or caretaker, a conviction for dishonesty, if known, generally shuts the door of his calling. To the skilled manual labourer it constitutes, if not an always well-grounded barrier, at least a prejudice which must generally defeat him in the well-stocked field of competition. If he is not able or willing to fall back into the ranks of unskilled labour his position becomes perilous. These unskilled workers suffer least through a conviction, and they constitute the only *class* for which a Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society can hope at all speedily to find employment.

For the others one can only hope for a greater or less proportion of individual accidental successes as the result of untiring personal efforts. It seems impossible for any agency, be it official, semi-official, or private—and, indeed, in this regard, the last-named seems to have the best prospects—to hope for any more.

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With regard to all it may be urged that one cannot expect more than to bring them back into the ranks of the ordinary fluctuatingly unemployed, viz., not so by reason of a conviction or imprisonment, and that they cannot hope for any better position than that of their class-fellows who have never been convicted. But, unless the spell of employment next following their discharge from prison is a fairly long one, their position amongst the ordinary unemployed will be worse; moreover, to the person who has once been convicted of dishonesty such a position is often a grave moral danger.

One of the most usual means which a Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society has of providing discharged convicts with a fresh start is by procuring them employment on public works. Hard, stalwart navvies are wanted and no others. There is no place there for a very large number of the men discharged from Parkhurst and for a large number of those discharged from Portland or Dartmoor. The most painful experience of the visitor to these prisons is found in the dismayingly large numbers who are not physically or mentally fit to take the footing of their class-fellows in ordinary life. They ask for light labour. How can it be found for them? There is no demand for light labour. A convict is, at times, unconscious of his own disabilities to a stupendous degree which would be humorous if it were not sometimes pathetic. One who has been seven times convicted of breaking and entering will acknowledge his inability for ordinary labour but he will urge his qualifications for the position of a caretaker of flats. A hall-reliever, i.e., one who has been convicted of relieving various halls of everything that burdened them, will express his willingness to become a gentleman's servant. Occasionally miserable experience has succeeded in penetrating their minds, and, on being told that there is little prospect of one's being able to do anything for them, they will answer quietly that they knew it. Nobody could help knowing that for them outside prison there is no possibility of an honest life except in the workhouse or some institute. Institutes

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which exist for the case of people similarly, mentally or physically, afflicted will, not unreasonably, refuse to receive them on the ground that the other inmates would object to associating with persons bearing their record. As things stand their discharge from prison seems a mockery of them and of the community generally, to which they are thus given power to add specimens as unfortunate as they themselves are. There are some whose infirmity is one of a common kind and not incapacitating to members of a higher social class, to whom education affords facilities for diverse occupations. But valvular disease of the heart, for instance, is a fatal obstacle to a man whose chance of living lies in a hard use of his arms.

Let us note especially this feature, that it was exactly as a direct sequel to his words on recidivists and the severer punishment which may now be awarded to them that Mr Churchill announced his proposals for the assistance of discharged convicts. His doing so presents to us a view which it is important ever to keep before us. Punish the offender as he deserves to be punished, but after that do what you can to help him to be an ordinary citizen again. For dealing with him, of all qualities the most inappropriate is sentiment. Look at him as he is. Do not look at him through the spectacles of sentiment, which make you ludicrous to him the moment that you put them on. The person who approaches the work of helping prisoners from the standpoint of sentiment is thereby disqualified for it, for he will soon be revolted into the ranks of the mere prosecutors by the instances which he will meet. He may meet prisoners who have stolen the last coin from a dying parent, or licensed convicts who have so little even of the sporting instinct as, from no reason except some petty spite or jealousy, to give away another ticket-of-leave man. Such instances are only put forward in order to show the folly when speaking of criminal prisoners of clothing them all in the poor cloak of pity.



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A sense of humour may, perhaps, help to fit one for the work. Sentiment unfits one, because one ought never to be deterred by the nature of the crime from endeavouring to assist the criminal. Furthermore, one ought not to be deterred by the number, as such, of the previous crimes. These things ought to be regarded as simply evidence of the probability or improbability of one's being able to do anything to re-establish the prisoner. That alone ought to be the consideration of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, and the rule that every feature in the case must merely be evidence as to that issue should be a rigid one. A conviction for begging is often far more disconcerting, from the point of view of a labourer's grit, than one for burglary.

# THE POLITICAL SITUATION

THE experience of the prophet's servant has suddenly become our own. Englishmen have seen a cloud no bigger than a man's hand grow until the whole heaven is black with clouds and rain. Differences about the incidence of taxation, about Welsh Disestablishment, about Home Rule, about the place and function of religion in elementary schools, about the right relation between employers and workmen have dropped out of sight, and we find ourselves in the midst of the gravest constitutional issues. Only a few months back the question whether a particular kind of property should be subjected to special burdens seemed important enough to occupy the whole field of politics. To-day arguments about the justice of taxing the unearned increment in land, and in land only, cannot gain a hearing. So much of the English mind as can be spared from sport is given up to the inquiry what limitations must be imposed on the Second Chamber, supposing that we are still allowed to have one. The confusion inseparable from the sudden presentation of these questions has been made worse by the order in which the Government have elected to take them. To ordinary minds it seems self-evident that the powers of a Second Chamber must depend upon its constitution. Before we can determine what its members may do, we must know who its members are to be. Is the authority with which it is proposed to invest them derived from their personal character, their historic position, or their representative importance? Until now the House of Lords has been supposed to satisfy in varying degrees all these conditions. There has always been a rough equality between the party leaders in the two Houses, and the Prime Ministers have been taken indifferently from one and the other. The historic position of the Lords has been changed, to some extent, by the rise to power of the commercial class, though the members of this class who

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appear in the Lords have commonly come to share the connexion with the land which was the original title of the Peers to power. The representative character of the Lords has not disappeared, but it has become intermittent and occasional. Now and again a great Parliamentary leader sits there, and for the time the Peers become sharers in his popularity. Not seldom occupants of the front benches in the Lords are markedly abler than their colleagues in the Commons, and recent changes in the methods of the Representative Chamber have given the debates in the hereditary Chamber a decided superiority in interest and value. But when all this has been allowed for, an hereditary chamber can only escape being an anomaly in a democratic age by carefully keeping its claims in the background. For the most part the House of Lords has done this. It has not resisted the House of Commons except when it felt pretty sure that it had the creators of the House of Commons on its side. Great indignation has been expressed from time to time at the treatment which this or that Liberal measure has received at its hands, but the Liberal Government have seldom put the popularity of the rejected Bill to the chances of a general election. Either they have thought the experiment too doubtful or they have not cared enough about the question to put it to the test. The rejection of Mr Lloyd George's Budget was an unfortunate exception to the general practice of the Lords, but even in this case they yielded at once to the illuminating result of the dissolution they had provoked. Mr Asquith calls this "the most stupendous act of political blindness that has been perpetrated. On November 20, 1909, the House of Lords, as we have known it, as our fathers and our forefathers knew it, committed political suicide." I think this an exaggerated description of what then happened. When we remember the great provocation given by this particular Budget, the very general belief that the Land Clauses made it something more than a Money Bill, the promptitude with which the Lords gave way after the Dissolution and their own subsequent readiness to surrender the right they had exercised in this

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solitary instance, there was no real fear that the precedent of 1909 would be repeated. But apart from this Mr Asquith's Bill is not the natural consequence of Mr Asquith's argument. That argument is that a body, hereditary in its origin, irresponsible in the exercise of its powers, and overwhelmingly partisan in its actual composition, is not qualified to perform the duties which the Constitution entrusts to a Second Chamber. That is a statement which, when once it has been made by the Ministers of the Crown, it is useless to dispute. The House of Lords has retained its powers until now because its possession of them has not been challenged. Now they have been challenged in the most formal way possible, and we have to choose between maintaining the ideal fitness of the House of Lords to play the part of a Second Chamber and taking serious thought what manner of Chamber shall replace it.

Some nine months ago Mr. J. A. Marriott pointed out that "under the English Constitution there would be no greater difficulty 'in a formal and legal sense,' in decreeing the abolition of the House of Lords or the House of Commons than in procuring an Act for the construction of a tramway between Oxford and Reading." To all appearance, he might, were he writing to-day, omit the qualifying words. What he regarded as true only in a formal and legal sense, promises to be equally true as a matter of practical politics. The reverence for the Constitution which was once supposed to be part of an Englishman's inheritance has proved an imaginary quantity. This at least is the only interpretation I can put upon the Election of December, 1910, and upon the few by-Elections that have taken place since. The Government went to the country on an unusually distinct issue. They declared that Liberal Governments and Liberal policy lay at the mercy of a Second Chamber in which the Unionists had everything their own way, and they proposed to set this right by the substitution of a suspensory for a definitive veto. The Lords are to retain the power of delaying the passage of a bill but to lose the power of

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defeating it. This is Mr Asquith's proposal and it was met by Lord Lansdowne with one hardly less revolutionary. According to this plan the House of Lords will remain, but it will not be what the House of Lords has hitherto been. The Parliament Bill deprives the Second Chamber of its most valuable power; Lord Lansdowne's resolutions deprive it of its hereditary character and of its relation to a particular kind of property. For my present purpose I leave on one side the merits of these proposals. One or both of them may be constitutional improvements. The surprising thing is that either of them should have been launched without creating any appreciable excitement in the country. Had the Constitution as we have known it suddenly become an object of general dislike, we should have looked for a great increase in the Government majority. Had the nation been roused by the discovery that Mr Asquith was asking for power to alter the Constitution in one of its most essential features, we should have expected a decisive victory for the Unionists. As things have turned out, there is no evidence of either of these feelings. To all appearance Englishmen do not care enough about the Constitution to vote either for or against it in any greater numbers than usual. It was once their boast that the form of government under which they lived had so strong a hold on their affections that there was no need to interpose special difficulties in the way of its destruction. The Founders of the United States may have been well advised in surrounding the amendment of the Constitution with the safeguards of a complicated machinery. They knew for whom they were legislating. The statesmen who have made England had believed themselves equally well acquainted with the character of their countrymen and relying on this knowledge they had thought it needless to take precautions against a constitutional revolution. Unfortunately, this flattering estimate has proved to be wholly without justification. Instead of being better off than the citizens of the United States we are far worse off. They

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have a solid guarantee for the permanence of their constitution in the knowledge of how much there is to be done before a word of it can be changed. The real lesson of last year is that we need the protection of a written constitution just as much as any other nation. We have hitherto thought ourselves wiser than Cromwell, and refused to admit that "in every government there must be somewhat Fundamental, somewhat like a *Magna Charta*, which should be standing, be unalterable." Now for the first time we realize that in our government there is nothing fundamental, nothing unalterable.

It may be that we have been led astray by Blackstone's eloquent description of the omnipotence of Parliament. "It hath sovereign and uncontrollable authority in the making, confirming, enlarging, restraining, abrogating, repealing, reviving and expounding of laws concerning matters of all possible denomination . . . this being the place where that absolute despotic power, which must in all governments reside somewhere, is entrusted by the constitution of these kingdoms." This glowing account of Parliament as the sole seat of absolute despotic power in these kingdoms is as true now as it was when Blackstone wrote. But whereas it was then an innocent truth it is now a very mischievous one. In Blackstone's time Parliament was under no temptation to alter the Constitution. What the Long Parliament had done in that way was regarded as a standing warning against further experiments in the same direction. Consequently, Parliament might be safely invested with absolute power. It satisfied the condition—the only condition which makes the possession of absolute power safe—that the possessor can be trusted not to use it. With that condition gone, Blackstone's words become an exact description of a tyranny from which there is no appeal and no escape. When Blackstone speaks of absolute power as a something which must in all governments reside somewhere, he probably had in his mind those crises in which the maintenance of a whole order of things is at stake. When a government is fighting for

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life it will seize and use whatever weapon comes to its hand. It was a situation of this sort in which the Septennial Act had its origin. The authors of the Revolution Settlement believed—and probably with good ground—that if the dissolution was allowed to come at the usual time, the next Parliament would restore the Stuarts. Whether it was justified in prolonging its existence merely to avoid this depends on the view taken of the relative merits of the Stuart and the Hanoverian dynasties. It was legislation for an emergency and it had the faults of its kindred. A similar excuse can hardly be alleged for the Parliament Bill. By the Septennial Act the House of Commons prevented an appeal to the electorate at a moment when such an appeal might have driven the reigning family from the throne. What is the mischief which the Parliament Bill is designed to avert? The probable amendment and possible rejection of various measures which the party in power is anxious to pass. Under the Constitution as it is the party in power is compelled to ascertain whether its anxiety is shared by the country, and this necessity has suddenly come to be regarded as an intolerable burden. It is proposed, therefore, to deprive the House of Lords of the veto on legislation which it now possesses, and thus to enable the party which commands a majority in the House of Commons to make what laws it pleases. It cannot, indeed, be pleaded that without this change beneficial legislation is impossible. Delay is the worst fate that can befall it. By the well established practice of the House of Lords a bill is safe against further opposition as soon as a General Election has shown that the country is bent upon passing it. Of the exceptional action of the Lords on Mr Lloyd George's Budget, I have already spoken, but over and above this they are accused of rejecting one Liberal measure after another, either directly or by so mutilating them as to make it no longer worth the while of a Liberal Government to pass them. To how many of these measures has the test of a General Election been applied? So far as I know, to none. To

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take a single example, the Lords have rejected sundry Education Bills and they have been threatened with the undying anger of the whole Nonconformist body. But the Liberal Government has seemingly not thought it expedient to give this anger practical shape at the polls, and until they have done this it is not certain that the voice of the Nonconformist body is the voice of England. Indeed, the inaction of the Nonconformists seems to indicate that they themselves feel some doubt upon this point. Thus the real effect of the Lords' veto has been to prevent the country from being saddled with laws which it does not really want. Of course this is denied. The country, we are told, is really burning to have these laws passed and but for the veto they would have been passed long ago. But what was it that stood in the way of this result? Only the refusal of the Government to take the customary means for getting at the opinion of the country. If that opinion had once been made clear the opposition of the Lords would have come to an end long ago. No doubt the Government were convinced that the country would wish these measures passed if it knew its own interest. But to justify the abolition of the Lords' veto, something more than this is wanted. What the Government had to show was that the country really did wish for the laws in question and the prescribed way to make this plain was to put the genuineness and extent of the alleged desire to the proof of a General Election. Until this had been done all that could be said was that the Government and the Lords read the wishes of the electorate differently, that the power of determining which reading was right rested with the Government, and that the Government declined to use that power. These are the circumstances in which Mr Asquith has resolved to undertake the work of constitutional amendment.

There is, indeed, another way of stating the Liberal case which better serves the turn of the Government and at the same time comes closer to the facts. "We have learnt," Ministers may say, "by bitter ex-



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perience that the Lords have two balances—one, that of practically universal rejection, which they apply to Liberal bills, the other, that of universal acceptance, which they apply to Tory bills. We have put up with this inconsistency during the long winter of Tory rule, in the hope that, when our turn of office came, the Lords would be willing to take a more reasonable view of their constitutional position and be prepared to give something more like equal chances to the measures of both parties. Our experience in the Parliament of 1906 showed that we had wholly mistaken their intentions, and we have had to shape our action accordingly. Since nothing will make the Lords use their veto impartially we have no option but to take their veto away." Unfortunately, the truth of this account of the Lords' action cannot be denied. They have looked with a very kindly eye upon bills introduced by Unionist Governments and with a very critical eye upon bills introduced by Liberal Governments. But there are two considerations which serve to lessen the force of this contrast. The first is that a second chamber will naturally tend to reject those measures which make the largest changes in the established order of things. That is one of the objects for which second chambers exist. The more revolutionary the scope of a bill is the more necessary it becomes to make sure that the country really understands what it is assumed to be demanding, and one or even two general elections is not more than the Lords may fairly ask for before deciding that the electorate knows its own mind. The second consideration is that in many cases the Lords have not thrown out Liberal bills but only amended them. Amended them, if you choose to call it amendment, the Liberals reply, but amended them past all possibility of recognition—amended them so that they no longer answer the purposes for which their framers designed them. Those who press this argument are apt to lose sight of the main purpose which a chamber of revision serves. That purpose is to bring down reforms to the general level of public opinion. By this means they are

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made endurable to those who begin by greatly disliking them and so are not upset at the next change of Government. The long series of Liberal successes since 1832 have borne fruit without interruption because the measures we owe to those successes were not framed only by their original authors. Liberal bills may have been "maimed" but they have outlived the Governments which introduced them. When those who opposed them have found themselves in office they have never dreamed of undoing the work of their predecessors. I doubt whether the more absolute theories of Liberal predominance that are now in favour will give us a similar record of steps that have never been retraced. I am more inclined to blame the Lords for the instances in which they have departed from their customary practice and exempted certain measures from the searching examination by which they might greatly have profited.

We are now asked to put an end to the process to which we owe so much. For the future, if the Government get their way, the consent of both Houses will no longer be necessary to the passing of a bill. If the Parliament Bill becomes law the Lords will still be able to delay the progress of a bill, but in the end it will be passed in the same parliament which saw its introduction. I do not deny that this change will leave one of the functions of the House of Lords still in being. It will still be able to ensure that the electors shall have an interval in which to review and, it may be, change their opinion of a measure. But there will be no certainty that they will be able to impress this change upon their representatives. The bill, no matter how imperfectly it may embody the wishes of those who originally demanded it, will become law in virtue of the change of an absolute into a suspensive veto. A House of Commons elected four years ago, will still be able to settle what shall be law to-day. Just when a new Parliament is most wanted the old Parliament will be most absolute. For any effective check that the House of Lords can interpose we shall

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be living under the government of a single chamber. Nor will there be any limit to what this single chamber may do. What in almost every other country would be an amendment of the constitution may be enacted with no more ceremony than any ordinary Act of Parliament. In one form or another the necessity of founding constitutional changes on something more than a bare majority in the popular chamber is admitted in every country but our own. To the Liberal party in this country this seems a monstrous proposition. If they are to be judged by the tone of some of their recent speeches they recognize no distinction between a measure designed to change the form of government under which Englishmen have lived for centuries and a measure designed to amend a Hackney Carriage Act passed in the previous year. They will not tolerate the notion that if a bill of the former kind is to work well it must have behind it some approach to the general consent of the nation. Without this it will be regarded by the minority as something to be submitted to for the moment and repealed at the earliest opportunity. The general sense of constitution-makers has rejected for this special purpose a method which is content with a passing success. The net result of the contention put forward by the Government is that in England, and in England alone, no proposal of change however revolutionary can be called unconstitutional except by a figure of speech. I do not deny, of course, that this figure of speech is perfectly legitimate. It embodies a distinction which has hitherto existed in substance wherever a regular government is established. In all such cases there have been some enactments possessing a specially fundamental character. They concern the very existence of the State. They are the framework of the body corporate—the skeleton to which the ordinary laws, which may, and often must, vary from century to century or from decade to decade, are added by way of clothing. Unfortunately, in England this distinction has never had any legal recognition. “Unconstitutional” has come to be simply a convenient term of abuse applied

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indiscriminately to any measure for which those who use it have a special dislike.

There is nothing, I suppose, to prevent a Prime Minister who has obtained the consent of the King to the creation of a sufficient number of peers from bringing in a bill to make the monarchy elective, either for life or for a term of years, and passing it through both Houses by the narrowest possible majority. Englishmen have tolerated a system under which this is possible because they have been in the habit of thinking it impossible. Each man has made a selection for himself out of the laws under which he lives and called it the British Constitution. Now we are confronted by a proposal far more revolutionary than that which I have just imagined. A republic may be quite as conservative as a monarchy. Charles I probably never even dreamed of the powers which Cromwell actually exercised. But the change from a double to a single chamber system contains the seeds of an endless series of revolutions. In the Parliament Bill, indeed, there is an attempt to veil its significance. The decision of the second chamber is to be over-ruled, but only after a decent interval of time. But what is the real worth of this respite? No new judgement is passed on the bill by the electors. They are given no opportunity of accepting or rejecting the proposals offered them by their representatives. More than this, the House of Commons is given no opportunity of amending its own work. A bill which has been rejected by the House of Lords in three successive sessions is to receive the Royal assent as though it had been accepted by that House. The proper working of this provision requires that the bill shall be the same bill on all three occasions, and to ensure this it must not be amended in the Commons on its second or third appearance. Here, however, comes in an ingenious suggestion designed seemingly to save the face of the omnipotent Chamber. The authors of the bill are supposed to have found out that there are grave faults in their handiwork. The words used do not convey the meaning of their authors, and other words must

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be substituted. They cannot themselves propose the amendments necessitated by this discovery, since if they did, the bill would not be the same bill, and its defeat in the Lords would not count as one of the three rejections contemplated by the Parliament Bill. To meet this difficulty the House of Commons is to be empowered in the second or third session to suggest amendments without inserting them in the bill. They are to be submitted for the consideration of the House of Lords on the understanding that what are in fact amendments made by the House of Commons and agreed to by the House of Lords shall be treated as amendments made by the House of Lords and agreed to by the House of Commons. One of the most telling passages in the debate on the First Reading of the Parliament Bill was Sir Robert Finlay's criticism on this singular provision. A measure might come up to the Lords for the second or third time with important amendments "suggested" by the House of Commons; but the Lords might think the measure vicious in point of substance, and in that case would be bound to go on rejecting it a second and a third time. It would then be passed automatically in a shape which the Lords thought vicious in principle, and the Commons thought vicious in detail. Under the proposed machinery a bill would become law which for different reasons both Houses had condemned. We may well ask, with Sir Robert Finlay, "Is not that the very height of unreason?"

Had the authors of the Bill of Rights been as wise as the authors of the United States' Constitution showed themselves a century later, they would have taken care to surround some of the rights then claimed with special safeguards against changes not really desired by the permanent majority of the nation. If this care had been taken a revolution such as is now proposed in the relations between the two Houses could not have been attempted with the incompleteness of conception and the limited measure of public consent which have been thought sufficient for the Parliament Bill. The traditional superiority of Englishmen to the need of a written constitution

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has grievously deceived them. They have supposed themselves able to do without one because the good sense of the nation could be trusted to treat such questions as the monarchy and the existence of an effective second chamber as matters lying outside the sphere of debate. This seemingly rational anticipation has proved to have no foundation. The House of Commons finds itself suddenly converted into a constitutional convention. By this means a vital change in the position and functions of the second chamber bids fair to be accepted, not, indeed, without debate, but with debate which is only the introduction to a prearranged conclusion.

What this conclusion really amounts to has been well described by Lord Hugh Cecil: "The Parliament Bill is almost unique in the whole course of constitutional history. For it changes the seat of sovereignty. The ultimate legal sovereign of our country is 'the King in Parliament.' Hitherto this has meant the King (or, rather, in fact, the King's Ministers) acting by and with the advice and consent of Lords and Commons; but if the bill passed it would be the King (that is the Ministry) by and with the consent of the Commons alone. The legal Sovereignty would be changed, and with it the condition of allegiance. We should be made subjects of a new sovereignty. In the language of our ancestors 'the original contract between King and people' would be altered. Except by the Bill of Rights no change in the Constitution equally fundamental has ever been made by legislation. Nay, the Bill of Rights was only the formal ratification of a revolution already achieved."\*

Mr. Asquith is seemingly of opinion that the experiment thus described is a process which requires less time for examination than any other kind of legislation. In the Parliament Bill he takes elaborate precautions against measures being passed until at least two years have been allowed for their consideration. This precaution is not of great value in itself because it only provides for a Bill being sent up

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to the Lords in three successive sessions by the same House of Commons which originally passed it. Still, though the safeguard thus provided is defective, it is not wholly worthless. It does at least give time for the House of Commons to reconsider its first conclusions and reject the Bill on its second or third reappearance. The appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober may not always be without effect, and should it be reinforced by an unmistakable change of opinion in the constituencies the suspensive veto may in the end be as effectual as if it were still absolute. But the safeguards against over haste which the Government think indispensable in the case of every other Bill are dismissed as unnecessary when the work to be done is merely that of passing the Parliament Bill. "With such a measure," says Mr Asquith, "and under such circumstances, there must be no delay." A measure which changes the balance of power in the Constitution, and leaves the electorate altogether out of the account, is "if possible, to be decided before the Coronation." If the Parliament Bill becomes law motions are certain to be made for its amendment in the direction of shortening the interval it fixes between the first and the final stages of a measure. How does Mr Asquith propose to resist proposals which have for their object the assimilation of the procedure in ordinary legislation to that which he has thought right for a measure of such exceptional importance as the Parliament Bill? If a new Constitution can be adequately considered by both Houses "before the Coronation," why should twelve times that period be wanted to overcome the opposition of the Lords in every minor instance? Any reason that can be alleged in support of legislation undertaken under the Parliament Bill applies with far greater force to the Parliament Bill itself.

When we turn from the procedure applied to the Parliament Bill to the Bill itself, the first and most obvious criticism is that it puts the cart before the horse. The preamble sets out the unfitness of the House of Lords as at present constituted to exercise the powers vested in it.

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This is a proposition which scarcely anyone seems anxious to deny. As far back as last November Lord Lansdowne admitted it quite frankly in the resolutions he then moved. But between the Bill and these resolutions there is a remarkable difference. The resolutions did at least indicate the changes which the majority in the Lords were then prepared to make in the composition of the Second Chamber. The Preamble to the Bill merely says that its authors intend to make changes of some sort, if they happen to be in office when the time comes for taking the work in hand. But surely the amount and nature of the powers to be vested in a second chamber must largely depend on its composition. A chamber may be fairly competent to exercise a suspensive veto and quite incompetent to exercise an absolute veto. We do not as yet know whether in the opinion of the Government any kind of second chamber ought to possess an absolute veto. The one thing that all parties can be said to be agreed upon is that the present House of Lords ought not to have it. It may be that Mr Asquith holds that the absolute veto is the prerogative of the House of Commons alone. It would be nearer the truth to say that under the Constitution, as it has shaped itself by gradual and almost unnoticed changes, the absolute veto has ceased to belong to either House of Parliament and has become the prerogative of the nation alone. In theory the Lords and Commons have equal rights. Each can reject the measures sent to it by the other, and the law leaves it to the good sense of the two Houses to find a way out of the consequent deadlock. But in practice the Lords no longer exercise this right. They have anticipated the action of the Government and converted their absolute veto into a suspensive veto. Then what does the Parliament Bill do more than put into words a constitutional amendment which has been accepted in fact for the best part of a century? The vice of the Parliament Bill is not that it takes away the absolute veto from the House of Lords, but that it takes it away from the nation. Until now it is to the House of Lords that the nation has owed its possession of this veto.



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No bill could become anything more than a bill except with the consent of the Lords, and for the most part the Lords have not given that consent unless they were satisfied that the nation and the House of Commons were of one mind.

But though the introduction of the Parliament Bill was a work of supererogation, it was not a step which could properly have been met by a simple negative. When a second chamber has put on sackcloth and volunteered the confession that its constitution is not suited to modern needs, or modern ideas, it is not for outsiders to raise objections. What is really to be regretted is the loss of an opportunity for approaching the question of reconstruction at a time when the Cabinet and the Lords seemed to be agreed that something of the kind is wanted. This is a result which the abortive Conference might usefully have yielded. The two parties might not have travelled far along the same road, but the precise point at which they parted company would have been made clear, and the nation would have been put in possession of the arguments for the rival solutions. What is the right authority to decide between the two Houses of Parliament when they cannot come to an agreement by their own unaided efforts? Thus stated the question seems to answer itself. An authority superior to both parties is alone competent to play this supreme part, and there is no such authority except the nation itself. Unfortunately this is not the view of the Government. They wish to make the House of Commons the final judge in its own cause. The Lords, on the other hand, wish to make the electorate the final judge. Lord Lansdowne's Resolutions were far from being perfect but they at least provided for taking the nation into council. The Parliament Bill leaves the nation out of the reckoning. The indifference of the constituencies to the one occasion on which they can ordinarily make their pleasure known is one of the strangest features in English political life. The electorate often seems to resent as a slight what it ought to regard as an expression of deference. That the House

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of Commons should feel aggrieved by a dissolution in advance of the statutory period is natural enough. To almost every member it means an irksome canvass and a large expenditure; to many of them it stands for a sentence of banishment from political life. But that which brings one or both of these annoyances to the sitting members only makes their constituents supremely important. They are summoned to sit in judgement on their representatives. If they are politicians they ought to be glad of the unexpected opportunity of making their wishes known. If politics have no interest for them there is at least the excitement of public meetings and of motor journeys to the poll. There can be no better tribute to the importance of the electorate as the source from which the House of Commons derives its authority than a dissolution of Parliament.

Two things, both of them of great moment, seem to be wanting to the proper preparation of the public mind for adequately appreciating the situation in which it has been landed. The first, the proper realization of its seriousness, I have already touched on. Whether anything can bring the country to a proper frame of mind upon the point at issue between the Government and the Opposition it is hard to say. Certainly there are no present signs of it. The last election disclosed nothing fresh about it. Men who have had good opportunities of judging the popular temper tell us that for the most part the electors were still influenced by the old cries and worked for or against the familiar policies. That they were making history in a sense in which no English electors have had the chance of making it for more than two hundred years had never occurred to them. Nor does the new House of Commons seem to realize this fact any more clearly. The arguments for or against the Parliament Bill commonly leave it on one side. The bill is attacked and defended on the ground that it secures or indefinitely postpones the passing of a Home Rule Bill, that it furthers or delays the rise to power of the Labour party, that it ministers to the extension either of direct or indirect

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taxation. It is none of these things that gives its unique importance to the present conflict. That must be looked for in the fact that it is proposed to place the whole field of legislation under the virtually unchecked domination of a single chamber, or rather of the Cabinet which for the time being bears rule in the single chamber. I do not doubt that to many Liberals this seems an absurd exaggeration. They point to the securities against such a tyranny which the Parliament Bill sets up. But what is to secure the securities? Why should the Parliament Bill be the one statute which when once passed will be incapable of modification or extension? The lovers of a single-chamber government will look upon it simply as an instalment. The two years and the three successive sessions will become one, and in the end the powers of the House of Lords will be limited to the insertion of such amendments as the Commons may not think worth striking out.

The second thing that militates against the preparation of the public for dealing with a matter of this magnitude is the incomplete fashion in which the Parliament Bill has been presented to the country. In the election of last December the constituencies were asked to pass judgement on only one portion of the Government plan. The second portion—the composition of the proposed second chamber—was treated in the preamble as of equal importance with the first, but no reference was made to it in the operative part of the bill. “Whereas,” the preamble ran, “it is intended to substitute for the House of Lords as it at present exists a Second Chamber constituted on a popular instead of hereditary basis, but such substitution cannot be immediately brought into operation; and whereas provision will require hereafter to be made by Parliament, in a measure effecting such substitution, for limiting and defining the powers of the new Second Chamber”—What would any reasonable person expect to follow upon such an introduction as this? What but a series of enacting clauses describing the constitution of the new Second Chamber and limiting and de-

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fining its powers? Nothing of the sort, however, is to be found in the bill. What does follow is a statement that "it is expedient to make such provision as in this Act appears for restricting the existing powers of the House of Lords." These words were quite intelligible in the form in which they appeared in the Veto Resolutions. It was there declared to be "expedient that the Powers of the House of Lords, as respecting Bills other than Money Bills, be restricted by law." Whatever we might think of the restriction proposed there had been enough friction between the two Houses to explain the desire of a Liberal Government to impose some limitations on the powers of a House in which they were in permanent minority. But the preamble of the Parliament Bill deprives this explanation of all its force. If Parliament intends to make a new Second Chamber, what need can there be for limiting the powers of the existing chamber? The two questions—how the Second Chamber shall be constituted—and what shall be its powers when constituted, are so intimately connected that they cannot be treated properly in the order proposed by the Government. When the new Second Chamber has been created it will be possible to say of it, that it is a chamber fit to exercise great powers or small powers, as the case may be. But how can this or anything like this be said of an abstract Second Chamber, a Second Chamber existing only in the air? And, further, what reason was there for dividing the Bill in this way? Mr Asquith proposes to carry what should have been the limiting and defining clauses of the Parliament Bill by April. But if this is so easy why should not the time between February and April have been given to the preamble, and the time between May and August, with the possible supplement of an autumn session, have been reserved for the limiting and defining clauses? They would then have been framed with the knowledge to what kind of Second Chamber they were meant to apply, and how far they were suited to the special work assigned to that Chamber. By the present arrangement the restriction imposed on an hereditary Second Chamber in 1911 will

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hereafter have to be reconsidered in reference to a popular Second Chamber not yet in being. A more awkward method of legislation can hardly be imagined or one more certain to waste public time. Of course we all know why the Government shaped their scheme in this fashion. Constitutional amendment was regarded not as an end but as a means. The end was the keeping the Liberal majority in being; the means were an immediate readjustment of the relations between the two Houses. So long as the Lords retain their present powers a Home Rule Bill stands small chance of being passed until a General Election has given clear evidence of the conversion of the predominant partner. No doubt Mr Redmond has good reasons for not wishing to wait any longer for the production of this evidence. It may turn out not to be ready when it is wanted. Yet so long as the House of Lords can compel the Government to appeal to the country before a bill can become law it is impossible to dispense with this kind of proof. In this respect the needs of the Labour Party bear a general likeness to those of the Nationalists. Their best chance of getting the legislation they want lies in compelling the Liberal Party to swallow measures which it only half likes as the price of Labour support in critical divisions. The assumption of this give-and-take attitude is a frequent condition of party unity, but the atmosphere which it generates is specially hostile to the satisfactory settlement of great constitutional issues.

This then is the present situation:—a constitutional revolution in progress; a Government drawn or driven into it by considerations lying altogether outside the professed issue; an Opposition with almost as many minds as it has men as to the form its action should take; a country which looks on without any sign of unusual excitement or even interest. If Ministers had met Parliament with a complete scheme of a new second chamber we should have had some chance of creating that interest. It is the want of it that makes resistance to the Veto bill so formless. In the first instance the apparent determination of a section of the Cabinet not to tolerate government by a single

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chamber was a hopeful feature in the prospect. But what has this determination come to? Simply to this—that the question stands over *sine die*. No doubt an interval is thus secured in which we shall be able to say that we have still two chambers in name and may again have them in fact some day. But when we come to measure the real value of this hope it grows less and less as we look at it. The working portion of the Liberal party is enlisted on the other side. No doubt if the Cabinet had insisted on including the Preamble in the operative part of their measure, if instead of dealing only with the veto the Parliament Bill had been a bill to create and fix the powers of a new second chamber, they might have detached sufficient votes from the opposition to outweigh the possible desertion from their own side. But this would have meant a complete break up of the present majority. The Labour Party would have gone because the creation of a really strong second chamber is even more distasteful to them than the continuance of the House of Lords as it is. The Irish Nationalists would have gone because they could not be sure that the new second chamber would give them the kind of Home Rule they want. The help derived from the moderate section of the opposition would be withdrawn as soon as the second chamber was secure, or only given to a coalition ministry from which the extreme elements would be excluded. It is clear, therefore, that the reference in the Preamble is the utmost concession that the second chamber section of the Cabinet have been able to obtain. It was important no doubt to give them this much both because the retirement of at least two important Ministers is a blow to any Cabinet, and because the departments they vacated might have been hard to fill to the satisfaction of the country. But the acceptance of the Preamble as a sufficient reason for remaining in office deprives the second chamber ministers of any real influence. The course of Cabinet policy after the Parliament Bill has passed is already marked out. The several sections of the majority will claim the fulfilment of the promises held out to them and each will have to be

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satisfied in turn. While this process is going on the country will be getting familiar with the new order of things. The difference will not seem very startling whether the new peers have to be created or not. For two years at all events the forms of the House of Lords will remain unchanged, and by that time the country may have come to desire an interval of comparative repose which the Radicals, having got what they most want for the moment, may be quite willing to concede it. Obviously, this will be an unpropitious moment for re-opening the constitutional question. We shall once more be met by exhortations to leave well alone. After all, it will be said, the House of Lords has not suffered so very much by the limitation of its powers. The Preamble to the Parliament Act stands as a promise of what the Liberal Government intend to do when a convenient season comes, and to agitate for more would be to risk what we have rescued from the wreck. When to this is added the natural unwillingness of a minister to give up an office in which he is doing useful work—work which in the hands of a successor might insensibly take a different character—the chances of an eventual Cabinet crisis arising out of the indefinite postponement of the Preamble seems fairly remote.

The moral of all this is that the believers in a strong second chamber ought to lose no opportunity of keeping the question alive. The country left to itself is not likely to give them much help in this way. The section of the Cabinet which is pledged to maintain the principle seemingly holds that it has done all that can be expected of it by inserting a verbal recognition of it in a Preamble which has no relation to the rest of the bill. It is with the House of Lords, therefore, that it will rest to bring home the question to the public. Their co-operation is still required to make a bill law, and though the Government, if they can get the King's consent, can overcome this resistance by creating Peers, their willingness to go this length, as well as the King's willingness to sanction their doing so, may greatly depend upon the form in which the issue is presented. If the Parliament Bill is read a second

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time and the Lords proceed to debate it clause by clause, they will have parted with their power of influencing the final result. It is in opposing the second reading, and opposing it on grounds which have some chance of taking hold of the nation, that their opportunity lies. The Lords are asked by the Government to countersign their own death warrant. It may be to the public interest that they should do this, and as good patriots they may feel that they will, in the end, have no choice in the matter. But even then they have a right to insist that the bill shall disclose the whole intention of the Government in making this change. Upon this point, fortunately, there is no room for doubt. The Government is a two-chamber Government. The object with which it has raised the Constitutional question, as declared by itself, is "to substitute for the House of Lords a second chamber constituted on a popular instead of hereditary basis." In itself this is a perfectly legitimate object. A second chamber which, as it at present exists, has no defenders is plainly ripe for reconstitution. But, faulty as the House of Lords may be, it retains one claim, if only one, on the consideration of the Government and the nation. It has a great place in English history. It can point to a long array of services rendered to the commonwealth. A second chamber which can show such a title as this ought not to be called upon to capitulate to a successor without being informed what is to be set up in its place. If the Parliament Bill had gone no further than to impose a limit on the powers of the House of Lords, this question would not have arisen. But it has gone a great deal further. It has not only declared the present powers of the Lords to be excessive, it has proclaimed their unfitness to possess any powers whatever. When this position is taken up by a Cabinet pledged to the maintenance of the two chamber system, the House of Lords has a perfect right to insist on seeing the whole of the Parliament Bill before it gives a second reading to one part of it. Much of the present opposition to the clauses dealing with the veto might disappear, or even be changed into



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active support, if they were seen to be merely temporary provisions designed to prevent advantage being taken of accidental delays in carrying through the measure as a whole. The situation would then bear a certain likeness to the refusal of the Lords in 1884 to consider the extension of the franchise apart from redistribution of seats. In this case the eventual settlement was largely brought about by the judicious influence of Queen Victoria. Where, as in the present instance, the action of the Crown is an important element in ministerial calculations, the recollection of this fact might well exert a moderating influence on the temper of the Liberal majority. If the Lords pass an amendment to the second reading of the Parliament Bill declining to consider one part of a composite measure until they have the whole of it in their hands they may look with some confidence to the support of reasonable men in all parties. That this procedure will have its risks I do not deny. In critical times no course can be absolutely free from danger. But in which of the alternative expedients is there any larger promise of safety?

I have said nothing upon two points which have naturally excited much attention—the composition of the Reformed Second Chamber, and the provision of a way of escape from a deadlock between the two Houses. It is held by a great number of well-qualified judges that the former of these questions should be considered by the House of Lords without reference to the views of the Government. Whether this is good strategy is a matter on which I am not competent to give an opinion; but it is difficult to believe that any proposals, however excellent they may be in themselves, will obtain the assent, or even the attention, of the House of Commons unless they are brought forward by the Cabinet. If this be so it seems to follow that the views of the Opposition leaders in the Lords will be most usefully made public in the form of amendments to a Second Chamber Bill introduced by the Government, and that in the meantime the whole strength of the Unionist Party, both in Parliament and in

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the country should be devoted to making the preamble to the Parliament Bill a working reality. Until the composition of the new Second Chamber has been determined it is not of much use to consider the methods by which the two Houses may be brought to agreement. If the two Chambers were equally representative their opinions would be entitled to equal consideration, and any difference arising between them would, in the end, be settled by mutual concession. The need for an express appeal to a third authority only arises when, and in so far as, the Second Chamber lacks the full representative character that attaches to the first. In that case the ultimate aim of its deliberations must be the preparation of an intelligible issue for submission to a power above Parliament—that is to the Electorate voting “Yes” or “No” upon the particular question referred to it. It seems to me that if it should be possible by making the Second Chamber wholly, or all but wholly, elective, we should do well not to introduce the Referendum into our legislation. On the other hand if, as Lord Curzon puts it, “it would be unwise to begin by any too violent dislocation or rupture with the past” the referendum seems the only method by which the nation can pronounce its final decision between the two Houses.

D. C. LATHBURY

## SOME RECENT BOOKS

¶ *Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.*

“THE Life of Chatham,” says Lord Rosebery, “is extremely difficult to write, and, strictly speaking, never can be written at all. It is difficult because of the artificial atmosphere in which he thought it well to envelop himself, and because the rare glimpses which are obtainable of the real man reveal a nature so complex, so violent, and so repressed.” But, although there is so little of natural self-expression in William Pitt, Lord Rosebery draws a really living and forcible picture of him in *Chatham: His Early Life and Connections* (A. L. Humphreys. 12s. net). The book describes his early youth and the most stormy part of his much-thwarted parliamentary career; it leaves him in 1756 at the beginning of his period of power.

William Pitt’s life at Eton is but slightly touched on, but it is a painfully vivid picture. He was already a martyr to gout, and he seems to have been terribly bullied; he declared later “that he had scarcely ever observed a boy who was not cowed for life at Eton.” Pitt’s studies prospered at Eton; they were indeed his great resource, and there is full evidence that he was considered a school prodigy. For the rest “self-revelation was not the fashion of the eighteenth century, and childhood then furnished less to record.”

We may pass over Pitt’s brief and uneventful residence at Trinity College, Oxford, and turn to the contemplation of the most refreshing element in his life—his friendship and correspondence with his sister Anne. These letters reveal an aspect of his character which, without them, would be unrecorded. They are fresh and spontaneous, a contrast to the letters of his later life. Brother and sister had everything in common including, alas, the notoriously violent Pitt temper. “Perhaps, too,” says Lord

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Rosebery, "their extreme intimacy made them too well acquainted with each other's tender points, a dangerous knowledge when coupled with great powers of sarcasm." But until the friction came, the letters from Pitt to his sister were delightful and very touching. For the most part they are light in tone but very affectionate; there is anxious solicitude for Anne's health from one who already knew physical suffering too well. William chaffs Anne as to her "conquests," revealing great confidence in her powers as a charmer. Never was brother more affectionate. "What shall I talk of to my dear Girl?" he writes. "I have told her I love her, in every shape I cou'd think of: we'l converse in French, and tell one another ye same things under the Dress of Novelty." The chief element of tragedy in the book is the break up of this friendship, when each needed the other so much. "I entreat you," he once wrote in their happier days, "Be very trifling and badine, send me witty letters, or I must chear my heart at the expense of my head, and get drunk with bad Port To kill time." And when the friendship became overclouded, William lost in Anne an element in his life never to be replaced.

The political career of the elder Pitt, his dogged fighting, his animosities, the neglect he met with and his dramatic triumphs, are rendered vivid not merely by contemporary evidence of his character and influence, but also by the graphic setting which is one of the most distinctive features of the book. The character sketches of many prominent men of the time are not merely adequate but intensely interesting; we may single out the descriptions of George II, of Walpole, of Fox, and of Carteret as being particularly living to the imagination of the reader.

From the time that Pitt first took part in the political drama the personality revealed in the letters to Anne is cloaked by his constant stage disguise. He is in the "artificial atmosphere" which Lord Rosebery deplors in his Preface. At the end of the biography the author turns again to analyse this baffling element in Pitt,

# The Life of Chatham

which is part of an all too ready talent for acting. This histrionic gift veils his private existence from us, but on the political stage it was a considerable factor of his success. Lord Rosebery scorns the shallow theory that his dramatic power alone could account for the force and effect of his speeches; the dramatic power was subservient to the genius within him. "The orator is probably unconscious or at most half-conscious of what seems dramatic, he is moved by an irresistible blast of passion which carries him as well as his audience away. The passion may have been stirred beforehand, but at the moment of outpouring it is genuine enough." And, analysing further, Lord Rosebery adds that Pitt "had appropriated the dramatic way of doing things till it had become a second nature to him; thus what would have been acting in others, was natural to him. . . . The fierce character of the man would sometimes be irrepressible, but even then it would be vented with an awful grace."

It was then the intensity of genius finding expression in the dramatic utterance that won the admiration of Garrick that made the power of the elder Pitt's speeches. Lord Rosebery observes on the insufficiency of the reports that have come down to us; but he reminds us that however accurately taken down they would be "but pale shadows of the reality" without the personality of their author. We are told that his speeches were seldom well connected, yet they chained his hearers; this would seem to support the theory of a personal magnetism which can convey impressions, and even arguments without working them out in a logical chain of word-reasoning. "Graceful in motion," says Lord Camelford, "his eye and countenance would have conveyed his feelings to the deaf."

Lord Rosebery has followed Pitt through years of tempestuous struggle, holding his own in spite of gross ingratitude and neglect. He leaves him at the dawn of far better things, and we regret that he should leave him so. "The time has come," wrote Macaulay, "when the rash

## Some Recent Books

and indiscriminate judgments which his contemporaries passed on his character may be calmly revised by history." There is a deep need for a more perfect and complete life of the elder Pitt than has yet been attempted; may we not hope that Lord Rosebery will meet this need by writing the "separate chronicle" which he himself suggests, although he feels it to require "a broader canvas and brighter colours?" O.

**R**ÉVÉLATIONS de l'Amour de Dieu. (Traduites par un Bénédictin de Farnborough. Librairie H. Oudin, Paris.) "Since Christianity began few have spoken of the love of God like this holy 'unlettered' woman," says Father Dalgairns, S.J., of Julian of Norwich, in his prefatory essay to Walter Hylton's *Scale of Perfection*. And again "the visions granted to the poor recluse of Norwich are worthy to be ranked with those of her great contemporary, St Catherine of Siena." The book that tells of these visions, "one of the most remarkable spiritual books of the Middle Ages," has now been translated into French for the first time. Dom Gabriel Meunier, Benedictine monk of Farnborough, has had no easy task, for as the lovers of Julian of Norwich know, a large part of the charm and penetrating beauty of her thought and teaching is due to the rare, loving grace of her language.

The original MS. of 1373, written in ancient East Anglian dialect, is lost, perhaps irrevocably, and the earliest transcription, evidently from the original writing, though done into more intelligible English is of the sixteenth century and is in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris. This and the transcription of the early seventeenth century in the British Museum are the only MSS. of the "Revelations," and the two differ very little, we are told by Dom Meunier, except in the headings to the chapters, which in the Paris MS. are fuller and give a more comprehensive description of the contents. These Dom Meunier has adopted in his translation, but otherwise he acknowledges his indebtedness to Miss Warrack's admirable reprint of the MS. of the British Museum, in which she gives us Julian's

# Révélations de l'Amour de Dieu

own medieval words, only substituting an equivalent where the word is so archaic that its use would obscure the sense.

Dom Meunier must have thought the matter of the "Revelations" more important than the language when he made his translation. Very clear and even graceful reading it makes in the French if the English is not at hand. And this may be said of it, too, that while Julian's own language is so full of beauty in itself that it almost distracts the reader from following her often intricate thought, Dom Meunier's version offers no such distractions in its plain straightforward rendering of the archaic English. Anything like affectation in translating the medieval words of Julian would have been much more difficult to excuse than the distinctly conventional style of the translator. And he has, on the whole, except in one or two instances (as for instance when he translates "the blissful heart of Jesus" as "le sacré cœur de Jésus"), avoided the usual flowery and obvious style of French piety.

Here are one or two passages taken at random, which, printed side by side, will serve to show how Dom Meunier's French readers must be content to have their "Revelations" shorn of much of their beauty:

Chap. I. This is a revelation of love that Jesus Christ, our endless bliss, made in Sixteen Shewings or Revelations particular.

The second is the changing of colour of this fair face in token of His dear worthy Passion.

The tenth is, our Lord Jesus sheweth in love His blissful heart even cloven in two, rejoicing.

Chap. I. Ceci est une révélation d'amour que Jésus Christ, notre bonheur éternel a daigné faire en seize visions où révélation spéciales.

La seconde, où le changement des traits de la Face adorable de Jésus, est donnée comme une manifestation de la sainte Passion.

La dixième où Notre-Seigneur montra avec amour Son Cœur Sacré, en se réjouissant de ce qu'il fut ouvert par la lance.

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The eleventh is an high ghostly showing of His dear worthy mother.	La onzième qui fut une vision purement intellectuelle de choses sublimes touchant la Mère de Dieu.
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In this last we surely have a serious mistake. "Une vision purement intellectuelle" we should have thought, is exactly what a "ghostly shewing" is not. Besides on this point Dom Meunier is not consistent, for in chap. v he translates "a ghostly sight" by "une vue spirituelle."

But we cease to criticise when we turn to Dom Meunier's admirable introduction to his translation. He tells all that is known of the holy anchoress, describes her manner of living so far as it can be known from the precepts laid down by the *Ancren Riwle*, the rule drawn up for recluses in the fourteenth century, and his summary of the state of England at the time of Blessed Julian is excellent. His description of the stormy times of war and unrest in England—the suffering of the people after the hundred years' war on the one hand, the luxury and the dissolute morals of the rich on the other, and besides this, the danger of the heresies of the Lollards which were spread all over England—makes the message of love and spiritual hope in the book of Julian's revelations very poignant.

In Huysman's *Vie de Sainte Lydwine de Schiedam* there is an illuminating passage in which, after describing the terrible disorder of Catholic Europe at the time of that Saint—the contemporary of Julian of Norwich—he speaks of how in God's scheme the vicarious suffering of the Saints maintains the balance between good and evil, and compensates for the disorder wrought by sin. "Never," he says, "was the equilibrium of the world so near being upset; and yet it seems as though God never bent his mind more intensely to watching the balance of virtue and vice, and when the scales were weighed down by iniquity, he would ever throw in as a counter-weight the sufferings of the Saints." That Julian was one of the Saints who turned the scales with her great contemporaries, St Catherine of Siena, Joan of Arc, St Bridget of Sweden, St Collette and many others, we can have no doubt. She speaks so often and so



# Sir William Butler

tenderly of her "even-Christian," that we can imagine many perplexed and troubled by the iniquities and disturbances of the times, coming to the window of the cell, where the holy recluse "held parliament" with the outer world, to experience in her counsel that spiritual insight which is the peculiar gift of the contemplative life, and which surprises us so often by its intuitive wisdom in worldly matters.

C. B.

**T**HE *Autobiography of Sir William Butler* (Constable: London. 16s. net.) offers, perhaps, a welcome satisfaction to such readers as demand that the Catholic, in his daily round, shall bear his witness very noticeably before the world. Sir William Butler was not like other men. His most famous disagreement—that which led to his resignation of his Cape command before the outbreak of the final Boer War—was really only one of a series of similar dissents from the opinions of the War Office, of the Colonial Office, of the Government, of newspapers, from those even of colleagues and of friends. He had a keen sense of human brotherhood, shown in his sympathy with native races. He was mostly on the side of the weak; and it was his preference for the under-man that accounted in part for his passion for Napoleon, and his great liking for Parnell. No man was less governed by the prevailing sentiment of the day; very correct he was, also very free from mere conventions. He did not give up to a party what was meant for the State, nor to the State what was meant for mankind.

In virility, in capacity for adventure, Butler had hardly a rival; and in him thought and action had a rare union. He was Captain Sword and Captain Pen in one. His willingness to go to the world's end at the first hint of command constituted him a Jesuit among seculars and soldiers. His powers of endurance were exhibited in desperately lonely journeys over ice in the North-West, in the fever-infested swamps of Ashanti, or on advanced guard through a sweltering summer at Wady Halfa; and he came, perhaps, as near to the borderland between life

## Some Recent Books

and death as any man who made the return journey to life—and had the power to describe it. This was on his voyage home from the Ashanti War in high fever:

Sleep left me—nothing was able to bring it back. At last death was supposed to have come one morning. I dimly remember people gathered about the cot, and one good comrade asking in my ear for my last wishes. I remember, too, suddenly declaring that I died a Catholic. Then there is a blank, but not altogether, for I can recollect that after the usual final settlements of face and limbs had been made—the eyes closed, and the sheet drawn over the laid-out figure—there was a curious indistinct idea in my brain that it was not as people supposed; that I was still conscious, and even that I was being carried by invisible hands, or being floated on towards a great cloud-veil, the passing through which it seemed was to be the final passage out of life. There was no sensation of bodily pain. How long I lay in this condition I don't know, but I remember men coming again about the cot, lifting the sheet, and touching me, and talking to each other. Then I thought, "These men are about to prepare my body for the sea"; and as in these hot latitudes the time between death and burial in the ocean was a very short one, I felt the extreme horror of the situation, and longed to be able to make some sign or movement by which they might know that I was not really dead. Next I heard one of the men who was moving my limbs suddenly say to his comrade, "I don't think he's dead." The other man replied, "Dead! you something or other, why, I saw him die at eight o'clock this morning." Then there was some more arm lifting or moving, and the man who had first spoken went on, "Well, I don't think he's dead; anyway, I'll go for the doctor." Then more people came about the swinging cot; something was done, and I awoke or became actively conscious again.

It reads like a prose version of some of the early stanzas of *The Dream of Gerontius*, with the added verisimilitude of an actual experience. Beside passages describing personal experiences such as this may be set many more that record impressions of scenery—"he could have written all my books"—John Ruskin once magnificently said of him), and others that draw character sketches to the life. The story of the first meeting with Gordon is admirably told, and Parnell is depicted with a completeness that some will feel to be lacking in the portraiture of Victor

# Marie Claire

Hugo. The Frenchman paid the young Irishman the compliment of saying that if ever he had to be tried he would elect to have Butler for his judge. These admirably edited memoirs indeed exhibit Butler as a lover of justice, and one whose generosity rarely, if ever, failed him. Though constantly in service, he led a life apart, and was alone in a crowd. His history, as told by himself, offers a uniquely interesting study of a man who played a brilliant part in affairs to which he was in great measure an alien, and exhibits at the same time the fascination which the military career yet holds for men to whom the politician, and the financier who engineers modern wars, are wholly abhorrent. M.

IT was said by a great man who edited a weekly review for 50 years in the past century that it was never wise to attack a book if you really disapproved of it—the only course to be pursued was to ignore it. But those were not the days in which a novel fresh from a literary decadent coterie on the Continent found its place among the wares of a great American Emporium in London, and was displayed together with the newest hat and the latest thing in feather boas. When advertisement has done its worst and a book is as universally known as *Marie Claire* (by Marguerite Audoux) it seems as if any protest that can now be made could hardly run the risk of adding to its notoriety, and thereby increasing the number of its readers. This book is a painful study of how impressions and suggestions may be so skilfully disguised as to allow totally opposite conclusions to be drawn as to the meaning and intention of the writer, and even as to the actual facts of the history. The novel reader is often either a careless, or a tired, or a preoccupied person, which alone can account for the fact that *Marie Claire* has been alluded to without reprobation in a letter to a Catholic newspaper, and has been given as a Christmas present to a Catholic girl. But it seems to some of us who opened it without prejudice or expectation of what was to be found in it, that it is a dangerously subtle attack on convents—much more

## Some Recent Books

dangerous, because more insidious, than any Confessions of "an escaped nun" or turncoat monk. It is not asserted—indeed, nothing is asserted definitely in this book—that Marguerite Audoux actually saw and heard what is related here of convent life, but the impression left upon the mind is undoubtedly that we are intended to believe that her experiences in the convent are as much drawn from life as her experiences when, as a child, she kept the sheep in a farm in la Sologne.

"Everything," says the Preface, "in her [Marguerite Audoux's] work is in its right place; they are designed at one stroke, and the stroke that is needed to make them living and unforgettable." It is, indeed, by a few strokes that a horrible insinuation as to the life of a nun finds its place in the story almost unnoticed by the careless reader, an insinuation which inevitably leaves an unconscious impression, that is not analysed before it has become part of a villainous tradition. That "such things must occasionally happen in convents" is, no doubt, the comment of many a reader, and they do not stay to ask themselves whether there is any actuality in the picture; whether there is any convincing proof that the writer ever was in a convent at all, and whether the facts of the case are even possible, let alone conceivable to any but a depraved imagination.

The English translation is crude and unskilful, and undoubtedly dots the "i's" to a degree that makes it easier to understand what is evil in the story, and, therefore, makes it perhaps less dangerous.

The whole episode reveals in its writer and its editor a mentality that, if understood, would, we have no doubt, be still antipathetic to the British public. But that public is very careless, very busy, and, at the present moment, has a slavish appetite for the latest thing in fashionable culture.

S.

**I**N *The Dawn of Mediterranean Civilization*, by Professor Angelo Mosso (Translated by Marion C. Harrison. Fisher Unwin: London. 1910. 16s. net) we have the con-

# Mediterranean Civilization

tents of an archæologist's note-book, not a treatise on archæology. In other words the book is one for the genuine student and not for the dilettante, who is merely anxious to pick up a superficial knowledge of the subject. We have before called attention in this part of the DUBLIN REVIEW to the great importance which the study of the early civilization of the Mediterranean basin has upon the ethnology of Europe, and how very remarkably scientific opinion on this subject has shifted since the publication of Sergi's work on the Mediterranean Race, and the numerous excavations and monographs which have since been undertaken. The work under review contains an account of a large number of new observations made by the author in the course of his researches, coupled with copious comparisons drawn from Museum specimens or descriptions in the works of other writers on the subject of prehistoric archaeology. For the greater part it is devoted to the study of the Cretan or Minoan civilization, and from amongst the many interesting things which the author has to tell us we may, perhaps, select for special notice his views as to the religious beliefs during the neolithic and bronze periods of these highly civilized, if far-off, forefathers of modern Europe. That the Mediterranean and other peoples of this period believed in a future life no student doubts, and Professor Mosso gives one example more of this belief in his account of an interment of the neolithic period, recently found in the neighbourhood of Thebes. The body was that of a boy of sixteen years of age. It was, as usual, in the contracted position, and within the cloth with which the body was wrapped was a bundle of arrows. "Beside him were a bow and a little wooden boat, with some very fine baskets made of plaited straw and reeds, and a piece of bread in good preservation. . . . There were also two leather bags and a boomerang, which the boy perhaps used in hunting." (p. 46) and "The objects found in the grave show the primeval belief that the soul remained with the body even after death." What of the religion connected with this belief? Pro-

## Some Recent Books

fessor Mosso has the highest opinion of it and writes of what he believes it to have been with all the signs of obvious enthusiasm. We have often heard the Church called the Mother of Art and justly so-called, if by art we mean the objects usually seen in picture galleries. But there was an art well worthy of study before Christ came to found His Church and of that art the writer would have us believe that the religion of the period was the mother. "Religion was the foundation of art, and the first sculptors applied themselves to the making of the images of heifers, rams, and sows for religious ceremonies rather than to decorative art." (p. 211.) Their religion was, he thinks, founded upon the cult of women which he calls "the characteristic of neolithic art"—"from the first origin of art till the age of bronze no one thought of investing clay with the form of a man." (Which seems, we may interpolate, to prove that all the neolithic artists were male.) "This proves that matriarchal religion had uncontested sway in the field of æsthetics. And the fact that this exclusively feminine art was diffused over the whole basin of the Mediterranean demonstrates both the ancient unity of religion and the very long duration of neolithic civilization." (p. 173.) Further, "the absence of pornographic objects in primitive art is a sure testimony to the elevation and purity which were from its birth proper to the Mediterranean race, so that morality and religion flowed abundantly upon the roots of its social existence." (p. 174.) Finally he declares that "no other religion of Antiquity rose to greater heights in the realm of mental abstraction, no people ever had, so far as we know, before the days of Minos, a more ideal or a purer religion. No temples, no fetishes, no anthropomorphism, no animal worship. Upon mountains and in caves the mystery of fecund nature was contemplated, and religion was inspired by beauty. The priestesses were women; and what supremacy, what grace and refinement was that of the Cretan women may be seen in the frescoes of Knossos, which illustrate the most glorious pages of women in antiquity."

# Pongo and the Bull

Most persons will, we think, agree after reading the book, that the Professor has allowed himself to build up this vast edifice of theory and fall down in adoration before it, though the foundation which he has provided for it in actual sober fact is perhaps a little defective. Those, however, who read the book with judgement and understanding will be able to form their own conclusions as to the theories and will be grateful to the writer for his facts and more especially for the excellent series of illustrations with which his work is adorned.

B.C.A.W.

THERE is a gravity of literary style peculiar to Mr Belloc in his special vein of political satire. It is a gravity akin to the gravity of Mr Healy's expression of countenance at the moment when he is affecting a Parliamentary audience with the convulsive amusement which shows the pleasure of men in the satisfaction of their satirical sense. In *Pongo and the Bull* (By H. Belloc. Constable and Co.) there is none of the tragic breadth of that book of genius, *Emmanuel Burden, Merchant*. *Pongo and the Bull* has nothing in it that approaches the great simple pathos of the sufferings and death of Emmanuel Burden, but, under the satire and fun and intellectual horse-play of Pongo and the Bull, there is a serious meaning. Mr Belloc is exposing the futility of our present Parliamentary system, and gives us, under the disguise of wild caricature, an explanation of what he believes to be its secret workings.

Dolly is the Prime Minister of England in 1925, and Pongo Leader of the Opposition. The book opens with the arrangements privately made between these two to carry on the business of His Majesty's Government. Dolly is the more aristocratic, the weaker, and the more graceful (though less efficient) liar of the two. Pongo, equally untruthful, is, perhaps, more of a man. Both agree together to bamboozle the public and the members of the House of Commons, but both alike are eager to vindicate the honour of their country for, as Mr Belloc writes: "Like

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all politicians poor Pongo took refuge from the vileness of his trade in a very real patriotism." The effect upon the reader, both as to the physical and mental qualities of the two men, is something like that produced by seeing a stout man reflected in a concave mirror, and a tall, thin man reflected in a convex. All their qualities and their defects are so grossly exaggerated that the typical Conservative and the typical Liberal become equally absurd. But underneath his contempt for both, Mr Belloc has a certain sympathy with these English types, caricature them as he may, which is shown up by the intensity of his hatred for that financial potentate—the Duke of Battersea—who was the villain alike of *Emmanuel Burden*, and of *Mr Clutterbuck's Election*. In the latter satire, he figured as Lord Lambeth whose "active philanthropic work, notably the 5 per cent model dwellings had gained him, first in the street, later with the rich, the rough but loving title of the Peabody Yid."

Here, joking apart, Mr Belloc has produced a terrible figure in literature, a figure that by its physical repulsiveness, its horrid power, and its moral degradation, brings vividly to the mind a picture by G. F. Watts called "Mammon." One quotation can but give a very thin idea of the horribly solid and haunting picture.

Dolly is alone with the Duke of Battersea, and Dolly wants money, and

Dolly had time in those few minutes to taste in his heart things that Englishmen of his generation had never yet tasted, and the bitterness of a certain cup. Leaders of every other people in Christendom save his had drunk deep of that cup at one time or another. He was being bullied: his country was being bullied by the money-lenders. . . .

### The Duke of Battersea's

mouth was not insolent, still less his words, but his tone was masterful, and he meant it to be. It was the Duke of Battersea's way of doing that particular kind of business. It occurred to Dolly confusedly as he heard, that the Duke of Battersea bore a very different aspect according to whether one happened to be above or



# Abd-ul-Hamid

below him. The Prime Minister felt his own thin nostrils swelling, and his own mobile mouth coming to an unnatural rest as those other thick nostrils and fat mouth greased on. He kept his teeth tight shut as he listened; then, in a pause of that financial exposition he sighed slightly and took more wine. Had the Duke of Battersea been of Dolly's race he might have understood that little sigh—but he wasn't. It seemed to give him fresh wind, and he devoted the second part of his careful, even, modulated survey of the Indian Loan to conditions; to those accursed conditions! . . .

The Duke of Battersea was not persuasive, and he was not commanding, but he already talked about those relief works with a little touch of control in his voice, of quiet and not quite clean control as though the lender of money must ever be the master—even of a sovereign State, and Dolly liked it less than ever. Then, at last, after so much clear business analysis of the situation, the Duke of Battersea permitted his surface to break into ripples; his voice, in this last phase of it, reminded Dolly of a summer sea filmed with grease, dust and oil spilt from a steamer's side, beneath the iridescence of which ran too many small undulations—and the ordeal was over!

Extraordinarily repulsive and extraordinarily vigorous is this presentation of the Duke of Battersea, and immense the joy of the author at his final defeat by Dolly, while Mr Belloc actually gloats over the announcement with which the book closes, that "the Duke of Battersea, three years after, having lost a good deal more money, died." S

**T**HE *Fall of Abd-ul-Hamid*. Francis McCullagh. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.) Mr McCullagh tells in this book the story of that eventful month of April, 1909, from the beginning of the reaction against the new Constitution down to the deposition of the Sultan. Much of his narrative is derived from his own observation, while his wide acquaintanceship among the Young Turks has enabled him to secure the reports of eye-witnesses, and even information derived from the head of the campaign himself, Mahmoud Shefket Pasha, and from others among the chief-actors. He is concerned mainly with the events of those few days, and he writes with

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such full knowledge that this book is much the best which has appeared on the subject, nor as a chronicle of the movement is it likely to be superseded. There is, however, so much knowledge of Turkish affairs and of the Oriental character to be found in these pages, though it is often enough thrust away half-hidden in stray allusions and obiter dicta, that the reader will regret that Mr McCullagh has not attempted to estimate the strength of the forces making for and against "Reforms" in Turkey and, greatly daring, to forecast the future. Unfortunately, this was not his purpose, and he ends his narrative with an account of that astonishing Yildiz where, half-crazy with suspiciousness, Abd-ul-Hamid trembled and inspired terror, living in a tawdry little villa, amid the dowdiest of furniture and surrounded by his household of some 2000 persons. He is, however, such an admirer of the Macedonian army that he must certainly approve in general of the system which it set up, the form of constitutional government—with the army in the background. Indeed, he points out himself that in Turkey the army has usually been on the Liberal side. It is in any case essential to unity and government. In an empire so divided by all that should unite a people, by race, religion, language and past history, a real representative government is impossible. Minor divisions may be diminished by talk; such deep antagonisms can only be intensified by parliamentary machinery. But the form of the Constitution should at least be a guarantee that the real governing power will deal fairly by its subjects. Arbitrary government is to some extent inevitable, but it may be carried on in a spirit very different to that which inspired Abd-ul-Hamid.

If, as we hope, Mr McCullagh will give us another book on contemporary Turkey, it will be interesting to see whether he still thinks as well of the Young Turks as he did in 1909. The problems that faced the new Government and their supporters must have seemed even then all but insoluble, but the memory of the Hamidian régime, and the brilliant success of the Macedonian

# An Adventure

army covered all difficulties in a mist of hope. We fear that since then even the most enthusiastic "Ottomano-phil," to use the new and clumsy word, must have suffered many disappointments. Albania has, for the time at least, been pacified, but other problems remain, both in Europe and Asia. Religion is the only tie which can permanently bind Turk and Arab together. This "Ottoman nationality," which was invented in order to meet European conditions has no meaning for the twelve millions of Arabs, who form nearly half the population of the Empire. Nationality, which has tended to consolidation in the West, is often a political solvent in the East. More serious danger still may lie in the foolish and sceptical occidentalism of many of the Young Turks, and in the Jewish financial predominance which has resulted from Turkish ignorance of finance, and possibly from the influences which surround the centre of the movement at Salonika. These are some of the problems of 1911, but no one can read Mr McCullagh's enthusiastic pages without thinking of the present, and few will read them without hoping that the Turks may in time extend to other forms of national activity, those great qualities which they exhibited as soldiers two years ago.

Mr McCullagh writes clearly and vividly—at times too vividly—especially in his description of places. The story of the Turkish horse that was frightened by a Turkish cemetery is a little difficult to believe. The illustrations are on the whole good, though sometimes curiously independent of the words printed under them. A better map of Constantinople and its surroundings would be a great help to the conscientious reader. F.F.U.

A REMARKABLE change is passing over the attitude of the public towards stories of the supernatural; and a yet more remarkable change over the hypotheses with which such stories are usually treated. It used to be possible to divide opinions on such stories into two classes—corresponding, roughly speaking, to the "lobster-supper theory" and the actual ghost theory, and in

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comparatively recent times it was the former that was held unquestioningly by the majority of men. Probably, at the present time, there are very few educated persons who would not at least consider carefully and reasonably the extremely interesting theory put forward by the anonymous authors of *An Adventure* (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net. pp. 162) with regard to the incidents related in the book. Very briefly the facts are as follows: Two English ladies, visiting Versailles in 1901 and 1902, experienced impressions, so vivid and apparently objective that they never at the time doubted their reality, of seeing places, buildings and scenery, as well as of speaking with persons in costume who belonged to the period of Marie Antoinette. (There is no question as to the bona fides, as well as to the caution and commonsense of these writers. The present reviewer had the pleasure of meeting the two ladies at Versailles on a subsequent anniversary of one of the dates of their experiences, and of hearing the story from their lips.) Now if the "lobster-supper" theory is absurd, the ghost-theory proper is at least very difficult—since the experiences included the hearing of fragments of music of the eighteenth century, the vision of a plough, and of the complete rearrangement of scenery—topographical and historical details that were afterwards remarkably verified by research. Accordingly there is put forward in this book, as a working hypothesis, the idea that in some way or another, the percipients were affected by the past consciousness of a principal actor in the events whose shadows were manifested—that they saw, not the incidents themselves reproduced by spiritual agency, but the "sense-images," more or less, as perceived by this actor—perhaps Marie Antoinette herself. Time and space, they claim, are not ultimate realities (and this is certainly true in one sense); and it is therefore possible that under conditions of which even the most advanced psychologists know very little, time and space may lose their limiting force, and allow a consciousness of the past to affect receptive consciousnesses in the present. The theory is put forward tentatively and

# History of the Popes

modestly, and yet eloquently; and before rejecting it altogether it may be as well to ask whether any theory meets the phenomena more adequately. There are, of course, small *lacunae* in the evidence as to these phenomena, and certain small points that the psychologist might wish to have been otherwise; yet only a very dogmatic sceptic would be capable of dismissing the whole story on these counts. B.

TWO more volumes, IX and X, of Pastor's translated *History of the Popes*, under the able editing of Father Kerr (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 12s. net each), are now before us and our thanks increase with the issue of each volume. Maps would make the work perfect to the studious. The more we read of these instructive books the more are we impressed by their value. The accuracy of the wide and original research indicated by the Notes gives confidence in the author's knowledge, and the temperate tone of his text suggests a spirit of fairness. These two volumes deal with the Pontificates of Adrian VI and Clement VII. Volume IX will be to the majority of readers perhaps the most interesting of the series so far, treating, as it does, of Adrian's reign and telling the appalling story of the Sack of Rome. The surviving victims of this terrible event could only liken it to the last siege of Jerusalem and they had too good grounds for linking the two catastrophes. Never since the world began, says Josephus, had it witnessed such a calamity as the fall of Jerusalem, and never since the fall of Jerusalem, thought the Romans, had there been anything like the Sack of Rome. A horde of Lutherans, Jews, Catholic Spaniards and Italians, animated by greed, lust and cruelty swept in a hurricane over the fated city and in three days their ruthless work was done. The city was gutted by fire and plunder, its streets and houses piled with corpses. In refined cruelty the Spaniards seemingly excelled, the Italians running them close. As the fabric of a dream, the beautiful City of the Renaissance, the pride of Christendom, had disappeared and its population, the

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most cultivated in Europe, lay dead or dying. Clement and other religious minded men penitently saw in the havoc around them the Hand of an avenging God. When the Imperialist Cardinal Colonna entered Rome and beheld the widespread ruin, though an enemy of Clement, and rejoicing in his chastisement, he could only lift up his voice and weep aloud.

From Leo X to Adrian VI was a change indeed. No two men could have been more dissimilar. To Cardinals and diplomatists Adrian was an unreadable riddle. They, whose thoughts were low, of the earth earthy, could not read, or read aright, the character of one who put God and the things of God before aught else. He was simply beyond their ken. His piety was weakness, his honest thrift stinginess, his love of books pedantry. If it be regrettably true that he was unsympathetic towards humanism the blame lay largely with humanists themselves, whose excesses and extravagances repelled devout and serious minds. One excess will beget another. No loftier minded Pope had sat on the Chair of Peter than this ascetic Teuton. With pardonable, though no undue, warmth of admiration Pastor dwells on the portrait of the German Pope. It was generally believed that having been the Emperor's tutor and, when elected, his viceroy in Spain, he would have been the creature and humble servant of his temporal lord. People were soon undeceived, and many dismayed, to find there had been chosen one with high aims and an iron will to carry them out. In the forefront of his programme he put Church reforms, the concord of Christian princes and the Turkish Crusade—a titanic task to undertake and in a pontificate of less than two years impossible of realization. Yet it was not all a failure. Not to succeed is not always to fail, as a well known politician lately reminded us in connexion with a different matter. "If within the limits of his short term of sovereignty he achieved no positive results, he yet fulfilled the first condition of a healer in laying bare the evils that called for cure. He left behind him suggestions of the highest importance, and pointed out beforehand

# History of the Popes

the principles on which, at a later date, the internal reform of the Church was carried out." (IX, 230) And better still, perhaps, he left to his successors the inspiration of a life wholly unselfish, devoted to duty. It was reserved for a Protestant scholar, the Jurist Kaspar Burmann, of Utrecht, in 1727, to be the first to clear away the cloud of misrepresentation and calumny darkening the name of Adrian. Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, pious, serious and industrious, now become Clement VII in succession to Adrian, had been regarded by his Imperialist Party as a shrewd politician and wise counsellor and had he remained in a subordinate position he might have maintained his reputation. But the burden of the Papacy was too heavy for the staggering steps of one who never knew his own mind, was for ever weighing pros and cons and never coming to a steadfast resolution. He too named the peace of Christendom, Church reform and the Turkish war as the prime objects of his Pontificate. To none of them could he give effect. Caught in the toils of political interests he was tossed to and fro between Charles and Francis I—the two rivals for the overlordship of Europe. He lived to be heartily sick of politics and declare he would like to be quit of them altogether and "confine himself exclusively to his ecclesiastical functions." Amongst political cares and anxieties, Florentine affairs, in which he was immersed, were a constant worry till he was made to exclaim—"Would that Florence had never existed!"

It had been well if his cry had implied regret for Nepotism occasioned by his connexion with Florence, and for raising that eccentric and immoral youth of eighteen, his nephew, Ippolito de' Medici, to the Cardinalate. Clement's accession to the Papal throne was hailed with delight by artists, literary men and the pleasure-loving Romans who looked upon a Medici as their natural patron. So far as his means allowed, limited by the wasteful expenditure of his cousin Leo X, he answered to their expectations. Of all the Popes he was the most unfortunate. To say nothing of troubles political, financial and

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ecclesiastical nearer home, Northern Europe was torn from the Unity of the Church in his day, and for this sad event he must take his share of responsibility. A restful and pleasing side of his life is his friendship for S. Gaetano di Tienne and the Theatines whom he consistently encouraged and helped. Pastor supports Gairdner in rejecting the charge against Clement of being influenced by the fear of Charles in his decision of Henry VIII's divorce suit. His ruling motive "was to be found in his conscientious regard for the duty of the chief Ruler of the Church."

P.H.

IN the works of most romantic writers the story of a soul is set about with material surroundings that are beautiful or gorgeously horrific. Father Benson chooses for the setting of a pilgrim's progress in *None Other Gods* (Hutchinson. 6s.) a framework that is realistic, and at times sordid. A dirty tea cup, a tin of salmon, the snore of a drunken vagabond; he suggests by such details, thrown into high relief, the whole material surrounding of successive episodes in the story of the spiritual struggles of his hero. It is a singular and remarkable gift of presentation, and its method is based on a true analysis of what the mind does actually retain. Balzac in describing a room has such masses of detail, from the condition of the floor cloth to a grease mark near the door handle, that he gives us far more to observe than we should have noticed had we been in such a room as he describes. Fr. Benson gives us just the one or two objects that would have caught our attention, and he leaves a curiously vivid impression. Of course, such a method needs a very sure judgement, and sometimes Fr. Benson insists on the material detail that is not suggestive to all, or he repeats it until it seems to become less real and too ambitious of symbolism.

It is out of proportion, perhaps, in a short notice to dwell at length on this question of setting, but this suggestive treatment of realistic detail holds a large part in Father Benson's work.



# None Other Gods

How moves the soul in the midst? In *None Other Gods* there is reverent mystery and high tragedy. We have a poignant sense of an instrument set aside, a soul led through darkness and suffering and the deepest solitude to union with God. But we novel readers shrink and half revolt at the amount of suffering involved—we are almost hurt at the idea “that flesh and blood should be so cheap,” and so easily sacrificed to the soul.

Then forthwith we criticize the pilgrim; we see his mistakes; we “count his haltings o’er”; we see the wrongdoing with a certain satisfaction. Was he after all so good? Does he meet our standards? It is just what we should have said had we had among our acquaintances this strange undergraduate, turned tramp and beggar. There again the impression on the mind of the reader is true to the impression the same mind would have received in actual life, but the author’s judgement in the choice of facts seems at times faulty. Several Saints, according to their chroniclers, have been disobedient sons, and seem almost to have “chaffed” their suffering parents in the high spirits of self-sacrifice. Others seem to have abandoned human relations into which they had already entered with an almost heartless alacrity, but Frank is peculiarly merciless to that dreadful old person, Lord Talgarth, and extraordinarily unkind to Jenny Averill. But the chief defect in this very beautiful book is surely the violent contrast drawn between the hero and the characters of those about him in his own home. The extreme worldliness of the Rector, Mr Launton, the horrid scheming of his daughter, the brutality in Lord Talgarth, make such an easy foil. More delicate and more convincing and living would have been a contrast, without the suspicion of a sneer, between good, well-meaning, easy folk, and such a hero. Another clergyman of the Church of England, zealous if ineffective, is introduced towards the close of *None Other Gods*, and is a strong contrast to the Rector, but it does seem a great pity that a Catholic book should contain a rather cheap travesty of the more worldly type, which, in our experience, at

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least, is much less common among the Anglican clergy than the more edifying. People less crudely selfish and worldly would have made an easier descending scale from the hero to the inimitable villain—Major Trustcott. The Major is magnificently done; he is splendidly alive, and tremendously repulsive.

It is difficult even to touch here on the mysticism of the book. It would, perhaps, have been more convincing if it had eschewed all technical phraseology. By his very fidelity to such words as "Purgative," "Illuminative," "Unitive," the author of a work of fiction challenges criticism and interrupts the simplicity of his picture.

*None Other Gods* will be, no doubt, much criticized; such a study of intimate poignant agony, such a picture of a human sacrifice does actually hurt some part of the reader's mind that is sensitive because rarely exposed. Therefore, criticism of its blemishes, its faults of taste or judgement, that may be true enough in themselves, will probably be given in a too acrid tone. People are angry when they are hurt, but thereby they give testimony to the power, the intensity, and the reality of the work that has caused them to suffer. S.

THE history of the Medici is especially interesting for two reasons. The first is the extraordinary position held in the state of Florence by the first members of the family to become famous. How many Englishmen know that Lorenzo the Magnificent was not a duke, nor even a noble? Although he ruled Florence practically as an autocrat, neither he, his father nor grandfather—Cosimo Pater Patriæ—had any official status whatever beyond that of private citizens. Without any military force at their command, they held their position simply by showing the Florentine State that it could not do without their abilities and their money. This unique form of government is ably described by Col. G. F. Young in *The Medici* (John Murray. 36s. net). The family are also interesting for a different reason. The fiercest of warfare as to their worth or wickedness is constantly being

# The Medici

waged by their historians. The traditional view of the Medici as monsters of vice and cruelty has nowadays been to a large extent discarded, but there is hardly a member of the family who is not violently praised by some writers, and equally execrated by others. Col. Young says in his preface: "To 'whitewash' historical characters is as great an offence to history as to traduce them. . . . I began this study entirely imbued with the time-honoured theory that I have mentioned (i.e. that of the wickedness of the Medici), and was only brought by degrees to a different opinion by coming to see that the admitted facts refused, over and over again, to square with the view of the family usually presented to us. . . . I have preferred to judge those concerned by their acknowledged deeds rather than by comments thereon." There is little doubt that Col. Young has tried to do this. He has searched extensively in the archives of Florence and of other States, and seems to have consulted all previous authorities, both favourable and unfavourable. The book certainly tells us a great amount that is most interesting, not only about every individual who bore the name "Medici," but also about the progress of Art and Learning, and the history of contemporary Europe. The work and careers of Brunelleschi, Gozzoli, Botticelli; Politian and Pico della Mirandola; the formation of the galleries of the Uffizi and Pitti are graphically described. There are also nearly a hundred well-executed plates showing portraits of all the family, their residences and tombs, and famous places or pictures associated with their history. Col. Young seems always to have approached his subject with an open mind, but after forming his own opinion, he is at times inclined to put into his book those facts only which support that opinion, so that though he himself may "judge those concerned by their acknowledged deeds rather than by comments thereon," his readers are not able to do the same. This is a pity, as some of his theories—e.g. that concerning Catherine de' Medici—are very cleverly worked out. One's first impression on reading the book is that every

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Medici is perfection, every Pope a villain; when, however, the two meet in the person of Leo X, one realizes that it is 'not the Medici "whitewashed" that are presented to one, so much as the Medici intensified. The author does not scruple to use as forcible language about the duplicity of Clement VII, and the cruelty of Cosimo I, as about the fine qualities of Cosimo Vecchio, and Lorenzo, but the deeds of all are shown us through a magnifying glass. On the whole the picture is, as he tells us, a favourable one, and in particular most of the "sensational" murders attributed to the Medici are explained away, and here the author is generally in agreement with the greatest modern authority—the "Cambridge Modern History." Before writing on medieval and Italian matters, however, Col. Young would have done well to get rid of one very strong bias which must infallibly prevent his understanding an important side of them. He is bitterly hostile to the Catholic Church in general, and to the Papacy in particular. Here again he is certainly sincere, and his chief fault is often that of ignorance. Not only does he treat us to the old story about Galileo's condemnation, and to some rather startling theories, such as the one that before the sixth century no Catholic ever thought of considering the Bishop of Rome superior to any other bishop, but in places he entirely misunderstands the nature and constitution of the Church. He does not merely disagree with her claims and principles, but he does not rightly know what these are. Hence on such subjects as divorce, excommunication, Church Councils, etc. . . . he is totally misleading. The book, therefore, cannot be said to have everywhere achieved its avowed purpose, but with these reservations, it is well worth reading, especially to anyone not already familiar with Medici history. When the author ceases to be controversial, he writes very well indeed. His chapters, for instance, on Giovanni delle Bande Nere, Pope Adrian VI, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve are first rate.

E.S.H.

# The Laws of Heredity

DR ARCHDALL REID'S book on *The Laws of Heredity* (Methuen & Co.: London. 1910. 21s.) is enormously long and uncompromisingly stiff, yet it does not seem to help us very materially in coming to a conclusion on the laws with which it deals. Unquestionably the most interesting and the most novel portion of the book is that which deals with the relation of modern views as to the rôle of bacteria in disease with the question of Natural Selection. That they are a potent agent in selection no one can doubt and if anyone does Dr Reid's pages may be commended to his attention. That there are other selective agencies at work no person can doubt who examines the facts of Nature and existence for himself with open eyes. But what we have always maintained is that having got so far upon the road and having conceded, if you like, that Natural Selection exists and that it is a potent sieve—if a sieve can be called potent—that even then we have only started upon the path at the end of which lies the explanation of variation and of inheritance. That variations occur everybody knows, that Natural Selection may tend to perpetuate or to eliminate them we may admit, but what causes the variations to appear? That is the real heart of the question. The Lamarckians have an answer which is at any rate arguable. Dr Reid will have none of it, and, we think, rather underrates the influence of Lamarckian opinion at the present day. Weismann also had or has an answer, but his solution of the difficulty only pushes the question one stage further back and leaves it there unanswered. Until some solution of that mystery has been arrived at, if indeed it ever is arrived at or is arrivable at, we may learn what laws govern heredity, if one may still be allowed to use the misleading nomenclature generally applied to what are called Natural Laws, one may come to a conclusion as to Mendel and his views or de Vries and his, but we shall remain all the time on the threshold only and not within the recesses of the temple of Nature's secrets.

B.C.A.W.

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**M**EZZOGIORNO (Chatto & Windus. 6s.) is a more recent story by John Ayscough than *San Celestino* (Smith and Elder. 6s.), but the latter may still find a place among recent books, and is incomparably the greater work of the two. Those who know it already will still like to hear it even inadequately praised, and to those to whom it is unknown it is a real kindness to recommend it. *San Celestino: An Essay in Reconstruction*, is not history as the author tells us. "And yet it is not a novel; for, it contains no 'love story'—the love of God not counting. It may be called a work of imagination; and if imagination is the faculty of conceiving an image, such a description of a book would be high praise indeed." It is indeed a fine effort of constructive imagination, this story of the Pope who reigned four months, and who is chiefly known as having been guilty of making "Il Gran Rifiuto." The method on which the author worked is hinted in an early chapter; it seems to have been to dwell chiefly on the perennial things that are the same in all time, the mind of a child, the loneliness of youth, the charm of music, of nature, of poetry, the mentality of a born contemplative and ascetic, the reserves and the intimations of a saint dealing with ordinary men. John Ayscough never overloads his descriptions of human life with erudition. He introduces his history as delicately and lightly as possible. He never troubles to show knowledge of the mind of the Middle Ages, but his priests and peasants and soldiers say things, so true to human nature that we need never question the probability that such things were actually said at any date. A sure insight, a delicious reserved sense of humour, a clear gaze on nature are among the gifts of this writer. But, above all his presentment of religion and of the Catholic Church is at once perfectly sane and healthy. It is safe to say that for many years there has not been a book in this special kind of imaginative art that has touched the spiritual life so delicately and so surely, while revealing and suggesting a deep and reserved enthusiasm.

There is no space left in which to write of *Mezzo-*

# Fighting Admirals

*giorno*, which is a charming modern story and extremely amusing. The readers of *San Celestino* must not expect too much of its successor, but they will find a delightful heroine whose more ordinary religious experiences have been touched by the same spiritual light and described with the same rare tact as those of *San Celestino*. S.

THE very title of this little book (*Fighting Admirals*. John Barnett. Smith & Elder. 6s.) sets the fancy adrift amid the smoke and carnage of old battles on the sea. Mr. Barnett is intensely alive to the picturesque possibilities of his theme; perhaps, indeed, he is too anxious to be vivid and effective and forgets at times that he is writing history, not fiction of the spasmodic order. The first of his essays, that which tells of the prowess of Edward III and the Black Prince, reads like an uncomfortable combination of Froissart and journalism. "Oh, good St. George be praised! That desperate stand has saved us, has not been in vain! there is help at last! The Earl of Derby is here; he has run his ship alongside—the Spaniards are taken back and front! And now for a red vengeance! . . ." It is hardly fair, however, to judge the writer by what is, perhaps, his least satisfactory work. He is not at home in medievalism, and there is a trick of the theatre about his steel-clad knights and kings, but he moves more easily and surely in later times. His sketch of Raleigh is inadequate; he finds no new or pregnant word to say concerning that brilliant, insatiate, unscrupulous dreamer of empire. On the other hand he gives with real fire and force the desperate three days' struggle of Richard Hawkins in the *Dainty*; a losing battle more triumphant than many victories. It is with surprise and a touch of indignation that we discover no place has been made for Francis Drake, but Mr Barnett may feel that "the Queen's little pirate" has had full honour accorded him and that there was no need to repeat the twice told tale. It is less easy to understand why a lover of Stuart times—and that the author assuredly is—should have failed to pay fitting tribute to James of York, whose later

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failure and frustration have so obscured his splendid early valour. Last of England's Stuart kings, last of her Catholic sovereigns, James II, before the weight of the crown was upon him, had done his part nobly in defending her shores and seas. Unquestionably the most attractive of these studies is one devoted to another Admiral of the Blood Royal: Rupert Prince Palatine. It cannot be said that Mr Barnett has altogether grasped the character of his hero; he speaks, for instance, of the "arrogant ambition" of a man who was singularly unambitious, considering his position and his varied powers, who cared more for his punctilio of honour, his point of pride—or sometimes even of temper—than for any personal advantage. But at least the essayist has felt strongly the romance of the Prince's career at sea, of those gallant, adventurous, tragic years in which he upheld the King's standard and the King's cause in the face of the conquering Commonwealth; of the far wanderings by tropic coasts; of his return to the disillusioned England of the Restoration, there to hold his ideals in a disdainful silence at the witty, weary court of Charles II. His work as Admiral; those fights against the Dutch, when "his loud guns spoke thick like angry men," and those other fights with corrupt officials which made Mr Pepys shake in his voluminous wig, all are given with considerable understanding and charm of style. The roll-call of the *Fighting Admirals* does not end with Rupert, but goes on to Benbow, Rodney, and Cochrane. Indeed, the characterization of Lord Cochrane is the most trenchant bit of writing in the volume.

It is not possible to touch on all the sketches, nor does the book claim so close a criticism. It is not written for the student or the specialist, scarcely even for the lover of history. But to the general reader, these graceful eager little essays, with their touch of sentimental over-emphasis, may well bring a kindling sense of old heroic deeds, a quickened memory of the men who, through defeat or victory, have made England great upon the seas.

D.McC.



## CHRONICLE OF RECENT NEW TESTAMENT WORKS

THE Anglican Church Congress of 1910 was nicknamed the "Schweitzer Congress" on account of the prominence given in the discussions to the eschatological views of a young Strassburg writer, Albert Schweitzer, whose book was well advertised in England by the favourable notice of it in Dr Sanday's *The Life of Christ in Recent Research*, 1907. It has now appeared in an exceedingly good English translation, with a preface by Professor Burkitt (*The Quest of the Historical Jesus, a Critical Study of its Progress from Reimarus to Wrede*. By Albert Schweitzer, translated by W. Montgomery, B.A., B.D. A. and C. Black. 1910. 410 pp.). The history of the biographies of our Lord begins with the *Wolfenbüttel fragments*, written by Reimarus, and published (1778) after his death by Lessing, who wished to show what problems would have to be met by apologetics in the future. According to this extraordinary production, Christ was a mistaken fanatic, and His disciples were swindlers. A reply by Semler (1779) drew attention by an apologue to Lessing's strange excuse for the publication:

A prisoner was once brought before the Lord Mayor of London on a charge of arson. He had been seen coming down from the upper story of the burning house. "Yesterday," so ran his defence, "about four o'clock, I went into my neighbour's storeroom and there saw a burning candle which the servants had carelessly forgotten. In the course of the night it would have burned down, and set fire to the stairs. To make sure that the fire should break out in the day-time, I threw some straw upon it. The flames burst out at the skylight, the fire engines came hurrying up, and the fire, which in the night might have been dangerous, was promptly extinguished." "Why did you not yourself pick up the candle and put it out?" asked the Lord Mayor. "If I had put out the candle the servants would not have learned to be more careful; now that there has been such a fuss about it, they will not be so careless in future." "Odd, very odd," said the Lord Mayor, "he is not a criminal, only a little weak in the head." So he had him shut up in the madhouse, and there he lies to this day.

In the same vein one might regret the popularisation in England of Schweitzer's book by Dr Sanday. But it is, after all, very instructive as well as interesting. The clever writing and a real sense of humour help to carry us through what is really a dreary series of Lives of Christ in bewildering and almost incredible number and variety. All are criticized, and often unsparingly, though the critic professes great admiration for the genius of some of his victims. The early rationalistic explanations, of which Paulus is the best known exponent, and the mediating theories of Schleiermacher are not so new to an English reader as the amazing romances of

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Bahrt and Venturini, who employed imagination and invention to show how a non-miraculous Jesus Christ might have existed. The myth theory of Strauss, most famous of all our Lord's biographers, the violent rationalistic attacks by Bruno Bauer, the sentimental landscape painting of Renan are but moons among many lesser stars, and lead us up to the modern "critical views." It is strange that the earlier attacks singled out St John as the most historical of the Evangelists. But the Tübingen school thrust him out into the end of the second century, and the "Marcan theory," according to which the second Gospel is not merely a source used by the first and third, but is actually the only one which contains certain historical material, came to the front. With Heinrich and Oskar Holtzmann, Hase, Beyschlag, Bernhard and Johannes Weiss, Bousset, Schürer, Wernle, Jülicher, Schmiedel, von Soden and others, we arrive at the "theologians," nearly all of whom are living, against whom Herr Schweitzer is writing. His conclusion is that the vast series of efforts has nothing but failure to record. His own attack, grounded on the alleged neglect of the eschatological character of much of our Lord's life and teaching, and that of Wrede, dealt from the historical and sceptical point of view, have shattered, in Schweitzer's opinion, the whole edifice which "liberal theology" had so laboriously tried to erect.

Modern historical theology is no doubt still far from recognizing this. It is warned that the dyke is letting in water, and sends a couple of masons to repair the leak; as if the leak did not mean that the whole masonry is undermined, and must be rebuilt from the foundation. To vary the metaphor, theology comes home to find the broker's marks on all the furniture, and goes on as before quite comfortably, ignoring the fact that it will lose everything if it does not pay its debts (p. 329).

The "Theologians" will not admit this; and, in fact, Schweitzer's theory that our Lord's one idea was the immediate coming of the end of the world, will not hold water any better than do their own leaking vessels. It has not gained many adherents; but the weakness of its opponents is well demonstrated. They have had for a hundred years a fair field. Until lately they could work their will on the Gospels, undeterred by higher or lower criticism. They could choose one Gospel, or a part of one Gospel, or bits out of any or all the Gospels, in order to elaborate a consistent picture of "the historical Jesus"; only two conditions being laid down, there must be no Divine Nature and no miracles. Yet they have failed. Of late, indeed, the task has been somewhat more complicated. The critics have been to the fore. If St John is still kept in the background as a mystic who did not profess to write history, yet the dignity of Mark, as an early source which both Matthew and Luke independently trusted, has been set on a firm throne, and "Q," the other source used in common by the two later Synoptists, has gained an equal or higher position. There is now less room for imagination. The study of Aramaic idiom, of contemporary

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Jewish thought, of Apocalyptic literature, besides the continual fighting between the "Theologians," has so narrowed the issues that it is as hard as it once was easy to make a new "Life of Jesus." But there are also difficulties of which Schweitzer makes no account. He does not and cannot know what Christianity really is, what is the import of that belief in the Incarnation which converted the Roman Empire, civilized the barbarians, and created the modern world. If he realized what it is, he would understand that to put down its invention to a Paul or a pseudo-John is to make these writers as great or greater even than the misty apocalyptic or ethical Teacher whose uniqueness will consist mainly in the Sermon on the Mount and in His (on these theories) wholly unaccountable influence on St Paul and the fourth Evangelist. Herr Schweitzer has no suspicion of all this. A German brought up in the Liberal school is as ignorant of Christianity as a Chinese. He had no misgivings as to the methods followed in the long and futile "quest," and he still hopes for a result some day. His opening words are these:

When, at some future day, our period of civilization shall lie, closed and completed, before the eyes of later generations, German theology will stand out as a great, a unique phenomenon in the mental and spiritual life of our time. For nowhere, save in the German temperament can there be found in the same perfection the living complex of conditions and factors—of philosophic thought, critical acumen, historical insight and religious feeling—without which no deep theology is possible. And the greatest achievement of German theology is the critical investigation of the life of Jesus. What it has accomplished here has laid down the conditions, and determined the course of the religious thinking of the future.

This is not convincing, in view of the final confession that no result has been reached and all must be begun over again! Indeed, Kalthoff in 1902 considered the result of the "Quest of the historical Jesus" to be the certainty that no such person ever existed. (It is a little surprising to hear that Kalthoff "is engaged in pastoral work in Bremen"). Schweitzer could afford to despise so isolated a phenomenon, together with the theory that derives Christianity from Buddhism; but within the two years since his book first appeared the situation (as usual in Germany) has changed, and it is no longer eschatology which is to the fore, but Babylonian myths and folk lore. The great question is now, not how to discover the historic Christ, but whether there was any. I quote, from the marvellously full bibliography of the *Revue d'histoire ecclésiastique* for January, the titles of lectures and pamphlets of the end of last year only:

Johannes Weiss and Grutzmacher, *Die Geschichtlichkeit Jesu*. Two lectures. Tübingen, 1910.

Johannes Weiss. *Jesus v. Nazareth Mythos oder Geschichte?* (Lectures against Kalthoff, Drews, Jensen.) Tübingen, 1910.

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D. Chwolson. *Ueber die Frage ob Jesus gelebt hat*. Leipzig, 1910.

A. Jülicher. *Hat Jesus gelebt?* (a lecture). Marburg, 1910.

P. Jensen. *Hat der Jesus der Evangelien wirklich gelebt?* (reply to Jülicher). 3rd thousand (!). Frankfurt, 1910.

K. Dunkmann. *Der Kampf um die Christus mythe*. Berlin, 1910.

Steudel. *Im Kampf um die Christus mythe* (a reply to the defence by

J. Weiss, Schmiedel, Harnack, Chwolson.) Jena, 1910.

Meffert. *Die geschichtliche Existenz Christi*. 8th edition. Gladbach, 1910.

Klein. *Ist Jesus eine historische Persönlichkeit?* Tübingen, 1910.

Von Soden. *Hat Jesus gelebt?* 3rd thousand. Berlin, 1910.

The reviews of these pamphlets and other articles might swell the catalogue. It is strange to find all the leaders of "liberal theology" devoting themselves seriously to the refutation of Jensen's gigantic work, *Das Gilgamesh Epos*, and Drew's *Die Christumythe*.

Nothing is more noticeable in Schweitzer's historical summary than the absence of the greatest names in criticism and historical investigation. We hear very little of even the Tübingen school, and less about its adversaries. Ritschl scarcely appears. Harnack is only referred to by chance. The learned textual critics, Tischendorf in the past and Gregory to-day, are not on the liberal side. The massive learning of Blass and Zahn is in the opposite camp. German critics of this kind will be remembered much longer and with more praise than German self-styled "theologians." Meanwhile careful and conservative criticism is labouring more than ever. A book of the first importance has just appeared in England (*Studies in the Synoptic Problem*. By members of the University of Oxford, edited by Dr Sanday. Clarendon Press. 1911. 456 pp. 12s. 6d. net). Most of the essays deal principally with "Q," the source (perhaps a version of the Aramaic Gospel of St Matthew) on which the first and third Gospels drew for their common matter, where they are not using the second. Two essays (II, III), are by Sir J. Hawkins, and show the admirable method which we look for from him. But the most remarkable contributions are those of a less famous writer, the Rev. B. H. Streeter, Fellow of Queen's, from whom we shall expect much in the future. His reasoning is solid and moderate, and depends on careful investigation and surprising insight. He seems to have established that "Q" was known to St Mark, whose Gospel, containing the preachings of St Peter, was written at Rome, not to supersede but to supplement the earlier document. "Q" was composed in Palestine at an early date when our Lord's life and miracles and the circumstances of His Passion were known to all, and the witness to His Resurrection was in the mouths of those who had seen. His second coming was still an expectation of the near future. What was written was only what was needed "to supplement the living tradition of a generation which had known Christ." It was apologetic in purpose, and explained mainly three points: the relation of our Lord's teaching to that of John the Baptist, and to that of the Pharisees,

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and the problem "if Jesus was really the Messiah, why had he appeared in such dubious guise?" Hence "Q" contained the preaching of the Baptist and his witness, the Temptation (showing how the true Christ had wilfully refused the earthly glory and power which He was expected to assume) His moral teaching against the Pharisaism which was then the chief religious influence in Palestine—the Sermon on the Mount, a few parables, the woes against the Jewish leaders, etc.

But at Rome the life and miracles and Passion of our Lord were not known: so Peter preached them and Mark wrote them. Thus the absence of long discourses in the second Gospel is explained. It is shown that St. Mark refers to "Q," but avoids repeating its contents.

It was only natural that Mark and "Q" should seem inconvenient as separate books, and that the teaching of "Q" should be fitted into Mark's framework. St Luke and the editor of our Greek Matthew did this work, each adding matter of his own to the two documents, which he amalgamated. This is a bare outline of the clear exposition in Mr Streeter's paper on "The Literary Evolution of the Gospels," which gives the soundest and most attractive solution of the Synoptic question which has yet appeared. The essays by Archdeacon Allen and Dr Vernon Bartlet are less convincing. Dr Sanday's introduction to the whole book is, in reality, a review, and his judgement on the individual essays is admirably balanced.

Five lectures by Professor E. von Dobschütz on *The Eschatology of the Gospels* were delivered at Oxford in 1908 and 1910 (Hodder and Stoughton. 1910. 207 pp. 5s). In almost always immaculate English and in delightfully large print an answer is supplied by the scarcely middle-aged Strassburg Professor to his younger colleague Schweitzer. According to Dr von Dobschütz, some of our Lord's expressions show that He expected the restoration of all things very soon; but others, and these the more important, exhibit what the author calls a "transmuted eschatology"—the kingdom of God is within, it is the reign of righteousness in the soul of the individual. This is a moderate reply and a compromise issuing from the liberal-historical camp. But the question needs to be met by Catholics; for in some form it is becoming a commonplace that the liberals have been wrong in ousting eschatological ideas from the "consciousness" of Our Lord. Loisy also has urged that He believed in an early Parousia. Mr Streeter has replied, much like Dr Stanton, in an essay in the book already spoken of, that the "little Apocalypse" (so called first by Colani, 1864) in Mark xiii is not a part of St Peter's preaching, but a Christian Apocalypse, incorporated by St Mark under the mistaken impression that it was a discourse of Christ. He adds that St Matthew has exaggerated the sayings of our Lord about His second coming. The proofs of this radical remedy are weak, and Mr W. P. Williams in Essay XIII rejects them. That the first Christians expected Our Lord's return almost at once, that St Paul gradually renounced the expectation that he should live to see it, that 2 Peter explains the delay, that St John writes when the mistake had been exploded by time, has always been seen by Catholics. But how did the

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error arise? and what is the true exegesis of the Gospel records as to this point? This is what needs to be explained more solidly against the modern attacks.

Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie has attempted a solution of the Synoptic problem. (*The Growth of the Gospels as shewn by Structural Criticism*. Murray. 1910. 99 pp. 2s. 6d. net.) If no one had worked at the subject before, the eminent Egyptologist's ingenious theory might have been looked upon as plausible, or at least clever. As it is, it begs too many questions and ignores too wholly the work of other scholars to be regarded as anything but the paradoxical pastime of an amateur.

Harnack's small book *Neue Untersuchungen zur Apostelgeschichte* having appeared only in the last days of February, must be reserved for fuller comment in July. It is mentioned here because of its importance for the date of the Gospels. He now upholds almost without reserve the view that St Luke wrote Acts at the date to which he carries the story, that his Gospel was earlier still, and that consequently St Mark and "Q" must be shunted back still further.

Canon J. J. Scott has republished some lectures (*The Making of the Gospels*. Murray. 1910. 112 pp. 1s. net). He gives a clear account of the Synoptic problem and of St John's Gospel, and his little book deserves to be warmly recommended to all readers who wish for some general information on the subject, as it forms an admirable introduction for those who intend to study further or for lay persons who wish to know what conservative critics are about, and why they will not leave the Gospels alone. It is perfectly suitable to Catholic requirements.

The Rev. J. R. Cohu, Rector of Aston Clinton, Bucks, has published much of late. He is always clever, thoughtful, and readable. He has supplemented his book, *The Old Testament in the Light of Modern Research*, by two of similar title, *The Gospels in Modern Research* (Oxford. J. Parker. 1909. 600 pp. 6s. net), and *St Paul in Modern Research* (Edward Arnold. 1911. 350 pp. 5s. net). The former of these is intended to popularize the results of modern criticism, and to apologize for them. In the early chapters the author avows himself a "Modernist," and attacks the Pope, yet as a critic he really leans to the conservative side. It is in theology that he is somewhat "liberal," with regard to *kenosis*, and especially in denying the Resurrection of the Body, a disastrous new fashion which is spreading among Anglicans. Much of his exposition is very attractive both in manner and matter, and he has made a really interesting book. Often he has excellent passages, but they are marred here and there by misunderstandings or misrepresentations. The chapter on textual criticism is the chief blot; it is not up to date, and is both inadequate and misleading. In this volume Mr Cohu is clearly inclined to accept the fourth Gospel as by St John. In the work on St Paul he has become an "absolute convert" to Prof. Bacon's view that the author of "St John is a pronounced disciple of Paul,

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and carries his teaching one step further." It had struck one, indeed, that in the earlier book some of the author's uncertainty as to plain evidence might be due to the malign influence of Prof. Bacon, a critic strangely wanting in historical method, who has a way of presenting the data which makes them appear a hopeless tangle from which nothing consecutive can ever be elicited.

The book on St Paul leaves criticism on one side, as it does the Pastoral Epistles, which are assumed to be doubtful. Mr Cohu tells us that he was brought up in Calvinism, and this explains his tendency towards liberalism. It is curious that he makes out St Paul to have similarly begun somewhat as a Calvinist, and to have ended as a "liberal theologian." That there is some evolution in St Paul's ideas, perhaps nobody will deny. But it is unkind to find in his earlier soteriology a bare system of "substitution" by which the sinner is pronounced "not guilty," by a legal fiction; and it is most unfair to say that he regards Christians as *merely* "adopted sons" of God. On the contrary he evidently makes adoption by God the cause of a real sonship, and not merely the legal fiction that adoption by a man must be. Mr Cohu makes "faith" in St Paul very nearly the "fiducia" of Reformation theology. He makes St Paul so exalt grace that it is an awkward fact to the Apostle that he must admit that men are judged according to their works; finally, he rejected this doctrine, and embraced a "universalism," in which all men are to be saved. The only proof given that St Paul arrived at so absurd a doctrine is the text, "even so in Christ shall all be made alive" (1 Cor. xv, 22). If St Paul had come so far as this would he not have concluded (in accordance with v. 32): "Let us eat and drink, for whatever we do we shall be saved"? Again, St Paul, eventually gave up belief in a corporal resurrection. The only proof is a wild interpretation of 2 Cor. v, 1-4. The author has not understood that the Apostle is expressing the natural horror that man has for death ("to be unclothed") and his natural desire of living till the Parousia and of thus receiving immortality without divesting himself of his flesh ("of being clothed upon"); it is assumed that those who die before the second coming will be found bodiless ("naked"), and that their body will rise again for them to be clothed in it. But, of course, St Paul did not teach that there will be a resurrection for those who are found alive at the Parousia, but only a "change." Such criticisms might be multiplied. The book makes one feel that without Catholic tradition as a foundation or background, it is impossible to investigate St Paul's theology without dislocating it. He did not write a *Summa Theologiae*, but occasional letters in which he presupposes Christian teaching, and emphasizes only certain points which circumstances oblige him to insist on, or certain points of view which most excite his own faith and love. He must be read in connexion with the Gospels, St Luke for choice. I do not think Mr Cohu would deny this in theory, but he has frequently forgotten it in practice. Yet he has written a book which, if it is wanting from a Catholic point of view, is an exceedingly fine production considered as Protestant theology. There is good writing, moderation, often insight and real sympathy. It is

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rare for any Protestant to understand so well the Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation and the Cross as the revelation of the Love of God (p. 255). The greatest fault really lies in the point of view: an author is usually to be distrusted who tells us that he is going to bear in mind that Paul was a Jew, a Pharisee of Tarsus, a scion of the first century—that we must never forget his up-bringing, and the ideas of his century, so as to allow for his limitations, excuse his antiquated ideas, and so forth. Such study is useful, but it carries us only a very little way. The antagonisms in St Paul to our modern ways of thinking are by no means recondite. They are even painfully obvious at times. When we have catalogued them and commented on them, we are not a whit nearer to his spirit. Had one been the Apostle's own brother, educated with him at Tarsus and at Gamaliel's feet, one might be further from understanding him than (let us say) some ignorant old Protestant woman who enjoys reading "the eighth of Romans." I do not doubt that Mr Cohu has sought to understand St Paul by being his follower, as he exhorted, and by trying to love Our Lord as he did. But he has too often harped on St Paul's "limitations." It is more important to be acutely conscious of our own limitations, and those of our own century, and to catalogue these and comment upon them and discount them, before we attempt to enter into St Paul's spirit. Besides, Mr Cohu's list of the authorities on St Paul whom he has found "the most helpful and suggestive" is curious: Baur, Harnack, Pfleiderer, Schmiedel, van Manen, von Soden, Weiss (Bernhard or Johannes?), Weizsäcker, Zahn; Sabatier; Matthew Arnold, Bacon, Bruce, Farrar, Findlay, Knowling, McGiffert. Nearly all the Germans and one or two more are "liberals," who hold that St Paul created the doctrine of the Incarnation, in which they themselves disbelieve. One can hardly get much insight from those who have no real sympathy. I recommend Mr Cohu to read Père Prat's *La Théologie de St Paul*, and the new work which is in process of incubation in Monsignor Le Camus's seminary, at La Rochelle, *Epîtres de St Paul; leçons d'exégèse*, par G. Toussaint, vol. I (Paris. Beauchesne. 1910. 506 pp. 5 fr.). These works will give him some idea at least of Catholic theology and exegesis. M. Toussaint, in his first volume, gives a sketch of St Paul's life, and commentaries on Thessalonians, Galatians and Corinthians. His plan is to give a section of the text in a French translation, followed by a plain interpretation of the meaning. On the whole it is extremely well done, being lucid, connected and readable. The book may be recommended to serious readers, who wish to know what St Paul meant, but are unable to study the Greek text, or a complete commentary. They must not, however, accept all M. Toussaint's dicta as infallible. He does not profess to discuss varieties of view, so that the reader has to remind himself that there are other possibilities. Besides, though the author shows care and learning, there are very obvious omissions among the authorities he has consulted.

Very soon after the issue of important commentaries on Thessalonians by Dobschütz and Milligan, Harnack has defended the authenticity of the Second Epistle by a new suggestion, against Holtzmann, Wrede and



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Hollmann, (*Das Problem des zweiten Thessalonicherbriefs*, in Sitzungsber. der K. Akad. der Wiss, Berlin, xxxi. June 16, 1910. 19 pp. 1s.) He was not satisfied with von Dobschütz's defence, and does not know Milligan's. His idea is that the two letters were sent off together, or with a very short interval between them, the second being addressed to that section of the community which had been converted from Judaism (Acts xvii, 4), because special tact was needed in dealing with such a party. Most of Harnack's ingenious papers before the Berlin Academy fail to secure assent, and this one is scarcely likely to prove an exception. The fertile author is far more successful in his brilliant combinations of the discoveries of others than in his original conjectures.

The veteran Bernhard Weiss (he was born in 1827) has published a small defence of his commentary on Hebrews (in Meyer's Commentary, 1897) against the objections raised by von Soden in the Handkommentar (1899), (*Der Hebraerbrief in zeitgeschichtlichen Beleuchtung*. Von B. Weiss. Leipzig. Hinrichs. 1910. 110 pp. 3 M 50). The latter holds the modern paradox that the Epistle is addressed to Gentile Christians. Weiss shows by a careful examination of the text that a community of Judæo-Christians in Palestine is being warned not to fall back into Judaism pure and simple, because the Parousia is delayed. The signs of its coming are visible, evidently in the beginning of the Jewish War. With this date, and with most of Weiss's exegesis the English reader will be in sympathy, as the Gentile theory has made little headway amongst us. But on p. 108 it is nothing less than a blunder when he makes *οἱ ἀπὸ τῆς Ἰταλίας* necessarily mean "those who have come from Italy." Does Weiss know Greek better than Theodoret did?

A new Commentary on Hebrews by Dean Wickham is promised for May. Professor A. S. Peake, of Manchester, who has also published one in the *Century Bible*, has now produced a popular and devotional work, *The Heroes and Martyrs of Faith, Studies in the Eleventh Chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews* (Hodder and Stoughton. 1910. 210 pp. 5s.). He does not deal with any critical questions, but necessarily accepts the Old Testament stories just as the author of the Epistle accepted them, and draws out the lessons which are intended by the latter. One remark only is surprising. Prof. Peake declares that the Epistle does not teach that the universe was created out of nothing, that the same is true of Genesis, and this may relieve the minds of some "who find that the idea of absolute creation is an intellectual impossibility to them" (p. 23). These persons, apparently, find it easy to believe in the eternity of matter. Dr Peake seems to suppose they will find it easier to believe in the infallibility of the Bible than in a Creator. I hasten to add that I have noticed nothing else in the book that a Catholic would be obliged to criticise.

A sixth edition of Van Steenkiste's *Commentarius in Actus Apostolorum* has been edited by Prof. A. Camerlynck, whose name answers for

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the careful and thorough scholarship which we are accustomed to look for from the University of Louvain (Bruges. Beyaert. 1910. 459 pp.). The introduction has most practical and convenient disquisitions on Geography, Chronology, Government, and the commentary is very full. For seminaries and general use nothing could be better adapted, while the very numerous references to the latest literature will make it acceptable to advanced students.

From St Paul and Acts we turn to St John. The Rev. E. H. Askwith, D.D., has republished in book form, some papers which have appeared in *The Expositor*, *The Historical Value of the Fourth Gospel* (Hodder and Stoughton. 1910. 316 pp. 5s.). He defends the historical character, much after the fashion of Dr Sanday and Dean Armitage Robinson, by showing the impossibility of otherwise accounting for the life-like touches and minute details of the narrative; but the Dean's little shilling book remains the best on this point in English. In French the question has been dealt with systematically at an enormous length by M. Marius Lepin, Professor at the Seminary of Lyons, who had already shown himself the most learned and complete of all upholders of the authenticity of St John's Gospel in his *Origine du quatrième Evangile* (1907). His new book, *La valeur historique du quatrième Evangile* (Paris. Letouzey et Ané. 1910. 2 vols. 645 and 426 pp. 8 fr.), is as thorough as its predecessor. It is a reply to Loisy, whose theory that the whole Gospel is allegorical is derived in detail from Strauss, though he sometimes deserts him for H. J. Holtzmann or Réville. If the Gospel is not allegory it is history; hence the proof that it cannot be allegory would suffice alone; but M. Lepin adds at every point additional indications of the historical character of facts and teachings. Allegorism is so elusive and subjective, that one might be tempted to think it cannot be refuted. Yet the laborious and lengthy method of the author surprises us by the triumphant way in which it disposes of the ingenious symbolism imported by his adversaries into almost every verse of the Gospel. One had not expected such completeness and such victorious demonstration. The task is easiest in the case of those incidents which are in the Synoptists as well. M. Lepin proves that St John has precisely omitted details which would have assisted the alleged allegory, and has inserted details which cannot be connected with the allegory at all, and can have no motive if they are not historical. M. Lepin is no less successful in other cases. The first volume deals with the narrative, the second is concerned with the discourses. A few criticisms may be hazarded. Though the Roman civil day began at midnight, there is no instance, as M. Lepin admits, of the hours being counted from 12.0 to 12.0, except (probably) in St John's Gospel. It may have been an Asiatic custom, but it is unfair repeatedly to call it Roman. The identification of St Peter's confession in John vi, 70, with the confession made according to the Synoptists at Caesarea Philippi, has surely no plausibility whatever. M. Lepin, by defending the position of the *pericope adulterae* in St

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John, gains an argument for the historical character of the rest of the Gospel, since this story is accepted as genuine history by most liberal critics. But then M. Lepin's defence of the point is not convincing.

These are small matters. It is better to praise. The second chapter of Vol. II, on style, employment of allegory and dialogue, is especially well done. The impression left by the book is that the rout of the allegorical school is complete, and our admiration of the writer's deep study and insight is greatly increased. Such a book is of great service to criticism.

Alas, the German "liberal theologians" will assuredly not read it. One of them, Herr Friedrich Spitta, who is nothing if not industrious, has now made an elaborate dissection of the fourth Gospel (*Das Johannes-Evangelium als Quelle der Geschichte Jesu*. Göttingen. Vandenoëck and Ruprecht. 1910. xlvii. 466 pp. 15s.). We can prophesy his results before opening the pages: in 1889 he divided the Apocalypse into four sources, a Jewish Apocalypse of the time of Pompey's war, another written under Caligula, a Christian Apocalypse and a final redaction; in 1891 he divided Acts between source A, source B and a redactor; and now, of course, he cuts up St John into fragments, which he distributes between an original nucleus or *Grundschrift*, containing invaluable historical material, and a later redactor, to whom more than half the Gospel is due. The results are made plain by the printing of the sources separately, according to Spitta's practice. He had reached most of his conclusions before the appearance of Wellhausen's and Schwarz's ingenious objections against unity of authorship. It is probable that Herr Spitta's work will be received in Germany, like his former productions, with respect and incredulity. The reasons given for his views are of this kind. In chapter x, our Lord first calls Himself the Good Shepherd, then the Door of the Sheep; these metaphors are contradictory, and must be referred to different authors. For Herr Spitta questions of style, vocabulary, grammar, are non-existent. But the ordinary reader of the Greek text, with no special knowledge, can assure himself without trouble that the characteristics of St John's style are so marked that there is scarcely a verse in the Gospel and the first Epistle which does not exhibit them plainly. Still it would be a good thing if someone would collect the evidence, and prove the unity of authorship to demonstration, so as to put an end to this foolish new German fashion of dividing the indivisible. It is some comfort that these critics are inclined to find some genuine history in the Fourth Gospel; and their wild conjectures are, after all, something of a reaction from the assertion of its wholly mythical character which has been current for many years.

A tiny book on the Apocalypse is entitled *The Apocalypse of St John, a brief contribution to the controversy as to the date and authorship thereof with a short history of its interpretation*. By the Rev. G. T. Jowett, D.D. Oxon. (Frowde. 1910. 48 pp. 1s.) It is hopeless to conjecture for

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what purpose it was either written or published. In a series called *The Churchman's Bible* (edited by Dr J. H. Burn), a former Principal of Wells Theological College has published a small devotional and practical commentary on the same book (*The Revelation of St John the Divine*. Explained by Edgar C. S. Gibson, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester. Methuen. 257 pp. 2s. 6d. net). The Apostolic authorship is presupposed. Bishop Gibson's principle of interpretation is to "be careful to look not so much for particular events, which having happened once are done with, as rather for the principles which govern the history of the world and the Church." This is unobjectionable, but he has been a little too much influenced in his preface by the modern paradox that a prophet's message must needs be always for his own time, and that he can predict the future only in so far as he can interpret the present. No reason has ever been given for this limitation of "the prophetic consciousness" (as the phrase is); it is clearly contrary to the Jewish notion of prophecy as well as to Christian tradition. It is rather astonishing that the bishop does not point out the ritual of the heavenly Sacrifice in chapters iv-v, and the influence which this wonderful picture has had on the liturgy of the Church. It is a mistake when he says (p. 29) of the Apocalypse that, "neither in early nor in mediaeval times does it appear to have been regularly read in the services of the Church." As large a proportion of it as of the Epistles of St Paul is read in the Breviary, and very many epistles *de communi, de tempore* and for feasts are taken from it. Perhaps Dr Gibson was thinking of the Greek Church; for as a fact the Apocalypse is omitted in Greek lectionaries as well as in a vast number of the Greek MSS. of the New Testament. Dr Gibson's work is in general well done, and is throughout simple and easy reading.

New material for the textual criticism of the New Testament has lately been provided. The most important book is Hans von Soden's *Das Lateinische Neue Testament in Afrika zur Zeit Cyprians* (Leipzig. Hinrichs. 1909. 663 pp. 21 M. In *Texte und Unters.* 3rd Series. vol. 3). Nearly half the book is filled with a restoration of the text of the third century African New Testament, in so far as we can recover it. The text of St. Cyprian's quotations is decided on the right principles. But the most important half is the elaborate Introduction. It is established that the African text in the MSS. *e, b, k* and Cyprian is an independent translation from a definite Greek Text, and involves a regular vocabulary, accidence, syntax and even orthography of its own. The author hopes later on, after the appearance of his father's long-awaited edition of the Greek Testament, to restore the underlying Greek Text.

The elder von Soden's theory, which explains all the different forms of the so-called "Western Text," and a great many other forms as well, by the influence of Tatian's *Diatessaron*, is supported, in part at least, by a new work, *Die Harmonistik im Evangelientext des Codex Cantabrigiensis*, by Dr H. J. Vogels (Leipzig. Hinrichs. 1910. 119 pp. 4 M. In *Texte und Unters.* 3rd series. vol. 6, pt. 1a), for Dr Vogels has inde-

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pendently reached the result that the very numerous peculiarities of Codex Bezae and the Western Text, which are caused by the harmonizing of one Gospel with another, can only be explained by the influence of a Gospel-harmony like that of Tatian. The complete list of these harmonizations is a most valuable compilation, and so is the classification of a number of the more important of them. It is, therefore, of little moment that Dr Vogels' theory does not give a very probable origin for them. He certainly has not proved the existence of an early Latin *Diatessaron*, still less of a *Diatessaron* containing Greek and Latin in alternate lines. I agree (as he notes) that Tatian probably composed his *Diatessaron* in Greek. But it must have been used very little, and can have had but small influence, if any, on the Greek or Latin text.

A Catholic scholar has edited the whole text of the well-known Gospels of St Gatien of Tours ("gat") an Anglo-Irish MS. of the eighth century, containing the Gospels in a Vulgate text of Irish character, mixed with interesting Old Latin readings. (*Evangelium Gatianum*. Edidit J. M. Heer. Freiburg im Br. Herder. 1910. 187 pp. 14s.) It seems to have been at Tours in Alcuin's time. In the *Prolegomena* some interesting remarks on *conjecturae Chapmani* must await reply till some other occasion. Another manuscript, a good Vulgate text of the Gospels, has been described and a collation supplied in a sumptuous volume by Mr H. C. Hoskier (*The Golden Latin Gospels in the Library of J. Pierpont Morgan, formerly known as the Hamilton Gospels and sometimes as King Henry VIIIth's Gospels*. New York. Privately printed. 1910. cxvi. 363 pp. small folio). The collation is accompanied by the variants of Vulgate and Old Latin texts.

A very large "Manual" of Bible History may be useful both to priests and laymen who read German, as nothing in English quite answers to it. (*Handbuch der Biblischen Geschichte*. By Dr J. Schuster and Dr J. B. Holzammer. vol. I. O.T. Ed. by Dr J. Selbst. 1134 pp. 12 M 50. vol. II. N.T. Ed. by Dr Schäfer. 920 pp. 10 M. 50). The work was first published in 1861, and is now in its seventh edition, having been much used in Germany. It is now brought up to date in its references, and in regard to the critical questions, which are briefly explained.

A new edition, the sixth, of the one volume Compendium of Cornely's *Introduction to Holy Scripture* has been edited by Fr Martin Hagen, S.J. (*Historicae et criticae Introductionis in utriusque Testamenti libros sacros Compendium*. Paris. Lethielleux. 1909. 712 pp. only 8 fr.). It is a very complete textbook, as every one knows. The editor's additions do not seem to be very numerous or important.

M. J. V. Bainvel, Lecturer in the Catholic Faculty of Paris, has published his lectures *De Scriptura Sacra* (Paris. Beauchesne. 1910. 214 pp. 3 fr.). He gives in full the official documents of Leo XIII and Pius X, and then his own theses, with short proofs. His conclusions are well-considered and moderate. He supports the new doctrine (which is the

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old one) of verbal inspiration. In the *Biblische Studien*, edited by Dr Eardenhewer, the views of St Jerome on the Inspiration of Scripture are very fully examined by Dr L. Schade (*Die Inspirationslehre des h. Hieronymus*. Freiburg. Herder. 1910. 223 pp. 6s. net), although it is not long since Dom Sanders discussed the same subject in his *Etudes sur St Jérôme* (1903), for Dr Schade thinks that the Benedictine had attributed a wider and more liberal view to St Jerome than the saint intended to put forward. Dr Schade marshals an enormous number of passages in admirably clear order. On one point, however, he has curious arguments—the origin of the list of canonical books which is now commonly attributed to Damasus rather than to Gelasius. He does not seem to know that the question is not of antiquity of MSS. but of canonical collections; and it is very unsafe to follow Friedrich (!) and Koch against Maassen and Turner.

It will be illogical but convenient to conclude with a book on the Old Testament, *Essays in Pentateuchal Criticism*, by Harold M. Wiener (Elliot Stock, 1910. 239 pp.). The writer is a Jew, a barrister, and a defender of traditional views. He is most contemptuous towards liberal critics. But his objections are clever and well worth reading. He emphasizes the uncertainty of the readings where the words Yahveh and Elohim occur; and his detailed criticisms of Wellhausen's hypothesis are vigorous and telling. He gives a warm tribute to the writings of Prof. van Hoonacker of Louvain.

C.

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